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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Fashion's Way

Daughter of Eve, unchanged by Time,
Two thousand years have passed since you
In flowing robe, in Athens' prime,
Drew hearts of all men unto you.

Now with the world-reviving Spring,
In garb like Helen's, fold on fold,
Clear-eyed, free-limbed, to us you bring
The glory that was Greece of old.

—A.J.B.

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10,000 GUESTS *at Royal* GARDEN PARTY

Many Australians Present at Royal Jubilee Function

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London. By Air Mail.

A triumph of organisation and a wonderful expression of Their Majesties' appreciation of the moving demonstrations of loyalty which have marked all the official Jubilee functions, was the garden party given by them at Buckingham Palace.

Ten thousand guests, including representatives from every part of the Empire, were entertained by the King and Queen. History holds no parallel for such an entertainment. As usual, Their Majesties proved to be the most delightful and considerate of hosts. Much of the time they spent walking among their guests graciously greeting friends from everywhere.

LONG before the Royal Family began to assemble under the ambassadors' trees, the 10,000 guests were pouring in at every gate and lining up as close as possible to the side entrance from which, promptly at four o'clock, the King and Queen emerged.

The Palace grounds were looking perfectly beautiful, the lawns so smooth and green, and the flower-beds, massed with gladioli and cannas, presented every conceivable color and shade.

The King, who was looking extraordinarily well, was wearing a grey morning coat and grey top-hat. The Queen's gown was of exquisite pinky beige lace. With it she wore a matching toque and she carried a very lovely pale pink parasol. Her frock was much longer this year than it has been for many seasons.

Princess Elizabeth

THE Prince of Wales, Duke of Gloucester, and Duke of Kent followed their Royal parents out of the Palace on to the lawn, where they greeted other members of the Royal Family.

The Duchess of York looked delightful in an ivory-white soft ninon gown, with a hat in the same delicate shade. Princess Elizabeth was dressed in pale pink organdie, her skirt being formed of tiny frills. She greeted her grandfather and grandmother with hearty kisses.

For nearly an hour the King and his family walked among the guests, greeting friends everywhere. They had tea in their own special marquee, where Their Majesties enjoyed a few minutes of sitting in the shade. Tea arrangements were excellent for everyone. The marquees were reasonably cool, and the long buffet tables charmingly decorated with bright pink carnations.

Attractive Frocking

OF course the frocking was simply marvellous. There was every style imaginable, from the ultra early-Victorian gown that made one think of old miniatures or costume plays, to the very smartest of tailored linen suits that looked as though their wearers had come on to the party after a morning of sight-seeing or shopping. Large hats were pretty general, though there was a sprinkling of befeathered toques and a few pill-box creations.

One or two young girls wore poke bonnets, with strings tied under their chins, and I saw one fair young thing with just a wreath of blue flowers in her hair. For her own comfort she carried a parasol.

After tea the King and Queen stood under the famous Durbar canopy, and here the High Commissioners of the various Dominions presented distinguished overseas visitors to Their Majesties.

Among the lucky Australians were the Archbishop of Melbourne and Mrs. Head, Senator C. F. Cox and Mrs. Cox, Sir Norman Kater, Professor and Mrs. Richards of Queensland, the Hon. J. P. Jones and Mrs. Jones of Victoria, and Mr. Justice Low and Mrs. Low, also of Victoria.

There were crowds of familiar faces among thousands of guests who strolled about the lawns. I saw Miss Margaret Baxter, who was receiving further congratulations on being so recently decorated by the King, Mrs. Symes of Queensland; Mr. Edward Cahill, the Queensland pianist, Mr. and Mrs. Butler; Lord Stonehaven; and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Linton.

Last, and one of the most interesting of the Royal Jubilee Reviews, was that of the police forces. This is the first time in British history that the King has reviewed the police forces.

More than 8000 policemen, including detachments from nearly every county in Britain, assembled in Hyde Park to meet Their Majesties. At two o'clock the great open space that had been chosen for the review was practically empty. Half an hour later there was a sound of a distant band, and the long blue columns began to march into the arena, eight deep, until the ground was absolutely covered with blue uniforms.

The King and Queen entered their open carriage and drove up and down the ranks of Britain's police, returning to the dais for the march past, which was led by Lord Trenchard, whose place is being taken very soon by Sir Philip Game. A shower of rain marred that part of the proceedings, but only for five minutes. The sun was shining again when Their Majesties drove back to the Palace—and so ended the last of the Royal Jubilee Reviews.

THIS IS Miss Primrose Salt, whose beauty and popularity have made her the toast of social London this season. She is the debutante daughter of Major-General Salt, of Delhi, and the cables have just announced her engagement to Mr. Anthony Hope Osborne, son of the late Mr. Hamilton Hope Osborne, of Widgeon Gully station, N.S.W. This photograph is a reproduction of a recent painting by J. D. Barraclough.

WIDE AWAKE CELIA . . .

stole a march on Beauty. Went to her dressing table looking just ordinary, (such an indifferent skin!) came away a vision of breath-taking loveliness. She found the gift of a radiant complexion waiting her in her pretty box of Revelry.

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BABY BONUS *Campaign is* SUPPORTED

"Restore to £5, Ease Income Provisions" . . . Say Women Leaders!

Leaders of women's organisations throughout Australia support the campaign for more liberal payments to mothers under the baby bonus, as advocated by The Australian Women's Weekly last week.

Payments to mothers have dwindled from over £600,000 in 1929-30 to less than £150,000 in the past twelve months.

The opinions of well-known women add weight to our suggestion that the maternity allowance be restored to £5, with an easing of the income restrictions.

FOLLOWING are some of the opinions expressed:—

Mrs. Muscio, president of the National Council of Women of N.S.W.:—

"The National Council of Women of Australia has always adopted the policy of 'hands off' the baby bonus.'

"Since the depression cut, the National Council of Women of Australia has stood for the restoration of the payment to £5. Officially, too, the council has always been in favor of there being no income limit, fearing that the setting of an income limit would be the first step in the abolition of this allowance, and also believing that the cost of investigating the incomes of applicants would exceed any reasonable amount saved.

"Whatever case there may be for an income limit, that of £208 is too low, or even that of £299 per annum where a number of children are included in the family."

Mrs. Jessie Street, president of the United Associations, approved of the sentiments expressed in The Australian Women's Weekly article.

"On various occasions," she said, "the association has made representations to Mr. Lyons asking that the bonus should be restored to its original sum, regardless of the income of individual mothers. The baby bonus is the only benefit money that women actually received for themselves, and we do not think it should be curtailed.

"While the Government has funds to vote for defence purposes, I see no reason why the bonus should not be restored to its original footing."

Mrs. Goodison, founder and secretary of the Racial Hygiene Association:—

"I am strongly in favor of the baby bonus being restored to the original sum of £5. Mothers should be the last to suffer deprivation. Moneys should not be diverted to other purposes by the reduction in baby bonuses."

Miss Portia Geach, president of the Housewives' Association, N.S.W.:—

"The country needs babies," she said, "and surely it is prepared to assist necessitous mothers to the extent of £5. As a taxpayer I do not consider that the country is in a financial position to grant the bonus to those with incomes exceeding £250. However, when better times come it will be quite another matter."

Miss May Mitchell, secretary of the Women's Hospital, Sydney:—

"I consider that the baby bonus should be restored to £5, but that the income of the recipient should be limited to £250. The idea of wealthy mothers receiving £5 when it is not needed is farcical, especially when it could be put to the purpose of relieving distressed mothers in hospitals and institutions." She also thinks that the law should be administered with more elasticity whenever practicable.

Mrs. I. H. Moss, president of the National Council of Women, Vic.:—

"It is an excellent suggestion. I understand it will be discussed by Federal Parliament, and I intend to discuss it with several members when I am in Sydney."

Mrs. W. Evans Hardy, president of the South Australian division, Housewives' Association:—

"I was sorry when the bonus was reduced, though perhaps it was necessary when the Government was in difficulties. Now I think it really should be restored. Five pounds is very useful to the hard-worked mother, who then has a chance of getting help in the house as well as a few extras in the way of nurse and medical aid. I think all parents having an income of under £300 should get £5 bonus, and parents whose income is over that amount should, within certain limits, have that bonus if they have more than two or three children."

Matron M. E. Chambers, of Mothers and Babies' Health Association:—

"Some scheme might be evolved which would give the bonus to parents with any more than two or three children if incomes are small. Couples with an income of £300 a year might be able to get on fairly well without the bonus if they have no other children, but the man and wife with five of six children have a ghastly time when another child arrives. The bonus would be more than a boon; it would be almost a necessity."

Mrs. J. Bruce Montgomerie, of Whitmore Square Mission, S.A.:—

"It is a shame that the bonus ever had to be reduced. Security derived from the knowledge of a few pounds coming in at such a time is invaluable for the peace of mind of the mother."

Dr. Isabel Younger Ross, hon. secretary Baby Health Centres' Association, Vic.:—

"We would welcome restoration of the Baby Bonus, but would like mothers to apply for it in the seventh or eighth month, so that they do not have to wait for it after the child is born, and so that they could receive ante-natal treatment."

Mrs. Drake-Brockman, acting-president, Queen Victoria Hospital:—

"We would welcome an increase in the bonus, but only if the present method of part of the bonus being given to the hospital is allowed to continue. Without the bonus we would be unable to carry on the work of the hospital."

Mrs. Alice Thomas, president Housewives' Association, Vic.:—

"The suggestion is an excellent one. We advocated this move at our Federal Conference. The bonus is such a trifle, considering all the needs of a mother with a young baby."

Mrs. Cambrae Stewart, of Queensland branch of the National Council of Women:—

"The baby bonus should be once more restored to five pounds. It is very difficult for families to manage on the present low salaries, and at the critical period mothers have to be carefully looked after."

Mrs. John Tait, president of the Ithaca Branch of the Social Service League for the past thirty years:—

"It is absolutely necessary that the bonus should be restored to the amount previously paid. The baby bonus, however small, is a godsend, but when all the expenses at the birth are considered it is not nearly sufficient and must certainly be increased at least to the former amount."

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

FROM BRAZIL

MDE. CARNEIRO DE MENDONCA, vice-president of the Brazilian Federation for Advancement of Women, recently flew by Zeppelin from Brazil to Hamburg, and then by aeroplane to Turkey, to be present at the Suffrage Alliance Congress. The Brazilian Government paid her expenses, as they were determined that their women should be represented at the congress.

Mde. Carneiro de Mendonca is a journalist and has had three books of verse published. She is president of the Brazilian Indent's House, and is a member of the council of the Brazilian Education Association and of the Municipal Assistance Council of Rio de Janeiro.

CHILD LOVER

MRS. J. P. MORICE is a niece of Catherine Helen Spence, the pioneer, whose work in South Australia for women and children has been of such lasting benefit. Mrs. Morice was the first secretary of the Kindergarten Union in Adelaide when it was formed in 1905. At the present time she is a member of the Barker and Lower North Adelaide Free Kindergarten Committees and the Education Committee, and is vice-president of the Central Executive.

When Miss Spence retired from the presidency of the Women's Non-Party Association Mrs. Morice succeeded her, but of late years she has not taken any official position on the committee.

Mrs. Morice was also one of the founders of the Mothers and Babies' Health Association in Adelaide.

GIFTED FILM STAR.

LENI REIFENSTAHL is a German film star, film director, and scenario writer. She wrote, directed and acted in "The Blue Light," a popular drama of the silent days, which ran in Leicester Square alone for some months.

She is a friend of Hitler and is an ardent Nazi.

A short time ago she visited England and lectured in a number of the English Universities.

She was born in 1907, and was trained for the Russian ballet. Her first appearance as a dancer was in 1924, and she entered films the same year.

AN AUSTRALIAN ... the *First* of the *Modern* GIRLS?

Annette Kellerman Hailed by America

Where did she come from... the modern girl with her happy outlook, her sense of humor, her common-sense morals and her trim, healthy body?

Who started the girl of to-day... the most discussed woman of all history? Die-hards may condemn her, but she has come to stay... and most people cry "Thank heavens!"

America is claiming an Australian girl, none other than Annette Kellerman, as the first of the new women.

A CHARMING study of Annette Kellerman taken only a few years ago and given to a friend of hers in Sydney. This remarkable woman seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth.

ANNETTE, now Mrs. J. R. Sullivan, has reached the evening of her life. She lives happily in America with her family. She can retire content in the knowledge that she has done almost as much for the emancipation of women as England's Mrs. Pankhurst—but in a less obvious way.

Other famous women might lay claim to the title of "The First Modern Girl," but America gives the honor to Annette Kellerman.

Isadore Duncan, Maude Allen, and others no doubt did their share. They influenced the outlook on women tremendously; but Annette Kellerman was an all-round modern girl.

Isadore Duncan was a standard-bearer of modernity. She had to adopt almost extreme methods in her fight against convention.

Annette Kellerman, on the other hand, was a pioneer. She was modern, and she lived and acted in every way like a modern girl at a time when the world was draped in Victorianism.

Before Her Time?

PERHAPS she was born fifty years before her time. People said so; but she was brave enough not to submerge her outlook beneath the times and, as a result, she and others won a new freedom for women.

Her path was not an easy one. To begin with, she was born a cripple. Yet she grew into the living semblance of Venus, and was pronounced by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard (an acknowledged authority on physical culture), to be nearer the correct proportions of perfect womanhood than anyone he had ever seen.

IN these times of liquid diets, slimming menus, and exercises, we can scarcely realise that, not so long ago, it was considered not only vain, but almost bad form, to cultivate or accentuate physical good form.

Then came Miss Kellerman, who advocated the development of the body beautiful and preached the "new gospel of woman's right and duty to be beautiful."

In her book, "Physical Beauty and How to Keep It," published in 1918, she attacked the prevailing conventions which did not encourage for women the cultivation of bodily perfection.

She pointed out that we go to endless pains to cultivate beauty of mind and character; why should it be considered less worthy to cultivate a beautiful body to accompany them?

How could it be immoral to cultivate that which attracts when the cultivation of it leads not to the dissolution of marriage, but to the permanence and happiness thereof. Mutual love and attraction are more lasting bonds than any legal tie.

To win love and keep the love she has won a woman must make herself attractive. This is essential. It keeps the man she has won proud of her, proud of his possession of her, and attentive lest he lose her.

That Settling Down

TOO many women think that when they marry it is time to settle down, and, unfortunately, the settling down process seems to involve a general neglect of themselves.

This is fatal, as no moral or religious code will keep a man faithful in spirit to a woman who has neglected herself and lost her physical attraction for him. To cultivate and guard her beauty is, therefore, a woman's duty—that was the philosophy pioneered by Annette Kellerman.

Champion Swimmer

ANNETTE KELLERMAN took up swimming to cure her crippled limbs. She became a champion in Australia—went abroad seeking new worlds to conquer—swam from Putney Bridge to Blackwall, on the Thames—twice endeavored to swim the English Channel from Dover to Calais, failing on both occasions, but creating a record which stood for many years.

Then she went on the stage—her exhibitions of diving and water feats were world renowned—she sang, she danced, she took many parts in comedy and revue.

The pictures claimed her—her most notable films being "Neptune's Daughter," "A Daughter of the Gods," "What Women Love," and "Queen of the Sea."

She returned to the stage, featuring in a big mermaid spectacle at the New York Hippodrome.

Someone has said that she was the best advertisement Australia has ever had, and that, next to Melba, she was Australia's most famous woman.

SEVERAL years later, when America was booming sport and physical culture, and many articles on the subject were being published, she was given charge of the Physical Education Department of the Hearst Newspaper Syndicate.

She was in Australia two years ago on her way to the South Seas with special apparatus to take films under the water. She was still a true Australian in spite of her many years sojourn in America.

Surely this is a notable career for a girl who proved her deformity to be a blessing in disguise.—M.D.

Which Modern Girls are the Happiest—and Why?

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Correspondent

What is the happiest career for modern girls? "Marriage," is the reply that leaps to everybody's mind; but the National Institute of Psychology is not concerned with that, but only with work that is paid for and done more or less efficiently.

IN the latest questionnaire issued by the Institute, it has been found that four out of five girls are satisfied with secretarial work as a career, and that three out of four are content with their own particular jobs.

This all sounds very excellent, but the reasons for this content are not nearly so splendid as they might appear. The questionnaire has also discovered that secretaries are usually unambitious, unoriginal girls of rather colorless personality with only moderate intelligence.

Furthermore, the training for secretarial work in comparatively cheap, and the work itself is easy and assured, when compared with, say, nursing or the stage.

The report on these answers to questions states that most girls regard a secretarial post as only a temporary business, a sort of stepping-stone to marriage.

ONE authority said, "I certainly don't think that secretaries, as a rule, are as stupid as they would appear by their answers to these questions." I have found some very ambitious, original and clever girls from time to time in our office, but, of course, they are not the average.

"Teachers, I always think, are too nerve-racked to be really happy, though they do have marvellously long holidays when they can amuse themselves.

"The secretary's life is a jolly sort of affair. She meets plenty of men, gets plenty of amusement, and can generally manage to indulge in several hobbies. She leads a more normal sort of life than either the nurse or the teacher."

GENUINE PROOF!

Reduced 1 Stone Already!

"I was 11 stone 3lbs. when I started your reducing method. I am now 10 stone 3lbs."

Later:—

"I am quite pleased with myself now. I can wear a tight-fitting dress with pleasure."

—Miss M.I.A., R., Qld.

Reduced 20lbs.!

"I find your treatment very pleasant and enjoy it very much. I have reduced 20lbs. since I started, and am just delighted with it."

—Mrs. E.M.B., W., N.S.W.

Ugly FAT

Banished from HIPS BUST and WAIST

In Double-Quick Time!

NOW you can actually reduce those unnatural bulging hips and that huge, unlovely waist, that ugly, sagging bust—by a NEW, simple method. Without dangerous drugs, very strenuous exercise, or starvation diets. Secretly in your own room—you can really watch those bulging hips disappearing.

Try It Now!

NO RESULTS — NO PAY!

Test this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce those hips and waist, and restore the firm, shapely contour of youth to that sagging bust—IT COSTS YOU NOTHING! I want you to try it—I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to reduce this way is marvellous.

SENT FREE!

If you send me the coupon below now, I will send you SOMETHING that will amaze you, at no cost or obligation to yourself—but hurry!

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CLAIMS for *World's Twins* RECORD

Six Sets in the One Family ... Can Anyone Beat That?

MRS. A. C. MACGUIRE, of Sydney, with her daughter, Mrs. Brew. The photo was taken when Mrs. Macguire attended the recent marriage of her youngest daughter, "Frankie." Mrs. Macguire was the mother of sixteen children, including four sets of twins.
Monte Luke photo.

Who holds the world's twins record?

A young Victorian mother has just given birth to a third set of twin boys in two and a half years. Now, two other claimants for the record have been in touch with The Australian Women's Weekly. In one case four sets of twins were born in one family, while the other claims the honors with six sets of twins.

THE young Victorian mother, residing at Box Hill, in addition to the three pairs of twins, has four other children all under the age of ten years.

The daily Press, in giving prominence to the eventful happenings, claims that this is an Australian and probably a world record for twin births.

However, Mrs. George Hammond, of 116 Darlinghurst Road, Darlinghurst, has given The Australian Women's Weekly particulars and photographs of her husband's family in New Zealand, which comprised six sets of twins and three other children.

The mother is Mrs. R. Hammond, of Surrey Street, Wanganui, New Zealand, the wife of a stevedore, Richard Hammond.

Mrs. Hammond has given birth to no fewer than 15 children, including six pairs of twins, of whom five of the sets are living.

Mrs. Hammond was married when quite a girl, and the sequence of multiple births in her family is probably without parallel in the history of the world.

Still "Twinnish"

THE first child born to Mr. and Mrs. Hammond was Ruth, now Mrs. Tasker, who, although only in her early thirties, has herself given birth to eleven children, including one set of twins.

Within a year after the birth of Ruth, twin boys—William and George—were born. William is now living in Darlinghurst Rd., Sydney, with his wife, and George is a resident of Melbourne.

Four years later a mixed double came along, Emma and Richard, and they were followed, two years after, by the appearance of Jack and Charlie to add to the astonishment of the young father and mother, and the envy of all their friends.

Four years later another boy and girl appeared. By this time common names were getting scarce, but they were accommodated with the names of Alick and Annie.

Jim and Ivy followed two years later, and another boy and girl (twins) died at birth.

Annie, who is now 23, married a few years ago, and kept up the family reputation by presenting her husband with twin babies.

Quite a remarkable feature of the Hammond family record is that three of the children—Ruth, William and George—are all in their thirty-third year, William having been born on April 30, George on May 1, and Ruth eleven months before them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, the proud father and mother, are still residing at Wanganui, New Zealand, and are both in their early fifties.

Four Sets

NOT quite so startling is the record of Mrs. Annie Cecilia Macguire, the proprietor of the Gresham Hotel, Druitt Street, Sydney.

Mrs. Macguire, whose husband, Mr. John Joseph Macguire, of Greymouth, died some years ago, is also a New Zealander, although she has lived in Sydney for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Macguire had sixteen children, and included in the number were no fewer than four sets of twins. The first pair were a boy and a girl. The girl only lived for a few months, but the son, Edward, grew to manhood and gave his life for his country in the great war.

The second pair of twins were also a mixed double, of which one survived, and is now married, with five children of her own.

Twin girls next made their appearance, and both are now married and have families of their own, refuting the old idea that only one of twin girls is capable of maternity.

The fourth set born to Mr. and Mrs. Macguire were boys, and both died in childhood.

Mrs. Macguire, who is in her 75th year, is still hale and hearty, and only a few months ago attended the marriage of the last of her nine living daughters.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD HAMMOND, of Wanganui, New Zealand, are here seen with their family, which comprises five sets of twins, a sixth pair having died. It would be hard to imagine a healthier or more intelligent-looking lot of youngsters than these New Zealanders.

WIPING OUT *the* DREADED *Influenza* SCOURGE

Scientist's Discovery of New Serum

From Our London Office — by Air Mail

Influenza, the dread disease that has killed more people than any war, is at length being conquered by science.

Three distinguished medical scientists, Sir Patrick Laidlaw, Dr. Wilson Smith, and Dr. Andrews, after years of untiring work in an old army hut to the north of London, have made a serum which, when it becomes generally used, will, they announce, eventually wipe out this dread disease. They believe by 1937 they will have found a cure for the common cold.

IN four and a half years, the Great War was responsible for the death of twenty million people. In one year, 1919, influenza killed six million people. For several weeks in London alone, there was a death-roll in 1919 of 3000 a week, and for three months in 1922 there were 1000 deaths a week in England—and the whole of Europe was being ravaged in the same way.

Sir Patrick Laidlaw and his two colleagues have found that the germs of animal distemper and influenza are very similar, and, working on this knowledge, they have proved a theory that periodical inoculation with certain serum will render anyone immune to the influenza germ.

They are very careful about showing anybody over their hut laboratory. Only very special visitors are admitted, and they have to put on rubber boots and canvas overcoats. Everyone has to walk through a bath of disinfectant and have the coat scrubbed down with more strong smelling fluid.

Having been thoroughly well washed, the guests are then allowed into the room where the sick animals are kept—all undergoing their serum treatment and being brought back to perfect health.

Inoculation is not very pleasant, and there are many people who absolutely disagree with it, especially as a treatment for the common cold, which, from childhood, most of us have been taught to believe is a very unimportant malady, and one not worth the bother of curing. Yet doctors estimate that the common cold costs Britain about fifty million pounds a year in loss of time and production capacity, as well as in doctors' and chemists' bills.

"People have no right to say that they would rather have colds and flu than be inoculated," I heard a doctor say. "If they consider it at all, this means that rather than have a few minutes personal discomfort they would sneeze germs over all their friends and so leave an unending train of disease.

"The common cold is a strange thing, and though sufferers get very little sympathy, it is a complaint that leads to a great many other and more serious diseases. When it has finally been stamped out, a lot of more complicated ills will go with it."

Lloyd's underwriters are so sure that a cure for the common cold will not be found within the next twelve months that they are offering insurance at the rate of 20 to 1 against. This means that if someone offered £5000 for a cold cure and wanted to insure against the risk of having to pay the prize, Lloyd's underwriters would want a premium of £100 for six months, or £250 for one year.

Incidentally, the Minister for Health has offered the discoverer of a real cure "any honor he cares to specify."

Protecting Cattle

FOOT and mouth disease, that destroyer of cattle which costs Great Britain several million pounds annually, is also under observation, and the Ministry of Agriculture is issuing a report on isolating the germ and destroying it by inoculation.

Very often the infection of a herd can be traced to animals imported from other countries. There is to be an international conference on the matter, and the farmers hope that, later on, every country will adopt effective methods to stop this dreadful infection.

Earl of Airlie Preparing for Trip?

From Our London Office. By Air Mail

In view of the strong rumors that the Earl of Airlie is to be Australia's next Governor-General, special interest attaches to the following advertisement which appeared in "The Times" of July 23:

THE EARL OF AIRLIE wishes to LET FURNISHED modernized MEWS COTTAGE (near Marble Arch) from 1st August. Apply Estate Office, Cortachy, Kirriemuir.

There is considerable speculation as to whether this indicates that the Airlies are preparing for an extended trip abroad—as Vice-Regal representatives. Doubtless Mr. Lyons will soon make an announcement which will either dispel or confirm the rumors.

Salvation Army Service

AN interesting booklet has just been published by the Salvation Army in Australia entitled "Through Highways and Byways of Salvation Army Service."

As its title indicates, the booklet is a record, mainly pictorial, of the great work being carried on in the eastern parts of Australia by this great social and philanthropic organisation.

While everyone recognises the work of the Salvation Army in our midst, few people really know its extent, which can be gauged from one or two figures published in the booklet. During 1934 the Army found beds for 34,000,000 needy people, supplied meals to 34,000,000, and found situations, many of them permanent, for no fewer than 140,000.

It goes without saying that the recent visit of the Commander-in-Chief, General Evangeline Booth, did much to build up the enthusiasm of the Salvation Army in Australia.

★ Factory-freshness, distinguishing Smoothness, Coolness, and Flavour, await you in every tin of Craven 'A' Cigarettes . . . they never vary and they are absolutely non-irritating.

10 for 9d.—20 for 1/6
Wrapped in moisture-proof Cellophane for factory-freshness.

"They have not provoked a single Cough from me"

CRAVEN "A"
Made specially to prevent sore throats—
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GAY ADVENTURE

By Georgette HEYER

Author of "Death in the Stocks," "These Old Shades," etc.

Honor is challenged and blood runs hotly in this thrilling tale of the brave days of old!

JUDITH TAVERNER, young, wealthy, remarkably handsome, and accustomed to directing things as she chose, and her brother, Peregrine, a year her junior, have fulfilled their desire to exchange the provincial atmosphere of their home town for the glamor of nineteenth-century London society.

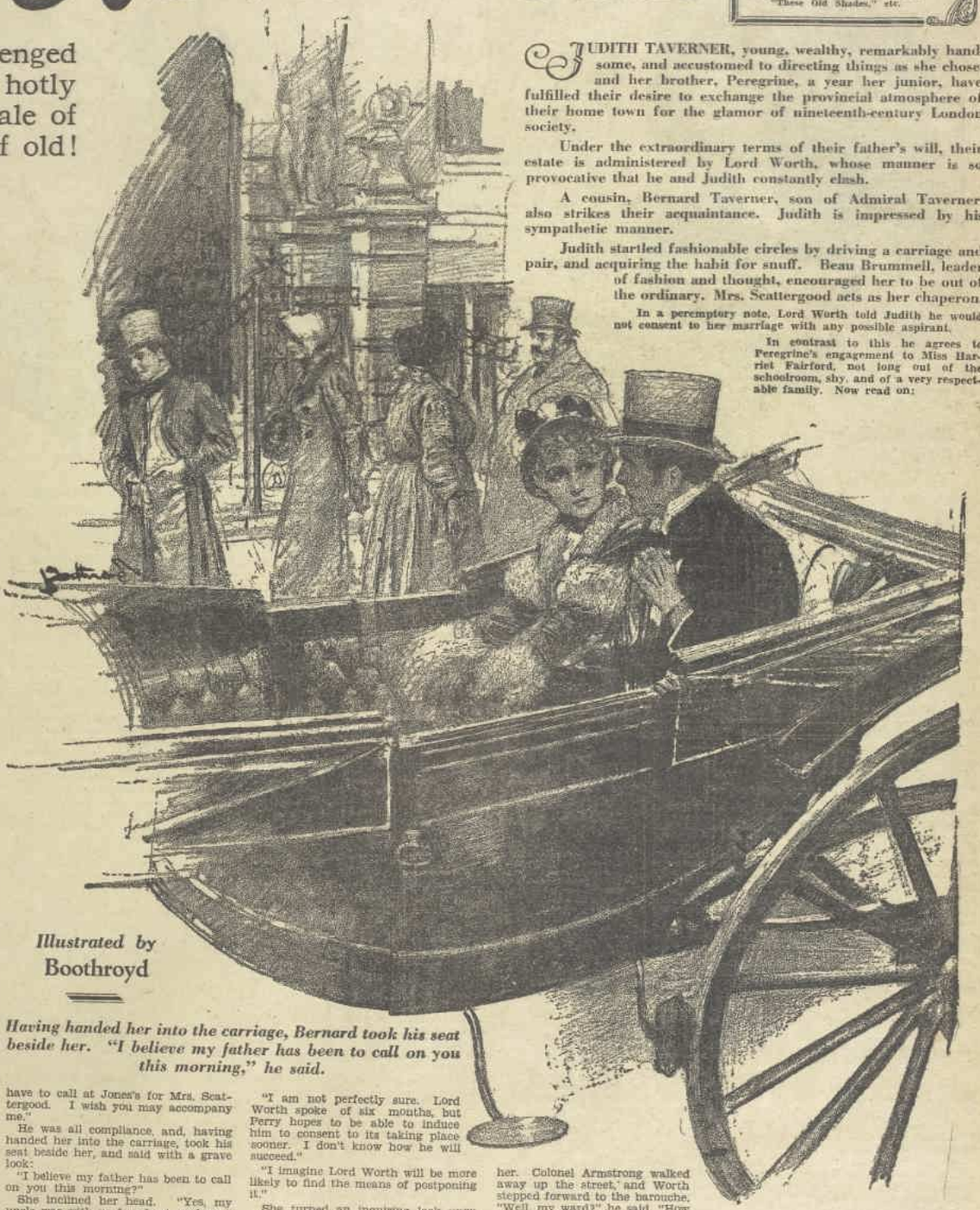
Under the extraordinary terms of their father's will, their estate is administered by Lord Worth, whose manner is so provocative that he and Judith constantly clash.

A cousin, Bernard Taverner, son of Admiral Taverner, also strikes their acquaintance. Judith is impressed by his sympathetic manner.

Judith startled fashionable circles by driving a carriage and pair, and acquiring the habit for snuff. Beau Brummell, leader of fashion and thought, encouraged her to be out of the ordinary. Mrs. Scattergood acts as her chaperon.

In a peremptory note, Lord Worth told Judith he would not consent to her marriage with any possible aspirant.

In contrast to this he agrees to Peregrine's engagement to Miss Harriet Fairford, not long out of the schoolroom, shy, and of a very respectable family. Now read on:



Illustrated by Boothroyd

Having handed her into the carriage, Bernard took his seat beside her. "I believe my father has been to call on you this morning," he said.

JUDITH and Mrs. Scattergood arrived in Bond Street soon after two o'clock and found it as usual at that hour very full of carriages and smart company. As Miss Taverner's barouche passed the door of Jackson's Boxing Salon she saw her brother going in on Mr. Fitzjohn's arm. She waved to him, but did not stop, and the carriage drawing up presently outside a haberdasher's shop she set Mrs. Scattergood down, and drove on to the library.

She had just handed in "Tales of Fashionable Life," and was glancing through the volumes of one of the new publications when she felt a touch on her sleeve and turned to find her cousin at her elbow.

She gave him her hand, gloved in lemon kid. "How do you do? I believe one is sure of meeting everyone at Hookham's sooner or late. Tell me, have you read this novel? I have just picked it at random from the shelf. I don't know who wrote it, but do, my dear cousin, read where I have quite by accident opened the volume!"

He looked over her shoulder. Her finger pointed to a line. While he read she watched him, smiling, to see what effect the words must produce on him.

"I am glad of it. He seems a most gentlemanlike man, and I think, Elinor, I may congratulate you on the prospect of a very respectable establishment in life."

"Me, brother. What do you mean?"

"He likes you. I observed him narrowly, and am convinced of it. What is the amount of his fortune?"

"I believe about two thousand a year."

"Two thousand a year?" and then working himself up to a pitch of enthusiastic generosity, he added, "Elinor, I wish with all my heart it were twice as much for your sake."

A laugh assured Miss Taverner that this passage had struck him just as she believed it must. She said, closing the volume: "Surely the writer of that must possess a most lively mind? I am determined to take this book. It seems all to be written about ordinary people, and, do you know, I am quite tired of Sicilians and Italian Counts who behave in such a very odd way. 'Sense and Sensibility.' Well, after 'Midnight Bells' and 'Horrid Mysteries,' that has a pleasant ring, don't you agree?"

"Undoubtedly. I think it has not yet come in my way, but if you report well of it I shall certainly bespeak it. Are you walking? May I be your escort?"

"My carriage is waiting outside. I have to call at Jones's for Mrs. Scattergood. I wish you may accompany me."

He was all compliance, and, having handed her into the carriage, took his seat beside her, and said with a grave look:

"I believe my father has been to call on you this morning?"

She inclined her head. "Yes, my uncle was with us for about an hour."

"I can guess his errand. I am sorry for it."

"There is no need. He considers that Perry is too young to be thinking of marriage, and, in part, I agree with him."

"Perry's friends must all feel the truth of that. It is a pity. He has seen very little of the world, and at nineteen, you know, one's taste is not fixed. My father has never been a believer in early marriages. But it may yet come to nothing, I daresay."

"I do not think it," Judith said decidedly. "Perry is young, but he knows his own mind, and once that is made up there is generally no changing it. I believe the attachment to be deep. It is certainly mutual. And you know, however much I may regret an engagement entered into so soon I could not wish to see it broken."

He assented. "It would be very bad. We can only wish him happy. I am not acquainted with Miss Fairford. You like her?"

"She is a very amiable, good sort of girl," responded Judith.

"I am glad. The wedding, I conclude, will not be long put off?"

"I am not perfectly sure. Lord Worth spoke of six months, but Perry hopes to be able to induce him to consent to its taking place sooner. I don't know how he will succeed."

"I imagine Lord Worth will be more likely to find the means of postponing it."

She turned an inquiring look upon him. He shook his head. "We shall see, but I own myself a little worried. I don't understand Worth's consenting to this marriage. But it is possible that I misjudge him."

THE barouche drew up outside the haberdashers, and Mrs. Scattergood coming out of the shop directly Judith could not pursue the subject further. Her cousin stepped down to help Mrs. Scattergood into the carriage. He declined getting in again. He had business to transact in the neighborhood. They left him on the pavement, and drove slowly on down the street.

Coming opposite to Jackson's again some little press of traffic obliged the coachman to pull his horses in to a standstill, and before they could move on two gentlemen came out of the saloon, and stood for a moment on the pavement immediately beside the barouche. One was the Earl of Worth, the other Colonel Armstrong, a close friend of the Duke of York, with whom Miss Taverner was only slightly acquainted. Both gentlemen bowed to her. Colonel Armstrong walked away up the street, and Worth stepped forward to the barouche. "Well, my ward?" he said. "How do you do, cousin?"

"Do you go our way?" inquired Mrs. Scattergood. "May we take you up?"

"To the bottom of the street, if you will," he answered, getting into the carriage.

Miss Taverner was gazing at a milliner's window on the opposite side of the road, apparently rapt in admiration of a yellow satin bonnet embossed with orange leopard spots, and bound with a green figured ribbon, but at Mrs. Scattergood's next words she turned her head, and unwillingly paid attention to what was being said.

"I am excessively glad to have fallen in with you, Julian," Mrs. Scattergood declared. "I have been wanting to ask you these three days what you were about to let Perry tie himself up in this fashion. Not that I have a word to say against Miss Fairford. I am sure she is perfectly amiable, a delightful girl! But you know he might do much better for himself. How came you to be giving your consent so readily?"

He said lazily: "I must have been in an uncommonly good temper, I suppose. Don't you like the match?"

"It is respectable, but not brilliant, and I must say, Worth, I think Perry much too young."

He made no reply. Miss Taverner raised her eyes to his face. "Do you think it wise to let him be married?" she asked.

"I think he is not married yet, Miss Taverner," replied Worth.

The carriage began to move forward. Judith said: "Now that it has been so publicly announced it must be a settled thing."

"Oh, by no means," said Worth. "A dozen things might happen to prevent it."

"He cannot in honor turn back from an engagement."

"True, but I might turn him back from it if I thought it proper to do so," said the Earl.

"If you do not like the engagement, why did you permit him to enter into it?" asked Miss Taverner rather sternly.

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"To the Unknown"

IF I should tire before you reach me,
Or pass you by, or let you go,
These are the things I want to tell you,
The things I feel you'd like to know.
For all these years I've held in keeping
The high and noble ways of truth,
The dreams and visions clean and splendid
That mean the life and death of youth.
The holding back from arms and people,
The silence of the quiet way,
With thoughts of you to make me stronger,
And keep me proud from day to day.
If we should never find each other,
If we should never puzzle through,
One thing I'll hold supreme forever,
I've lived the way you'd want me to.

—YVONNE WEBB.

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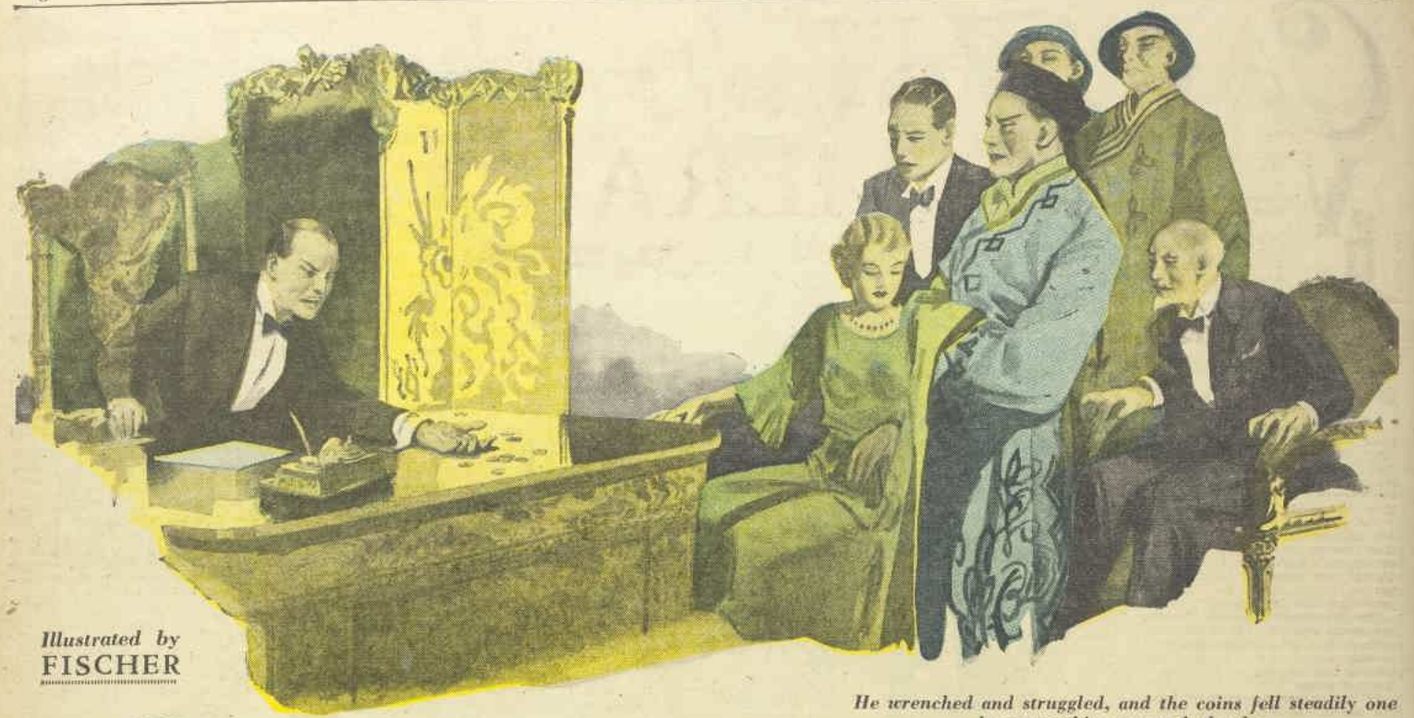

Illustrated by FISCHER

He wrenched and struggled, and the coins fell steadily one by one on his outstretched palm.

SYLVIA *is* FREED

By... DOUGLAS NEWTON

A Long Complete Story

TWO native boys, with the physique of wrestlers, plucked me away from Guttie's desk at the moment when there seemed nothing for it but to smash his fat, raw, leering face. They ran me right out into the porch and flung me down the steps. I landed in the arms of a tall, highly-embroidered mandarin of the Yellow Girdle clan, slid down him, and sat hard on his felt slippers.

With quite astonishing ease—for I am no bantam—he lifted me to my feet, rescued my sun-hat, and with the wonderful charm of the smiling Chinaman presented it to me with:

"Deign to cover your honorable head from the hungry sun, Mister Alban Procter. Those hoodlums haven't hurt you?"

That was my first meeting with the remarkable young man, Cheleeman. You have nearly the whole of him there. Charming, kindly, aristocratic, immensely powerful, and mentally a strange combination of the subtle East and the straightforwardness of the American University, where he had been schooled.

"I don't think I know you," I said, straightening myself out. "But thanks all the same."

"Why should you know so mean a personality?" he smiled. "My meaningless and insignificant name is Cheleeman."

"But you know me," I said. I was too young at the Treaty Port to appreciate the immense power of that name.

"I know you," he said gravely. "I am for all time your slave."

I took in the richness of his dress, the meaning of his mandarin button.

"I don't think this is my moment for feeling so important a person," I grinned irritably.

"No," he said, and he regarded Guttie's house and then me. "You should have remembered that when you tackle a tiger in his den you should take a second gunman."

"Look here," I said staring, "you seem to know a lot about me. Seeing I've never met or heard of you——"

"Without going out of doors one may know the whole world—especially in China," he smiled. "That is my bus there," he went on, pointing to a Rolls-Royce a little way away. "Let us talk the things we have to talk about in comfort."

SETTLED back in the luxurious cushions of that fine car while a stoic chauffeur in neat uniform whirled us forward at the thoroughly reckless pace of native drivers, I stared at Cheleeman. He was tall and he was young. He had the fine, calm features and the not too oblique eyes of the Manchu. He had that sense of placid force, courage and intelligence proper to his class, with a touch of alertness and crispness begot of an education in the United States. His smile gave him the immense attractiveness of all high-bred Chinamen.

"Why are you interested in me?" I asked him, puzzled.

"More than interested, Mr. Procter, I said I was your slave. It is true," he said smiling, but very serious.

"Oh, come now," I smiled back. "I feel honored that you should say it to an inconspicuous person like me——"

He laughed in a quick, silent zest.

"I understand how easy it is to feel a bond between us," he said. "You have quickly realised the convention of my race, the, to you, flowery language and the humbleness of diction——"

"All virtues have their source in etiquette," I said quietly.

"Ah, you have studied Confucius," he said, putting his hand on my knee. "So few of your race take the trouble—that is why so few realise those ambitions which they aspire to through intercourse with us. You add to my obligation."

"I know of no such obligation."

"No, and yet a week ago, when a sampan was upset in the river, you plunged into the water, and, at considerable risk to yourself, for the alligators were already scenting prey, you pulled an old Chinaman to the safety of the bank."

"Yes, I did that," I said, puzzled. "But any man——"

"There were several white men who might have done it, but only you thought an old 'Chink' was worth the risk. Yet that old 'Chink' was somebody's father, and we Chinamen have a deep and holy reverence for our parents——"

"He was your father?" I cried, beginning to understand.

"It is so, Mr. Procter, and therefore I am your beholden slave for the rest of my life." We swept through lovely gardens such as only the patient care of Chinamen can create, and drew up before a splendid house.

"This is my wretched abode," he said. "Will you condescend to waste a few of the precious moments of your time in it? . . . And I've got some tophole, pre-war Scotch worth sampling."

In a superb room full of beautiful lacquer, bronze, jade and silk we drank modern whisky beside a gilt dragon desk that carried a telephone. After some moments spent in the calm of a Buddha, Cheleeman said startlingly:

"Guttie was absolutely obdurate over the Pyne debt then?"

"Great Scott!" I gasped. "How do you even know about that debt?"

"I know all that the bazaar whispers, and that is much," he smiled. "And Guttie's attitude . . . Putrid flesh has but one flavor. He will not let go what he holds. He is a scoundrel—Guttie—but much familiarity with infamy has taught him how to make his crimes unassailably legal."

"It's legal all right," I growled; "the law will even aid him to recover the ten thousand dollars old Pyne owes him—however he got hold of them."

"I DON'T think Guttie had to cheat—very much," said Cheleeman blandly.

"Give old Pyne half a dozen pegs and a pack of cards or a roulette wheel and he can be guaranteed to gamble away even his hope in the hereafter."

"That's not exactly my worry," I said, "I don't mind if old Pyne, being ruined, kicked into the gutter, hounded out of the white set. That's his pigeon. It's because the whole thing is aimed devilishly at someone else——"

"I know," smiled Cleeleeman. "As our proverb says, 'It is the beautiful bird that gets caged.'"

"Look here," I snapped.

"My friend," he said smoothly, "remember I am your friend. And since Miss Sylvia Pyne is enfolded in the honor of your friendship——"

"We will leave the lady's name out," I growled stiffly.

"Can we?"

"No, by heavens we can't!" I cried. "The thing was bad enough before. I mean the debt that that cur holds over old Pyne, but now that he has suddenly brought Sylvia into it, offered to take her hand in full payment——"

"You are wrong—about the suddenness of it, Alban Procter," he said smoothly. He saw my anger boiling up. "Our dishonorable and hateful Guttie has had his mind obsessed by the beauty of Miss Sylvia for many years. He has already tried to win her with his highly inadequate charms twice before. . . . Oh before you came out here to join the Administration, Mr. Alban. Each time the exquisite and high-minded lady has," his eyes twinkled, "handed him the frozen mitt. Naturally she would. Guttie is ugly, he has a repulsive heart, he is a man of mixed breed, he is a scoundrel. So since she would not come to his cooing, he determined she should yield to his whip. And that was so easy to manage, seeing her father is that old, besotted Pyne."

"BUT to force a girl to marry him against her feelings, it's hideous, illegal, horrible——"

"The hammering of old Pyne, with his complete ruin and hers, will be perfectly legal. And he will do it."

"Yes," I groaned, "he's that type of brute; he'll do it."

"Unless Miss Sylvia consents to the alternative."

"But she can't; it's loathsome. She won't——"

"She won't? Then why did you force your interview on Guttie, Alban Procter?"

"You know too much, you see too much," I growled at him, but, as his interest was obviously friendly: "Well, what can you expect? She's not made of iron. Even though she hates the brute, she can't see her father ruined. You yourself must know how she feels."

"Not at all," he said blandly. "I am an Oriental, you know. Our outlook on women is not the same as yours. For her I do not see this as a tragedy."

"But—but your bringing me here? I thought you were interested in her."

"Oh, no; in you. It is you who saved my honored father."

"Then—then—how? Why?"

"You love Miss Sylvia, Alban Procter."

"You know that?"

"Oh, yes; Guttie knows it too. He has tried to get you removed. You were reprimanded for your handling of the Ting quarter row the other day; you were bewildered by that reprimand. That was Guttie's work. He is very powerful and cunning, within his limits. He wishes you to be removed up-country."

"He is afraid of me—good!"

"Merely physically," smiled Cheleeman. "He fears you may hurt him, even kill him. Otherwise he is not afraid. He has Miss Sylvia in the hollow of his hand, and nothing you can do can save her—he is certain of that."

"And what can I do, outside beating him up?" I groaned. "His position is within the law. What can we do?"

"If you would condescend to allow me the favor of offering my miserable aid, Alban Procter."

"You think you can help?"

"I foresaw that I might obtain my happy opportunity of aiding the man who had saved my father's life when I perceived how your mind turned to Miss Sylvia and noted Guttie's plottings against you. That is why I am so well informed. That is why I am prepared already to help. Yes, in my mean way, I think I can help."

"You can? You will? I am eternally grateful. How?"

"I will ask you all to dinner, that is it," he beamed. "You and Guttie and Miss Sylvia and old Pyne shall come to dinner at my inadequate house."

I goggled amazement at him. "But how will that help?" I gasped.

"We shall see."

"And in any case that brute won't come."

"He will come. He is clever, he is powerful; but a mandarin of the Yellow Girdle is more powerful."

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My Favorite Poem

The Past

THE past is dead. Then let it go
With all its sorrow, grief, and woe.
The Past is gone beyond recall;
Its joys are vanished, one and all.
It served its purpose, paid the cost,
And now for evermore is lost.
Why should we mourn it? Why regret?
And all our present good forget.
It will not mend with all our sighs
And tears, but dim and blind the eyes.
The present lives and brings the light
Of future's promise, clear and bright,
So let the Past its shroud retain,
For never will it live again.

—F. Buckley.

Sent in by M. Dean, Tumut, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4606727

CAUGHT *by the* CAMERA

By... LESLEY GAY

A Vivid Short Story

VICKY let herself in. The chrysanthemums, coldly white in their crystal vase, were standing on the little oak table just as she had arranged them last night when Martin brought them home; the sitting-room was the same. Everything was the same—except herself.

She sat down on the low green chair, plugged in the electric fire and let her soft squirrel coat slip unheeded to the carpet.

It couldn't have happened. One's life wasn't wrecked casually, like this, on a soft autumn afternoon.

She thought: "It's a dream and I shall wake up." Again: "This isn't me. It's someone from a play or a book I'm reading and I've got so interested I've identified myself with the heroine." It was possible to do that, she knew.

But the pretence didn't work. She was still sitting frozenly in the green chair, staring out of the window at the sunken garden of Honeyway. She and Martin had made all the bungalow garden, bit by bit, during the three years they had been married.

The thing wasn't credible. It simply wasn't credible. Not Martin! She realised with grim humor how many women must have thought that: Others, but not me; other husbands, but not mine.

Yet it had most certainly been Martin; Martin smiling into the eyes of the girl with her back to the camera. The girl had been (admit it!) Ann. No mistaking Ann's queer, striking gown of tremendous checks, designed (Ann had said so) specially for her by Cherot. Not another one like it. Vicky had seen that gown a good deal during the summer.

She got up, went across to the bedroom, and, pulling out her suitcase, began to stuff things into it. Her pyjamas, kimono (not the yellow one—Martin had bought her that . . .), face lotion. Curious thing, habit. What did she care about face lotion now?

She supposed she had been a fool, yet never for a moment had she taken Ann's attraction for Martin seriously.

Ann and her flat-mate (odd, how one always overlooked Ann's flat-mate—wasn't her name Grace?) had been a good deal at Aunt Emmeline's during the summer, guests of one or other of Aunt Emmeline's children. Naturally, they had been a good deal at Honeyway, too.

Ann had liked Martin; it had been obvious. Ann was a dazzling blonde and did her stuff rather well.

Vicky had felt a little cool towards her.

The unfortunate part of it was that Martin hadn't felt cool at all. Martin had liked it; had run wagging his tail to Ann for more. "Possibly I lack something," Vicky had pondered fair-mindedly. "Perhaps I leave a great gap in Martin's life because I don't go all girlish. Perhaps Ann will broaden his mind for him." It was part of Vicky's code that broadening should be encouraged.

So, secure in Martin's affection, though inwardly a little contemptuous of Ann's line, Vicky had, during the summer, been pleasant and urbane and unconscious.

No possibility had entered her head that Martin's broadening process could have extended to this.

She had gone to the cinema on an impulse—had found a seat in the darkness, flung her coat open, and lighted a cigarette from the little green case Martin had given her to match the pale green frock and hat she was wearing.

A newsreel was showing. . . The King opening a new hospital. Famous regiment embarks for Egypt. Prince of Wales inspects troops at Aldershot. Famous footballer at home. Society's latest roadhouse rendezvous. Camera slipping round the faces of the roadhouse guests. . . A close-up of Martin dining with a girl in a check frock—Ann!

Vicky didn't cry out. She didn't make any noise or movement whatsoever, but smoked her cigarette through to the end, tapping the ash into the little brass receptacle provided for the purpose on the back of the chair in front.

Then she got up and went out. She must have walked home because here she was, but she had no recollection of having done so.

There had been opportunities. . . . Several times during the past few months Martin had stayed in town for the night. Martin was an interior decorator on very modern lines, and she knew that some of his business was done socially. This, then, had been the "business."

Vicky collected her coat from the sitting-room floor, found some money, started to fasten up her suitcase. She would go. She must go. A dreadful hurt had been done to her and she must get away and hide. That was the only thing she could think of. She could catch the five-fifteen train.

It was then that there came a ring at the door.

Darting quickly to the window, she saw that it was Aunt Emmeline.

Instinctively she threw off her coat, dropped the suitcase on the floor. Aunt Emmeline mustn't know.

"Hello!" she said, opening the door.

Aunt Emmeline popped inside.

"Going out?" she inquired. Vicky realised that she had left her hat on.

"I've been to the pictures." She must say something to explain the hat.

"Yes. I saw you." Aunt Emmeline sat down and warmed her toes at the electric fire, which was still burning. "I'm clumsy in the dark, so I daren't get up to sit by you. I looked round as I came out, but I suppose we missed each other. So I walked along after you."

Oh! So Aunt Emmeline must have seen the film, too. She had come to say something.

"I wanted to see you, Vicky." (Vicky's heart went thud, thud.) "It's about the bulbs."

The bulbs. The bulbs. Then it wasn't the other. Vicky remembered, with a sudden blaze of thankfulness, that Aunt Emmeline was short-sighted.

"Yes. I have some blue hyacinths left over. Now if you plant them round the sundial and get some scillas—"

Aunt Emmeline spoke about the bulbs explicitly, and at great length.

"Thank heavens," Vicky was saying to herself. "But I must get rid of her soon, and I can't be rude. She is such a darling."

Aunt Emmeline had brought up Martin along with her own brood. The brood were now grown-up and fashionable, but Aunt Emmeline was neither. She wore shapeless black silk frocks, flat heels, and big, beehive hats with purple flowers round them. Her heart, though, was eternally young.

She was the reason Vicky and Martin had come to live so far out of town, where there was so poor a train service. Aunt Emmeline's big, old house was only a short distance from Honeyway. "I'd like to be near her," Martin had said. Vicky had not resented it. Aunt Emmeline was completely non-interfering. She padded about on the flat heels, knitted jumpers, purchased bulbs (she used vaster quantities than any known person), and laughed with, or at, her children and their friends, whichever seemed suitable.

"Yes," Vicky heard herself replying. "I'd like the hyacinths. And about the scillas, I'll tell Martin——"

Tell Martin. She would never tell Martin anything like that again. Their lovely life together was over, finished.

"I suppose you've had your tea?" Aunt Emmeline hinted placidly when she finally disposed of the bulbs.

"No. I'll make some." Vicky plunged into the kitchen, noting as she passed that her bedroom door was ajar and her packed suitcase visible on the floor. She'd have to leave for the station soon; make an excuse. She must think of something.

In the kitchen, realisation came upon her afresh at the sight of the mutton cutlets prepared and covered on the table. Dinner was to have been cutlets en casserole. Martin loved the mushrooms and the etceteras. She had peeled the mushrooms and the tomatoes all ready to put into the dish——

"I must tell Aunt Emmeline I'm going out," she thought confusedly, as she brewed the tea. "Say anything to get away. She obviously isn't going to go quickly."

She went back with the tray.

"Do you mind, darling——" she spoke quickly so as to get it over—"if I hurry you off after you've had tea? I've remembered I've to catch the five-fifteen train to town." (It sounded weak.) "A friend——"

"But you've missed it, haven't you?" Aunt Emmeline said, alarmed. "And all my fault bothering you with the bulbs and letting you make tea for me!"

VICKY stared at the clock. It was already a quarter past five. Surely she couldn't have been so long making tea? But then she had felt so queer and dazed and had lost count of time coming home from the cinema. She looked at her wrist. "My watch says only five!"

"Mine's a quarter past," Aunt Emmeline glanced at her own massive affair. "The clock and I can't both be wrong. You must be losing, Vicky. These old watches keep better time. You can have a cup of tea now, can't you?" She poured it out. "There's another train at six-thirty."

Yes. If she took the field path to the station it would still give her time to get away before Martin arrived. No risk of meeting the car if she went through the fields.

"I shall have to be off myself," Aunt Emmeline said briskly, having disposed of the tea. "I'm sorry I delayed you, and I hope you enjoy your evening. Tell Martin to come over to me if he's bored. I want to ask him about that Hillsboro bulb-grower——"

VICKY was writing a note to Martin. Stung by an impulse she'd finished preparing the cutlet dish and placed it in the oven; had lighted the sitting-room fire. . . .

"Dear Martin——"

This was terrible. It would be easier to go; to write nothing. But one couldn't do that.

People would say she was being a fool. That such things happened and one overlooked them; that men were like that. "Not me! Not Martin!" she thought desperately again. But why indeed should she and Martin be different?

"Dreams ended, beauty broken
(where had she read that?)
Deeds done, and last words spoken,
Quiet she lies."

Well; part of herself, Vicky, lay quiet, lay dead. The part that had given Martin all her love and confidence. They had been so dear to each other. Different from so many of their acquaintances, to whom this would have been an episode to be placed in its true perspective.

"There isn't any true perspective," she thought blindly. "It's Martin and me. Martin and me!"

It seemed impossible that Martin, with his slim, straight back and funny, ugly face, could have hurt her like this.

She finished the letter at last; reached gropingly for the little ivory Buddha that stood on the desk. She would take that. A remembrance. Something, anyway.

How terribly lonely she felt. When people or projects had failed there had always been Martin to comfort her. She thought suddenly: "We're all alone sometimes. I didn't know that, before."

Guard before the fire. A look at the simmering casserole and one quick glance round the firelit sitting-room. Better not linger too long.

She was out of the front door, had slammed it hard to make sure the lock caught (that was habit again), had turned for one last look at the dimly-seen garden.

THERE was a roar and the sound of hastily-applied brakes. Blinding headlights in her face. An arm caught her.

"Vicky—where are you going? You're crying! What's the matter?"

Martin had unlocked the door, pulled her back into the warmth of the sitting-room, switched on the light. He looked pale and distracted.

"No!" she said, pressing back against the wall. "You weren't kind to me. You should have told me you wanted to take Ann out. To do it—to let me see it like that! If you had told me I shouldn't have—minded——"

It wasn't any use. Sternly, bullying her to prevent those dreadful sobs, Martin got the story at last.

"But darling little heart! It wasn't Ann! Ann's in America, has been for three months. It was Grace, the girl who shares her flat—don't you remember? Grace was away on holiday, too, but, hearing of a change of ownership at that roadhouse, she came back to town. She got me the job of redecorating! I was keeping it as a surprise for your birthday. I was going to take you to choose a new winter rig-out on the strength of it! It means a deuce of a lot to me; the whole show is being redone and I'm to have a free hand. Grace is doing the publicity (she's a journalist, you know), and it was jolly decent of her to put me on to it. She thinks no end of Aunt Emmeline; I fancy that was the reason."

Please turn to Page 50

Illustrated by FISCHER

A newsreel was showing society's latest rendezvous... the camera slipped round to show the faces of the guests ... Martin dining with a girl in a check frock... Vicky didn't cry out.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

DASHING *Designs* in PRINTS

Filched from flowers, birds and insects...

NEVER have prints been lovelier, more colorful, more refreshing, or more varied. Small, *distinct patterns*, all-over pastel shadowy designs, huge, bold flowers, very far apart, showing lots of background; flowers, dots, stars, checks, stripes, little animals and insects, sprays of leaves—almost everything has been put on to fabric.

The smartest silk daytime prints should have distinct patterns, dark backgrounds with small or medium-sized designs sprinkled over navy-blue, brown, or black, with lots of the dark color showing between patterns. Printed crepes and satins for evening wear have larger patterns—a huge flower or bunch of flowers, very far apart, either dark or pastel background. If the design is small, it must be distinct.

Chiffons and taffetas are printed in soft pastel tones, the flowers often merge into one another—pink and mauve sweet-peas on a pale mauve ground, shadowy lines traced over the material, big round spots.

Cottons usually have small designs, many of them being striped, dotted, starred, or checked, bright colors on dark or white grounds, pastel colors on dark grounds.

There are countless ways of using prints; for simple or ultra-smart frocks, for short or three-quarter length jackets over plain crepe dresses, for a long coat and dress, for a dress and lining of a dark coat, for tailored suits, for evening frocks and capes, for blouses, for sashes, collars, and cuffs on a plain dre-

For Day Dresses

THE most popular silk prints for day wear are those with white patterns on a black ground. The design takes the form of little white stars, white dots, big white daisies, white leaves, white lilies, chrysanthemums, or any other flower you can think of.

The dresses have short or three-quarter sleeves, rather full skirts either shirred at the waistline or belted with a vivid sash of crimson or emerald green. Jean Patou shows a model in black and white, shaggy-looking white chrysanthemums on a black ground, dozens of them cut out, piled on top of each other, and tacked by their centres all over the three-quarter sleeves. The dress has a black satin sash. These cut-out flowers trim a great many print dresses and ensembles.

There are brilliantly-colored flowers on dark backgrounds—crimson hibiscus on black, bunches of field flowers on black or navy, yellow daffodils on black, navy or brown, splashes of glaring color on sombre grounds.

There are many pink and black combinations—pink flowers, dots, and stars on black.

Spots are back again, from little dots to huge polka dots. The newest fabrics have the dots well spaced.

There are amusing animal-prints—little red elephants on a white ground, little green dogs on a grey ground.

Quite new are the printed jackets and coats over plain frocks. These can be of silk or cotton. A white crepe sports frock has a straight waist-length jacket of black linen printed with big white flowers. A pale pink crepe afternoon frock, shirred at the waist and neck, has a three-quarter coat of black and pink print crepe.

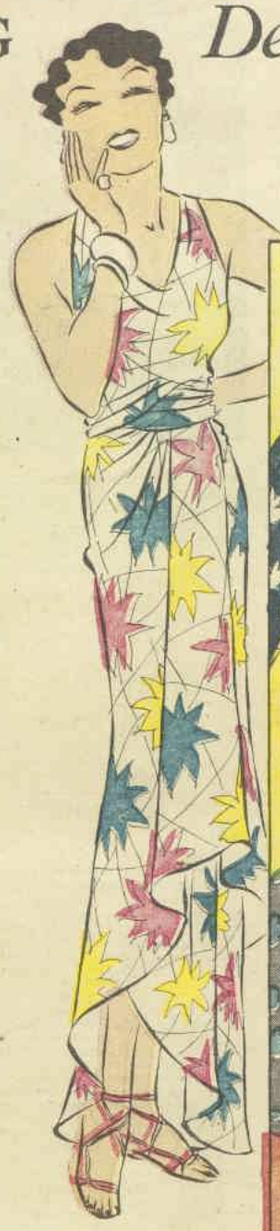
Palest Nile-green crepe dress, a long coat with full sleeves of brown crepe covered with Nile-green leaves, the print also makes the sash to the dress. A white pique morning frock has a hip-length jacket of gaily-striped seersucker. A black crepe afternoon dress has a short jacket of black taffeta printed with huge bunches of field-flowers—red, yellow, and royal-blue. A navy dress has a jacket of navy and white hand-blocked floral crepe. There are a few full-length printed coats over plain frocks. These have full sleeves, shirred necks, flare slightly at the hem, and fit the waist.

Under dark wool coats prints flash enticingly. These ensembles are practical both for spring and summer—they can be worn all day long and for the evening cinema. The print must have in it somewhere the color of the coat. It is good to have the coat lined with the print—but then you can only wear the coat over two dresses, the print and one the same color as the coat.

Chanel shows white butterflies fluttering all over a black crepe-de-chine dress and coat lining. More of them are cut out to trim both the dress neckline and the revers of the black wool coat. Sprays of white leaves are printed on grey crepe. This makes the dress, and the coat is grey wool; a wine-color belt on the dress.

Day and Night

THE great excitement in summer materials is the display of prints. Silk prints fashion smart day and evening frocks; cotton prints for trim morning dresses, blouses, and accessories.



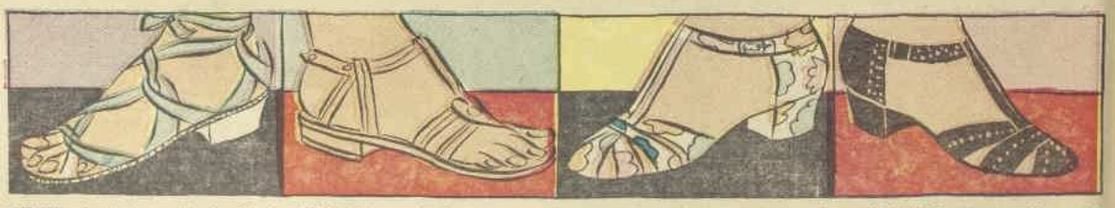
● *FROM LEFT to right: A classically-draped dress in heavy printed rayon, red, blue, and yellow flowers on a white ground. The low-heeled sandals with crepe-de-chine lacings shown below are designed for this type of frock.*

● *TRIM blue-and-white taffeta dress which makes effective use of white taffeta at the neckline and waist.*

● *DUSTY-PINK crepe dress with black sash. A swagger crepe jacket with three-quarter full sleeves in black, printed with big pink daisies. Pink panama mushroom hat.*

● *FAR-APART spots are new. This ensemble in pale green crepe with black dots. Two black organdie flowers on one shoulder; a large green straw hat with a green and a black flower.*

● *SHOWING the new tailored suit in printed crepe. Black with big red and white flowers. A red scarf is worn, and white flowers are cut out from the print and tacked on to the jacket lapels.*



● *THIS classical sandal is ideal for wear with the new Grecian-draped evening frocks.*

● *MALAYA supplied the inspiration for this summery sandal. Note the thonged toe and the heel freedom.*

● *ONE OF the new "Regency" sandal styles, with a slashed round toe and flat heel, is here shown in brocade.*

● *ANOTHER "Regency" model, designed on cool, comfortable lines, and eminently suitable for utility evening wear.*

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ALL ROUND THE CLOCK!

Morning, Noon or Night...

Gowns that Suit the Hour!

Photographs by the Women's Weekly Fashion Photographers. Frocks by courtesy of Farmer's.

● *TO TAKE a trip round the clock with fashion, this spring, is to realise how wide and delightful is the variety of creations offered for every hour of the day. Pictured on this page are frocks suitable for several important hours.*

● *THAT FIRST cup of morning tea must be very cheering to the pretty girl who has elected to partake of it in a dainty rest-gown of baby-blue shetland, trimmed with georgette frills.*

● *FOR THE morning shopping expedition, two smart models are shown. Both are tailored suits, one of cotton cloque, and the other of silk crepe.*

● *FOR THE social occasions from five to seven, the navy model is ideal. It is simply cut and refreshingly trimmed with wide collars and cuffs of goffered and embroidered organdie.*

● *BOTH floral, the two evening frocks at the left are widely different in design. The off-the-shoulder model is made of fullsome taffeta and the slightly-trained frock is of chiffon.*

Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

G12

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An Editorial

AUGUST 17, 1935.

WHITE AND COLORED RACES

RACIAL conflicts are old as the beginning of history. When Rome was making its first bid for world dominion, the chief obstacle in the way was the African power of Carthage.

For more than two thousand years the white races have gone on their conquering and colonising way. They carried the flag of civilisation — on which they had emblazoned the Sign of the Cross — to uttermost parts of the earth.

The white descendants of these conquerors have reaped the benefit of their ancestors' achievements, even if some of these achievements are calculated to make the moralist blush.

Now the world faces new conditions and a new outlook. There is a growing consciousness that peoples once looked on as inferior have their rights, no matter whether their complexions be brown, yellow, or black.

That is one reason why it is no longer possible for a European country, Italy or any other, to move against an African power without creating trouble of which no one can see the end.

On one side is the jealousy sure to be aroused when one nation, with or without just cause, is seen to be stepping in advance of the others. Also there is the feeling, more pronounced since the Great War, that the stronger powers have a duty to protect the weak.

The trouble between Italy and Abyssinia has already caused repercussions throughout the world. We hear of black men in America preparing to rally to the people of their own color in Africa. There has been more than a hint of interference by the most progressive of colored races, Japan.

Signor Mussolini has reminded Britain of its policy of expansion at the cost of Asiatic and African races. The reminder is timely, but what the Italian Duce forgets is that reasons for expansion, which might be thought adequate a century ago, are not so regarded now.

For one thing, the world has narrowed. And the torch of civilisation has spread its beams everywhere.

The women of Australia hope devoutly that the threat of armed conflict will yet be averted—that a nation that has done so much for mankind as Italy will not now pursue a policy of violence that may antagonise the world.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by A. J. BUCHANAN

Not Introduced

"MRS. BUBBERS," says a Queensland message, "showed marked resentment at the intrusion." And why not? She was 103 years of age, and the young man who burst in to say the house was on fire had not been introduced. He was an intruder in the eye of the law, and in the eye of Mrs. Bubbers.

Perhaps on reflection, the centenarian lady will admit that he meant well. When she again receives callers in her home town of Gympie she may even place him on the welcome list.

It was De Quincey who said in one of his essays that there are two occasions when you can speak to a lady without an introduction. One is when you are both watching a house on fire. Apparently, Mrs. Bubbers would not have agreed with De Quincey.

Middle-aged at Eighty

AUSTRALIA listened in respectful silence last week when the Governor-General, Sir Isaac Isaacs, said on his 80th birthday that he was just beginning to feel middle-aged. No one would think of contradicting "His Ex." Being a few years short of the 80 mark ourselves, we are interested to know what it feels like to get there. There could be no better authority than Sir Isaac Isaacs.

One of the best recipes for fitness at 80 is a studious habit of mind. The man who is always trying to find out things is in the way of being always young. The present Governor-General was first a school teacher, then a lawyer, then a politician, then a High Court Judge, and finally a Vice-Regal representative. He has been a student of law, languages, politics, and humanity—the biggest study of all—throughout his life.

Whom to Marry

"MARRY a man who is more intelligent than yourself." This is part of the advice given by Professor Arthur Payne, of New York. He is a Professor of Psychology, and his views, as published in this paper last week, have caught the eye of a good many Australian women.

Marry a man more intelligent than yourself! It is easier said than done.

Professors of psychology may be "duds" when it is a question of advising women when and how to marry. Many a man with wide practical experience is convinced that the average woman is more intelligent than the average man, and that if she is to go round looking for super-intelligence in a prospective bridegroom she may spend her youth in vain. Most business girls are prepared to take the chance and let the intelligence go.

Lyric of Life

Our Star

Beyond the trees' black arms at night
Are the white stars low hung,
And gentle winds along the grass
Where all the sighs of lovers pass
And all their songs are sung.

Above the black of distant hills
White burns the evening star,
A diamond in a velvet sky
Where all the years of time blow by
Mute and unclaimed and far.

Yet all our little human hopes. . . .
The dreams we don't forget,
Have risen with the star of night
And shall burn on, undimmed and white
After our star has set.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Two Adventurers

CONSIDER these cases of men who have made dashes for liberty across the wide, wide sea.

Bertil Hjelmstrong, Swedish sailor on the C. B. Pedersen, paddles away in a bath tub to supposed freedom in Australia, and is told to do six months in gaol.

An English sailor, captive in France during the wars with Napoleon, builds a clumsy boat of planks and starts to paddle across the English Channel, but is captured by the French.

Napoleon has the man brought before him. Has he a sweetheart that he is so anxious to get back to England? The sailor replies that he hasn't a sweetheart, but wanted to see his mother again.

The Emperor nods approval. "A noble mother," quoth he—you know Campbell's poem —"must have bred so brave a son." The sailor goes free.

Contrast that Imperial gesture of 100 years ago with the gaol sentence on the Swedish sailor last week.

SYMBOLISES NAVIGATION at the Brussels Exhibition. This splendidly virile figure is the work of the sculptor, Wensart, and symbolises the spirit of navigation. It decorates one of the cornices of the Grand Palais at the Brussels 1935 Exhibition, which was opened by the King of the Belgians, and at which all nations are represented.

Age in Birds

A CURLEW who died in a Sydney suburb at the age of 30 is supposed to have put up a record for longevity. This bird spent his life in captivity; whether he would have lived longer if he had had his freedom is a question no one can answer.

Scientists and statisticians have little to say about the duration of life in birds. We hear occasionally of cockatoos of 90 or thereabouts. Geese and swans are also in the long-lived class, some of them having reached the respectable age of 80. No doubt their placid disposition has a lot to do with it.

If you can believe Tennyson, crows live a long time. Witness that reference to "The many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home." The trouble in Australia is that crows live too long, especially in the outback, where farmers find them a menace. There are other pests who live too long—not all in the bird class.

Strange History of Ex-Queen of Greece's Divorce

By MARY ST. CLAIRE

From Our London Office by Air Mail

Until 1926 there had been no Royal divorce since Napoleon cast aside his beautiful Josephine to marry an Austrian princess and produce a Royal heir. And now, within ten years, there have been two Royal divorces, both in the same family, and one the direct outcome of the other.

EX-QUEEN ELIZABETH of Greece has just obtained her divorce from ex-King George of Greece. The decree was granted on the grounds of desertion, but the true cause of the estrangement lies much deeper, and is much more involved than that.

Ex-Queen Elizabeth was a Rumanian princess, sister of King Carol of Rumania. She is partly English through her mother, Queen Marie, who was the only daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh. Princess Elizabeth of Rumania married Prince George of Greece in 1921, and there have been no children.

In 1923, only fifteen months after the young couple had ascended the throne, Greece became a republic, and the deposed King and Queen came to live in England. They seemed inseparable and, indeed, everyone regarded them as ideally suited. They dined and danced together at London's most fashionable restaurants. They gave delightful parties together.

They walked, motored, and rode together amid the idyllic surroundings of the English countryside. This, said their friends, was true romance, quite unaffected by the loss of country and crown.

Notorious Lupescu

THEN ex-Queen Elizabeth went to Rumania to stay with her brother, King Carol, and she found Mme. Lupescu, that bewitching creature with bright red hair and melting hazel eyes, gracing the Court at Bucharest.

King Carol's wife was Princess Helen of Greece—sister of ex-King George, and thus sister-in-law of Elizabeth. Helen's marriage to Carol had been a diplomatic one, and a failure from the beginning. Ex-Queen Elizabeth knew this, so her position was very difficult. She liked Mme. Lupescu, and immediately her sympathy was all with her brother. On the other hand, ex-King George naturally sided with his sister, Queen Helen.

The affair of King Carol and Mme. Lupescu has been going on so long that it has come to be regarded as a permanent arrangement. There can be no doubt that ex-Queen Elizabeth felt that her brother Carol had found his real mate, and that nothing else mattered.

But her husband, ex-King George, was enraged because his sister, Queen Helen, had, in his opinion, been badly treated by King Carol, and he did not hesitate to say so. Thus family wrangles began, and eventually broke the romance which misfortune and exile had failed to shake.

Embittered by her husband's attitude, ex-Queen Elizabeth renounced her Greek nationality and became a Rumanian once more. There was a hope of reconciliation last year, but gradually it evaporated and now the bonds are broken.

Streamline Divorce

THE case was the shortest ever heard in Rumania. For ten minutes five judges listened to M. Mihai Antoniade, counsel for ex-Queen Elizabeth, and then the decree was granted. Her decision to bring an action for divorce had been approved some time previously by the Rumanian Crown Council. Neither of the Royal personages concerned attended the hearing, which was held behind locked doors in the room where King Carol and ex-Queen Helen severed their bonds just nine years ago.

Ex-Queen Elizabeth spent the day of the hearing with her brother in Bucharest and, after she had heard the result, she went straight back to the beautiful home she has bought in Transylvania.

Ex-King George is staying at a London hotel where, on the fateful day, hotel officials guarded him from visitors and telephone calls. He is 43 years of age, and Princess Elizabeth of Rumania, as she is now styled, is 40.

They are charming both to look at and to meet. He is something of a daredevil and always agog for adventure, and she is gay and entertaining. In ten short minutes they became separate entities, and thus severed the last link between the Royal Houses of Rumania and Greece.

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ABOUT BEING *a Very* GREENGROCER

Buy Your Fruit from Lower, Lower & Lower!

Passionfruit Concessions

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

This is my daily barrow-pushing job.

I think I'll have to disown my grandfather and cast him out into utter darkness. A disgrace to the family, that's what he is. "Cedric," I said to him, "do you know anything about the greengrocery business?"

"My boy," he replied, "I have it from an authoritative source that I was found under a watermelon by my mother, who was looking for snails."

"And was she disappointed?" I asked.

"No," he said. "She found a snail, too, but it was delicate, and it died on her. Were you thinking of opening a greengrocery?"

THE upshot of it was that I engaged him as a floor-walker; a foolhardy and reckless deed.

We opened the shop auspiciously. You got a halfpenny back on your empty passionfruit skins. We gave a banana to each customer purchasing 10/- worth of goods.

We seemed to be in for a boom, but my grandfather spoilt it. A customer came in for threepen'orth of soup vegetables. Cedric had a vague idea that you had a little bit of everything in soup vegetables, so he doled out one carrot, one onion, one parsnip, and one stick of celery. And then the thing got into his blood, like stamp collecting, and he went on from that and included one pumpkin, one marrow, one pea, one cabbage, one coconut.

Anyhow, there was a mad rush on soup vegetables that day, and I was too busy taking threepences at the cash register to see what was going on. We sold out in about two hours, and Cedric was delighted until after I had counted up the day's takings and stunned him with our sole remaining coconut.

Coconut Berets

THE coconut incident gave me an idea, and the next morning I went to the markets and stocked up entirely with coconuts.

The coconut is a good, hard-wearing fruit, easy to handle, and amenable to discipline.

Cut in half and hollowed out they make serviceable berets for school-children. They make dependable doorstops and are miraculous as a missile. Boiled in their jackets they are delicious. Solomon Islanders climb trees for them. You can get milk out of them without having to get up at three o'clock in the morning and risk being kicked to death in the balls.

The coconut is the greatest all-round fruit known to civilisation, and was invented by the Chinese during the Tsang Ming dynasty, and now modern science is even attempting to improve on this wonderful fruit, and is experimenting with depilatories with a view to producing a clean-shaven coconut with a hinge growing in the middle, so they can be used as flapjacks or tobacco-pouches.

But I digress. The coconut scheme was a failure, and I had to go back to the usual fruit and vegetable racket.

Brussels Spouts

BUT I still had the same trouble with Cedric.

He came to me one morning and said, "What's a brussel?"

"Blowed if I know," I said. "Who wants to know?"

"There's a lady here who wants some brussels snouts."

Of course, he meant brussels sprouts, and I had to serve the lady myself.

ANOTHER time I was serving a customer with a pound of peas, and I was just taking a pea out of one of the pods on account of it being slightly over the pound, when he came to me and said, "This fellow here wants a pound of pumpkin."

"Well, give it to him," I snapped.

"But you know I'm no good at pumpkin," he whined. "Couldn't you do it?"

"Get on with your work," I said sternly, and he shuffled off, mumbling.

Well, just then a boy came in for some specked fruit, and I was busy putting specks on them for him when I heard sounds of an altercation at the rear of the shop.

"If you think you can do it, have a try!"

"Why don't you get a sharp knife?" . . . "You're too weak in the wrists" . . . "You hold on to it" . . . "How am I going to cut the thing with you kneeling on it!" . . . "I'm a greengrocer, not a carpenter!" . . . "Why couldn't you order something soft, like cucumbers or something?" . . . "You wait there while I get the axe; don't let it roll away again!"

Then I heard smashing noises and loud cheers. Shortly afterwards Cedric came in, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Just been cutting up a pumpkin," he said. "Come and give me a hand to get the axe out of the floor."

I sacked him on the spot, and, later, in tugging at the axe, I fell over and broke the soda fountain, and when I came to Cedric had given away all the stock and was sitting on the scales swinging his legs and singing "The Minstrel Boy."

So I quietly locked up the shop and set fire to it.

I haven't been back since.

This **TRIPLE ACTION** *makes my teeth whiter, healthier*

Before a tooth can be polished it must be clean—that is why Listerine Tooth Paste FIRST *cleans* away film, stains and discolorations and THEN *polishes*. That also is why Listerine Tooth Paste makes teeth so much whiter and gives them such sparkling lustre. It *protects* teeth and gums, too, by counteracting fermentation acids—the chief cause of decay and infection.

Give your teeth this TRIPLE care. No single purpose dentifrice is adequate, you need the TRIPLE action of Listerine Tooth Paste—a COMPLETE beauty treatment for the teeth. Get a tube to-day—1/3 large size.

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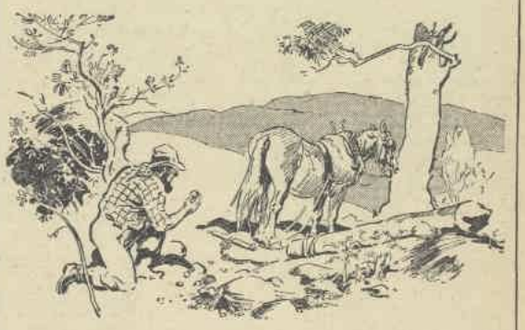
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



First Discovery of Minerals in South Australia

In 1836, a carter hauling logs down the slopes of Mount Lofty, S.A., dislodged some stones that revealed the presence of silver and lead ore.

In 1842, Captain Bagot bought 80 acres of land containing a greenish colored rock, and shortly afterwards the world was informed of the discovery of the rich Kapunda Copper Fields. A few years later, the Burra Burra mine was opened, and produced over £5,000,000 of copper before it was closed down in 1877.

In South Australia, as in so many other parts of Australia, the discovery of mineral wealth did much to promote prosperity and many of those attracted to the fields, later engaged in agricultural and pastoral pursuits.

In the development of Australia's resources, the Bank of New South Wales has always played an important part, opening new branches as settlement extended. Without the financial assistance that the Bank was able to provide to the pioneers throughout Australia, development would have been greatly retarded.

Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

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GET that MAN

A Complete Short Story

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

ELISSA, when she sauntered through the train after boarding it at Westhampton, wasn't quite sure what to look for. Poets are depicted as having long, flowing locks, Byronic profiles, velvet jackets, and a penchant for sailing boats in bathtubs or rhapsodising in gardens. But you couldn't rely on that entirely. There have been bald-headed poets and poets with a weakness for chewing tobacco. Of course, she had seen pictures of Roger Bayard, but they were silhouettes that made him look rather like the poet-laureate of the Upper Congo.

Elissa Lothrop's eyes, blue and bright with the imps of mischief that always dwelt in them, studied each compartment as she passed along the corridor. There was no one who looked at all like a poet. Well, poets had to eat, and it was lunch time, so the dining-car was her last and best bet.

There was only one person in it. He was reading the menu of the lunch that benevolent railways provide—at a price—for their passengers. He didn't look up; probably he didn't even hear the soft tread of her shoes on the thick carpet nor glimpse the passing of yellow pullover and white flannel skirt nor the gleam of wavy, auburn hair under the pert little hat.

Elissa sat down opposite him, crossed her knees, and lighted a cigarette. Through the smoke she contemplated him, like a big-game hunter sizing up an unconscious lion. He was very lean and tall and dark; his hair waved away from a sunburned brow; his face was not effeminate, as she had rather expected; the mouth was firm and there were little wrinkles about the dark eyes and they had depth, those eyes. He looked like a man who would stand no nonsense. Elissa's heart slid down and her scheme, that had seemed pretty wild from the start, began to look positively cockeyed.

She steeled herself. She frowned at the unconscious poet. His was the profile of the silhouettes, all right. He was Roger Bayard, the idol of women's societies and men's service-clubs. He was the poet with the voice that charmed. To-night he was scheduled to charm Malverton, Elissa's home town, but Elissa's round chin was firm and there was a stubborn, purposeful glint in the dancing eyes as she repeated doggedly the slogan of her campaign: "Bayard shan't recite to-night!"

It wasn't fair or right that he should be allowed to play the Pied Piper to Malverton this particular night. Elissa's nimble mind went back to the morning about a week ago, when her sister, Eve, had come into her room and aroused her from late slumber; and Eve, who was ordinarily calm and dark, was white and stormy—Eve, who only yesterday was so proud, so happy, because she had managed to book the Malverton Theatre for one night for a performance by the company of local amateurs she had trained so enthusiastically—Eve's first theatrical venture, a brave and gallant one.

"Elissa! Wake up!" Eve's voice held despair. "That old fiend, that ancient harridan, that wretched hag—!"

"What has Mrs. Pitman-Palmer done now, Eve?" Elissa sat up and brushed the tousled red-gold curls from wide-open eyes.

"Oh, Lissa! I—I can't believe anyone could be so beastly. Just because she thinks I took Rod Barlow away from her precious Gwyneth. As if Rod ever cared for that doll-faced little—"

"I say, Eve, come to earth. What has Mrs. Pitman-Palmer done to get the wind up you this way?"

"She—" Eve's hands clenched and twin storms raged in her eyes. "She's arranged to have Roger Bayard recite his poems in Malverton on the very night of my—my play."

"No!" Elissa jumped out of bed and stood facing her sister. "No, Eve—she couldn't be so rotten!"

"The posters are out—all over the town. Everybody will go to hear Bayard. He's a far bigger drawing-card than any amateur show. Of course, their relations will come—some of them—but nearly everyone is afraid of Mrs. Pitman-Palmer. It has just killed the sale of seats for the play. Who wants to see it when they can go to the Town Hall and hear the great Bayard? If only—if only something would happen to him—oh, I don't mean that. But I've sunk everything in booking that theatre, and now——"

That was over a week ago. Those words, "If only something would happen to him," had stuck hard in Elissa's head. She had schemed and planned for something to happen to the Chevalier Bayard, and now, come rack, come rope, come winds and fell, foul weather, it was about to happen. What was going to happen to Roger Bayard was a troublesome accident named Elissa. And it had to happen fast. It had to happen before they got to Crosskeys station, twenty miles from Malverton, where Elissa had left her car that very morning when she took the up-train to Westhampton bent on kidnapping a poet.

ELISSA knew this road. Presently the train would swing round the sharp curve of the Devil's Back. She stood up, stepped into the aisle, as if looking for the waiter, lost her balance, fell neatly on the poet, and said, "Oh!" in a horrified tone. His arms were about her, the deep, dark eyes were looking down into hers with interest and great concern.

"I am sorry!" She put her hands on his shoulders to lift herself up—not hurriedly, but not so slowly as to excite suspicion. She was slender and slimly curved and warm, was Elissa. She was, right now, very sweet and demure and blushing.

"I hope you didn't hurt yourself, child." He helped her to her feet. "Pretty rough road this."

"Yes, isn't it? I'm afraid I startled you. I was just getting up to look for the waiter. I'm afraid sitting with my back to the engine has made me feel dizzy . . ."

"Won't you sit down here—" He touched the seat at his side. "Or, let's change over."

"Thanks. I'll sit down. No—don't move unless you want to. Are—are you going far?"

"Malverton—"

"Are you? How delightful." Elissa turned her eyes upon him. He was nice. He seemed very guileless—easy prey for a woman of designs as deep as hers. "That's where I live——"

"So we'll be fellow passengers all the way."

Elissa thought, "You don't know a fraction of it, Roger." She said, "I wish we were, but my car is parked at Crosskeys station, twenty miles this side of Malverton, and I have to get off there and drive it back over the moors."

"That should be lovely."

"Did you say lovely or lonely?" Elissa had clasped her hands over her slim knee and was looking at them abstractedly.

"I said lovely. Will it be lonely, too? I——" He hesitated. "I've never been in this part of the country before. My name is Roger Bayard——" He looked at her expectantly, but she gave no indication that the name meant anything to her. "I'd like to see your moors. Of course, I'm a stranger——"

"That doesn't matter." Elissa looked at him frankly. Lord, he was simple. Probably poets were all children at heart. "It's a big two-seater and I'd like company, and you—you seem very nice, Mr. Bayer." Purposely she missed his name. "I'd like to have you. I'm Elissa Lothrop." She added mentally, "Sister of Eve Lothrop whose show your handsome presence in Malverton would be certain to wreck, but which, when you aren't there, will thrive on the crowd who will flock away from your recital."

"You're very kind, Miss Lothrop. I'm awfully glad we bumped into each other."

Elissa looked at him sharply. No, he wasn't kidding her. His face was very serious.

"It's a lovely ride," she murmured, "when you have someone to talk to. I hate it when I'm alone. And they have an odd tramp or two there."

"Not seriously!"

"Yes." She nodded vigorously. "It's a bit of a hunting ground for tough characters. Not that we're likely to run into any."

"I sincerely hope not."

Please turn to Page 42

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4606733

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by..... L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

WIFE: The doctor says mother will never be right again!
HUSBAND: That will be a change. She's never been wrong.

MISSUS: That humorous cartoon of your husband was very clever.
NEIGHBOR: Pardon me, but that was a photo.

FATHER FLY: How things change, Bobby! When I was your age this was only a footpath!

MASTER: Why didn't you move when I told all those who smoked cigarettes to fall out?
PUPIL: I smoke cigars.

NEIGHBOR: Oh, doesn't he look lovely when he's asleep.
FATHER: Yes, but you should see him when I'm asleep.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

That OUTDOOR feeling

Sunshine is always with you if you are healthy. Smiles come easily and ambitious stir when you live on the "sunny side of life."

Good health depends upon regularity and you can conquer constipation merely by eating two tablespoonfuls daily of delicious Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. So much better than pills or drugs.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN arouses lazy intestines and induces *natural* regularity. No cooking needed. Merely serve with cold milk or cream. Your grocer sells ALL-BRAN.

Sealed inside with the WAXTITE bag

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

FREE—Send your name and address to Kellogg's Pty. Ltd., Box 8, Botany, Sydney, for an interesting health booklet and diet series—they're FREE.

Made in Australia by
KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney

Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

"CAN you lend me a pound for a month, old boy?"
"What does a month-old boy want with a pound?"

KIND OLD LADY: Did you ever attend a school for stuttering?
Cheerful Kid: N-n-n-no, I j-j-j-just p-p-picked it up.

"WHERE did you get all that money?"
"Borrowed it from Wilson."
"But I thought he was pretty tight?"
"So he was."

"ARE you the plumber."
"Yes, mum."
"Well, be careful about your work, all my floors are highly polished and in excellent condition."
"Oh don't worry about me, mum, I won't slip. I've got nails in my boots."

THE new recruit was proving very dense. He couldn't obey orders, but would only stand and gape. The drill sergeant was getting fed up.
"Didn't you hear? About turn!" he roared.
"No," answered the new recruit, "what about 'im?"

GIRLS! NO MORE STRAIGHT HAIR!

Now every woman may have beautiful, deep, lustrous waves by using Kathleen Court's "Hennafoam Wave-Set." Simple to use and inexpensive, this amazing lotion brings the latest Continental idea for waving hair in your own home. Apply "Hennafoam Wave-Set" as directed, wait a few minutes and—**Marvellous Result!** Deep, glorious, beautifying waves are yours—for 6d.! No excuses now for straight hair—"I haven't time to go to the hairdresser's" or "I can't spare the money." "Hennafoam Wave-Set" costs only 2/6 at any good chemists or stores—sufficient for 5 occasions. Try "Hennafoam Wave-Set" **to-day** and see the wonderful improvement it makes in your appearance. Non-greasy, fragrant—"Hennafoam Wave-Set" cannot injure the hair.

"WHAT . . . WASHING DISHES RIGHT AFTER A MANICURE?"

"I'M USING LUX, DEAR, IT'S GOOD FOR MY HANDS"

Lux in the washing-up bowl has banished rough, red "wash-up" hands. Its suds, so rich and gentle, are an absolute beauty treatment for your hands, yet so efficient that washing-up is twice as easy.

LUX for dishwashing

S.241.27

A LEVER PRODUCT

The men who "mislaid" my telephone number *are finding it again*

JUST TO THINK—three months ago you wouldn't have believed our name was in the telephone book!

"All the romance I got then was out of magazines. And I had plenty of time to read them, too. *Even to the advertisements—thank goodness. For it was an ad for Colgate's Dental Cream that opened my eyes.*

"*It told how everything we eat, drink and smoke leaves seven kinds of stains on teeth . . . how men loathe stained, discoloured teeth in women.*

"I looked in my mirror. Sure enough—my teeth were getting dull and yellow. Evidently, the toothpaste I'd been using had failed to remove these stains completely. And the stains had built up so gradually, I was not aware of them. *So I decided to try Colgate's.*

"*I liked it. It was refreshing! Left my breath sweet! And what a difference it made in my teeth! Why, I could hardly believe my own mirror!* Almost before I knew it, my teeth were so white, so sparkling—so beautiful! I was impatient to smile and show them.

"Then the telephone started to ring again. I heard: 'Doing anything tonight?' Or, 'How about a lunch date to-morrow?'

"And now men say my smile is positively dazzling."

Remove the 7 stains with Colgate's—completely

It is true—most toothpastes cannot remove all the seven kinds of stains that food and drink leave on teeth. For most toothpastes have only *one* cleaning action—and one isn't enough. But Colgate's has *two* actions. An *emulsive* action that washes away many of the stains . . . a gentle *polishing* action that removes all the others.

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Good Writing and Good Entertainment!

Henry Williamson is one of those living English prose-writers whose books, lacking the blatant meretriciousness of many widely-applauded works, will be more fully appreciated in twenty years' time than they are now.

This, no doubt, is poor consolation to a man living by his pen (although Williamson seems to accept the situation cheerfully); on the other hand, such a writer must derive tremendous comfort from the friendship and encouragement of a small, but slowly-growing, circle of discriminating admirers and critics.

"DEVON HOLIDAY" is Henry Williamson's fourteenth book and, beyond saying that it will not bring its author a fortune, it is impossible to prophesy what financial success it will attain.

Of its thirteen predecessors, however, one can state that the returns on most were disappointing. "Tarka the Otter," a very fine piece of writing, may have caused the publishers to sigh relievedly, but it is doubtful whether as much could be said for any other of this man's works.

All of which, of course, is Williamson's own fault. He will write truly of what he knows; he will stubbornly refuse to drag into his books those whimsical, lovable characters with which so many of his fellow-authors people the English countryside, and which the great reading public takes so firmly to its heart; he will persist in writing good prose instead of the showy imitation that passes for it in these up and coming days.

This book really is a holiday, a delightful, haphazard adventure over Devon. Williamson is a splendid guide, a man who knows his country and can talk about it, but who has the intelligence to intersperse description with anecdote, story, or straightout comedy.

This man has not published a book of which the animal and bird life of the setting he has chosen has not been an essential part; he excels in those short, vivid passages of writing which make you see, as plainly as if it were before you, a gull balancing on the wind, the silver flash of a salmon jumping a waterfall, the sleek swiftness of a dog otter hunting trout. He can see and feel the beauty of these things, and, happily, has the gift of passing on his vision without tarnishing it.

All this is true of "Devon Holiday," and, without anything else, would make it worth reading. But the book should also be sought out for the stories it contains: there are one or two in it that would do honor to any modern anthology. "Swagdagger Crosses a Field," "The Maiden Salmon," and the untitled story of the fight between sealions and an Orca Gladiator (a species of whale) are fine examples of lucid, easy writing, and the story-teller's art.

* * *

WILLIAMSON has chosen an unconventional plan on which to construct his book. Four friends descend on him: M. P. H. Zeale, a fellow-author, an American professor, and two women, Scylla and The Scribe. The last-named takes down notes of the conversations held and stories related, and the result is a fine hotch-potch of argument, description, story, banter and comedy, all of which is moulded together to make "Devon Holiday."

(Jonathan Cape. Our copy, Moore's Bookshop. 7/6.)

Cuckoo in June

ONE is always glad to meet with a new book by those clever collaborators, Jane Oliver and Ann Stafford. In their last product, "Cuckoo in June," they have repeated the success of "Business as Usual," and the book is noticeable for the same easy style of writing, and the humor, which is never clownish. The illustrations, too, are equally delightful, and include color as well as line work.

Kit Findlay, seeking a little relaxation in London on her birthday, finds herself pounced upon by an aunt who is full of woe, owing to the undesirable acquaintances that her daughter, Verity, has taken up with. Verity must be saved at any cost, and almost before Kit knows what has happened she has promised to take charge of Verity, trips off to the Continent with her, in fact, does everything possible to cause a break with the "undesirables."

Verity, with pressure brought to bear on her, accompanies Kit without much show of unwillingness, but to express it in slang terms she "gives her a run for her money."

The trip to the Continent isn't a success, and Kit in desperation takes her back to England to the farm where she lives with her brother.

The account of Verity's sojourn at the farm is most amusingly written, and the end of it all is most satisfactory.

(Chatto and Windus. Our copy, Swains.)

JANE OLIVER (left) and Ann Stafford, whose latest novel, "Cuckoo in June," is reviewed on this page.

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"DONALDSON." **Adrian Alington.** This is quite one of the best books Mr. Alington has given us. The hero is a modest, retiring bank clerk, not attracted to the other sex, but hoping vaguely to marry at some time and have a quiet, orderly, domestic life. This ambition, however, was secondary to that of writing a history of banking—something that filled his mind to the exclusion of most other thoughts. But Fate stalked beside him on his holiday to the seaside, and almost before he knew it he was married to a woman with literary ambitions, a soulful person who dressed in bizarre fashion.

Griselda Pim, as the damsel was named, succeeded in writing a story, "Heart's Dust," that immediately brought her a big reading public. Sloppy, sentimental, and stupid as it was, and unrecognised by reviewers, its sales ran into thousands, and before many years England had gone "Pim" mad, and the slogan, "Pim for Heart-throbs," was known throughout the land.

Donaldson fought hard to retain his personality against the overwhelming torrents that were luring him more and more into "the husband of that successful novelist, Griselda Pim." But the forces against him were too strong, and he found himself little better than a lap-dog. Then one evening when accompanying Griselda on her evening walk, he deliberately refrained from mentioning a landslide. While he paused, again deliberately, to tie a shoe-lace, Griselda, ever taking the lead, walked over the edge of the cliff. But her indomitable spirit pursued him, even after death, and poor Donaldson had the most fantastic experiences. He found himself writing the sort of drivel that Pim had written, making the same vapid, vacuous remarks that she had made, until finally in desperation he attempted suicide. But this experience restored his normality, and we leave Donaldson with every justification for believing he would achieve the ambitions that Griselda frustrated. A clever story. The author makes Donaldson a pitiable figure one minute and a humorous one the next. (Chatto & Windus.)

* * *

"LOVE AMONG THIEVES." **Leon Brock.** A thriller of the Grand Guignol type. Julian Marsh, the aged master of Castlecrag, was the clever leader of a gang of thieves, and, in addition, pursued in secret scientific experiments for the prolongation of life. Most of the people are of an unpleasant type (although the author has redeemed them on occasion), with the exception of Marsh's daughter, Elizabeth, who provides the love interest. The story is good in parts, but too long drawn out, and the philosophic reflections of some of the characters become wearisome. The story has a local setting, and various phases of Sydney society are rather smartly introduced. (Jackson and O'Sullivan).

* * *

"ECHOES AND REALITIES." **Mrs. Will Gordon, F.R.G.S.** It's extraordinary how much some people can crowd into a lifetime! That is perhaps the first thought that comes when reading this fascinating book of reminiscences by a woman who seems to have met all the interesting people one has ever heard about, and visited the most famous places in the world. Mrs. Gordon is a well-known traveller and writer, and those who read her "A Woman in the Balkans" will be prepared for the easy, entertaining style of writing that is found in this excellent book of memoirs. (Hutchinson. Our copy, Swains.)

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar. ***

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Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "Every house . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—"BRAN TUB" No. 17, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, AUGUST 23rd.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid.

Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, 7th September.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 14

The Winning Competitor in this contest is:—

MR. NORMAN HARRIS,
35 Everton Street, Hamilton, N.S.W.

His solution, containing three errors, was the most nearly correct one received, and the PRIZE OF £50 IN CASH is therefore awarded to him.

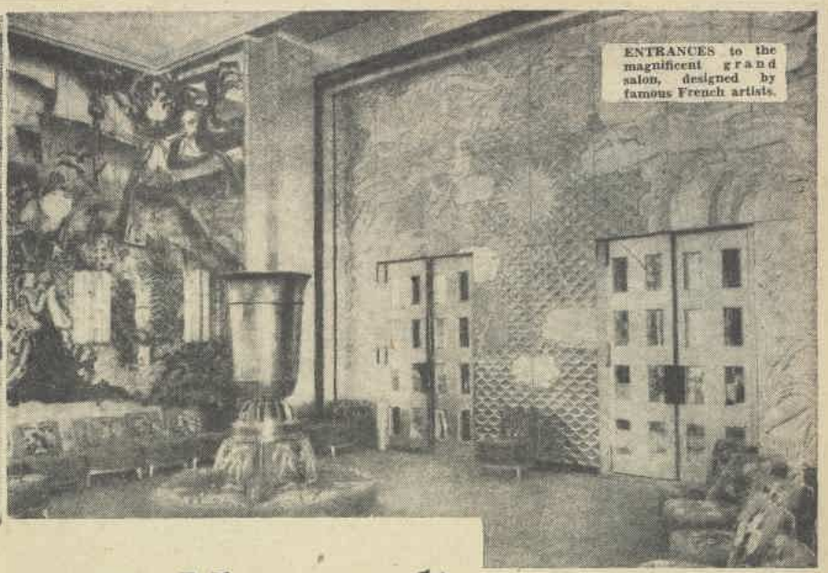
Prize money will be posted on Friday, August 30th.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 14

"All were greatly exhausted. A young man pluckily went to their rescue in a leaky boat, and took off several of the half-drowned men. The others were rescued in another boat."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4606735

PASSENGERS enjoying a dip in the Normandie's swimming pool.



ENTRANCES to the magnificent grand salon, designed by famous French artists.

Scenes *from the* Normandie ... the World's Largest Liner!

Above: THE housewife's dream, or nightmare, however you care to look at it. A section of the Normandie's kitchens. Left: One of the many gardens of living and growing plants which surprised passengers on the Normandie.

THE LUXURIOUS salle-a-manger, where first-class passengers dine. It is three decks high, and 20,000 square feet in area. The walls are covered with golden bas-reliefs set in panels of red marble.

THE CREAM of French society travelled on the Normandie when she made her recent maiden voyage. Here are some of the distinguished passengers in the lofty hall adjoining the salle-a-manger.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4606736

STOMACH DISTRESS and ACIDITY VANQUISHED... This New Way

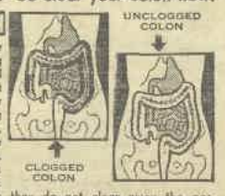
"Entirely due to self-poisoning," says the eminent Berlin physician, Dr. C. Oppenheimer

AUTOXIMA ... Its Cause and Effects

Civilised life guards against many dangers. But it exposes us to hidden ones such as autoxima. Modern food gives insufficient exercise to the walls of the intestines. These intestines lose their power of normal movement and are unable to get rid of the waste matter which settles in the folds. Minerals essential to health are not extracted from your food by the lifeless walls, and your vitality is lowered by their absence. Meanwhile, rotting food-waste lies stagnant and fermenting in the colon, giving rise to gases which are forced back into the stomach, thus souring the food. Other acids and impurities are created; they enter the blood stream and thus attack and weaken every vital part of your body.

Stomach distress and acidity do not, as is popularly supposed, result from just indigestion, for this, too, is only a condition arising from the real cause. As Dr. Oppenheimer, the celebrated Berlin physician, points out, these complaints are entirely due to self-poisoning (autoxima). That is why preparations which act only on the stomach can give no permanent relief. The clogged colon, where the cause of autoxima begins, must be cleared of fermenting debris before real relief from stomach distress, indigestion, gastritis, belching, bloatedness, gas pains, sourness and ulcers can be effected. So clear your colon now.

ENJOY REAL HEALTH



The left illustration shows your colon clogged by fermenting food waste. Your partial bowel movements may be regular, but modern food has clogged your colon and autoxima is poisoning your system. You feel depressed, bloated. You are troubled with gas pains, sourness, constipation. You cannot avoid it. Laxatives are useless—they only act on the lower part of the bowels; they do not clear away the gas-generating poisons from the colon-walls. COLOSEPTIC, however, activates, and cleans and evacuates the entire colon of waste matter, as shown in the right hand illustration. Its tonic action also tones up and activates the three other eliminative organs—the pores of the skin, the respiratory system, and the kidneys. Clear your colon with COLOSEPTIC now, and you'll know what it is to be really free from many forms of stomach distress and, indeed, most forms of sickness. You'll know what it is to be vigorous and vital as in healthy youth.

READ THIS "ILLNESS VANISHED IMMEDIATELY"

Tewkesbury, Tasmania.

"I have to tell you that I felt great benefit from COLOSEPTIC. I was suffering from 'flu. I was ill for a month. After taking but a few doses I felt much better. The dry cough left me entirely. Am telling my neighbours about it now."

A.E.T.

(The original of this letter may be seen at Head Office).

IMPORTANT BOOK ON AUTOXIMA — FREE

An intimate and important booklet, giving all the facts about autoxima, will be sent FREE if you complete and mail the coupon for a demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC. Learn how you are unwittingly poisoning yourself and paving the way for disease. Don't delay, mail the coupon now!

DRINK **Coloseptic** (WAYNE'S IMPROVED FORMULA) FOR INTERNAL CLEANNESS

At all CHEMISTS. If unobtainable locally write to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) LTD., Box 3415 R, G.P.O., Sydney.

CLIP OUT

COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd., Box 3415 R, G.P.O., Sydney. A/12

Please send me your FREE book on Autoxima in plain envelope. Also send me my demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, for which I enclose 1/- in penny stamps.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

LIBRARY *Is New* RADIO SERVICE

Radio, which to-day is giving listeners so many unique services, ranging from a Radio School of Domestic Science, conducted by Mrs. D. State, to Dorothea Vautier's Australian Women's Weekly Feature Sessions, presenting news and personalities of interest to women, has lately embarked on a new experiment—a public library.

DOWN in the quietness of Carrington St., overlooking Wynyard Square, Sydney's miniature park, and not much more than fifty yards from the G.P.O., you will find it situated in Lisgar House, with its colorful tiled facade and its unusual bow windows, promising you something of an adventure should you enter.

And should you enter, you will not be disappointed. The library rooms are decorated in a restful color scheme of henna and green, with polished wooden shelves and attractive furniture, all chosen by Miss Etta Field, well known to 2GB listeners as an announcer. Comfortable lounges and bridge chairs invite you to rest awhile and browse among the books on the shelves or the latest periodicals, which are always available on the tables.

Restful Meeting-place

THE reason for the existence of the library is a desire on the part of the directors of 2GB to provide a focusing point for the interests of the many types of people who listen-in to 2GB. It co-ordinates a number of features broadcast from the station, and enables people interested in the psychological talks or talks on political problems to meet together for discussion, and to obtain books not available in the ordinary lending library.

In this way the work done by various speakers from 2GB is strengthened. But Rome was not built in a day, and the library is not as extensive yet as its director, Mr. Harold Morton, wants it to be. He will not be satisfied until it has at least double the present number of books. But because the library is not designed to pay its own way, but as a gesture of goodwill to radio listeners, it must be content to hasten slowly.

For Child-lovers

IN order to supplement the talks given daily by Richard Want on "Child Psychology," the child guidance section and the psychology section have been developed first. In the former you will find all the standard books on child education, among which are two of the best ever written for laymen, "The Problem Child," and "The Problem Parents," by A. S. Neil. In the psychology section there are many of the works of the great founders of psychology—Freud, Jung, and Adler—works which are not always easy to obtain elsewhere.

Then, in order to supplement the Sunday night talks by noted authorities on current problems, the "Political Commentary," broadcast each Saturday night, and A. M. Pooley's talks on "International Affairs," the section devoted to political problems was developed next.

Later, it is hoped to add a special children's section to make available to children many splendid books beyond their parents' means. But that will not be for some time. In the meantime, a fiction section and a biographical section have been added, and the latter forms a fine collection of the latest books, many of them published at a guinea or more apiece.

All these books are available to listeners who care to pay a nominal sum as a guarantee of their good faith, and threepence a week for the loan of the book.

Quite an unexpected development, as a result of the daily book review broadcast by the library director, Mr. Morton, is the demand from country and interstate listeners, and already books are being mailed to people in Queensland, Victoria, Lord Howe and Norfolk Islands, who are willing to defray the cost of postage.

As proof that women are taking an ever-increasing interest in problems of to-day and to-morrow, it is interesting to note that almost two-thirds of the library members are women, and they, says the director, are much the more voracious readers.

Advice is willingly given on what to read and the best order to read any books dealing with any particular subject. Altogether, the 2GB public library provides an interesting cultural and social experiment.

EARN MONEY WITH YOUR PEN. Big demand for articles and stories by men and women. Our Students are earning whilst learning. Postal tuition, send 2d. stamp for free booklet. No obligation. British School of Authorship, O'Brien House, Young St., Sydney.

Little Cakes Need Dressing Up!

Plain cakes certainly taste very nice, but we DO like them to look interesting, too. And little cakes in fancy garb have a very definite appeal, even if it's only a spot of icing and a cherry on top. Father may talk largely of the huge slabs of cake he enjoyed so much in his early youth, but all the while you'll find him casting greedy eyes at the very decorative little cakes you'll make from the following recipe:

COPHA COCONUT JAM DROPS

6 ozs. Self-raising Flour	1 tablespoon Milk
2 ozs. Coconut	1 Egg
2 ozs. Sugar	Pinch of Salt
1 lb. Pure Copha (softened)	Extra Coconut for rolling
	Jam

Cream the softened Copha and sugar, beat in egg. Add milk, coconut, sifted flour and salt. Take a dessertspoon of mixture, make into small ball and roll in coconut. Press a hole in centre, put in a little jam, and pinch top together to hold jam inside. Bake in moderate oven. You must get a copy of the Copha Recipe Book—the recipes are very exciting, yet so very simple to make. There's everything in it, cakes, pastry, puddings, sauces and sweets—all made with Copha, the justly famous vegetable shortening that makes all you cook so much nicer, and much more digestible. The recipe book is free and post free from

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd., Department WW, Box 2625 EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

Have you tried cooking vegetables with Copha yet? It's the most economical method; it saves lots of gas, but—much more important—it retains the fresh flavour of the vegetables and all the natural health-giving mineral juices which are so essential to children. Full instructions are given in the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder which can also be obtained at the above address.

Listen-in to the special Copha session every Monday night, at 8.15, from 2CH, and every Tuesday night at 8.5 from 2GB.***

LOSES HER FAT! 29 lbs. in 6 weeks

"My doctor advised me to reduce. I took BonKora and lost 29 lbs. in 6 weeks. Reduced hips 9 inches, bust 8 inches, waist 7 inches. Tired feeling gone. I feel full of pep."—Mrs. M. A. Prateau, (full address on request).

No starvation diet. Eat freely of foods you like listed in package. BonKora is a safe and effective method for reducing all cases of obesity due to poor elimination, constipation, indiscretion in eating or drinking or a toxic condition.

BONKORA 6/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS

If not obtainable from your chemist, send Postal Note for 8/6 to Schaffer & Co., Box 2083L, G.P.O., Sydney.

Perfect tones in all shades are assured by the use of Evan Williams' Tunisian Henna, and there is no worry as it contains nothing injurious and is guaranteed harmless.

FREE ADVICE on all hair troubles. Write Evan Williams, Box 1810Q G.P.O. Melb.

It's nicer with Mustard

Always mix mustard yourself—fresh daily. The best results will be obtained if water is used, and the mustard allowed to stand for 10 minutes before using. This ensures the complete release of the essential oils which aid digestion. But—it must be

– Keen's Mustard

KF 35/1

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, August 17.—11.30: Hall of Song. 6.0: Herman Finck. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 9.0: "The Prodigal Father." 9.30: Flotsam and Jetsam. 9.45: Political Commentator.

SUNDAY, August 18.—1.15: Glen Southern. 1.45: Highlights of "Lucia di Lammermoor." 2.0: Lotus Land. 2.15: Face to Face with Chopin. 3.50: Highlights from Literature. 7.30: A. E. Bennett. 7.40: Dr W. G. K. Duncan. 8.45: "David Copperfield." 9.45: W. E. R. Francis, "Lord Northcliffe."

MONDAY, August 19.—10.0: Miss Lakeman, Kindergarten as a Career. 10.45: "Casanova." 12.15: Miss MacPhee, The Peace Society. 6.35: Short Stories of the Air. 7.50: Inspector Scott. 8.20: Frank and Archie. 9.0: "No. 6, Acacia Mansions." 9.30: Magazine of the Air. 10.30: Jack Davey.

TUESDAY, August 20.—6.45: Voice of the People. 9.15: Story of Your Suburb. 9.45: Cyril James, The Barrack Square.

WEDNESDAY, August 21.—3.30: Dorothea Vautier, Feature Session. 8.0: Viennese Nights. 9.0: Donald Novis. 9.15: True Confessions. 9.30: Travel with Music.

THURSDAY, August 22.—3.30: Dorothea Vautier, So They Say Topics. 6.58: Chandu. 9.15: "Edward the Confessor."

FRIDAY, Aug. 23.—7.0: Castles in Music. 9.45: Jack Lumsdaine.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4606737

Mandrake the Magician

LET US INTRODUCE THESE THRILLING CHARACTERS:

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, who, holidaying in the Carpathian Mountains, has heard queer stories of a terrifying monster which roams the countryside. With

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, Mandrake has claimed hospitality from

PROFESSOR SORCIN: An eccentric scientist, who lives in a lonely house in the Tanov Pass with

MARINA: His niece, and several servants. Sorcin obviously has something to hide. The first night of Mandrake's sojourn in the house, the great magician narrowly escapes death. Questioning Sorcin, he finds that the latter has, as a pet, a giant gorilla, Toto. Mandrake also discovers that Marina is very badly treated, being denied all those things dear to a young girl, and decides to help her.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4606738

GRACE COSSINGTON-SMITH'S "The Ballet." To appreciate this properly the original, in color, should be seen, but the reproduction gives some idea of the airiness and grace of the work.

"TWIN HILLS," one of Kenneth Macqueen's exhibits at the Blaxland Galleries. There is a rich earth-quality about this picture that distinguishes it.

IS IT ART *or Just* SMART?

Contemporary Group Exhibition

At Farmer's Blaxland Galleries the tenth exhibition of the paintings of the Contemporary Art Group is at present being held. It is interesting. The tyro will visit it (as this tyro did), to register approval or dismay, and, finally, fade from the scene wondering just what can be called "contemporary art."

... By ...
STEWART HOWARD

WHOSE work is typical of the modern outlook? Looking at the paintings at the Blaxland Galleries, can one say that Macqueen's suave water-colors are representative, or that Thakes' problem pieces more truly express post-war artistic tendencies?

Are John Moore's rich, satisfying pictures relics of a dying technique, or are Helen Stewart's unconventional canvases merely an affectation of the moment? Or are these varying methods and messages equally valuable? These are the questions you will have to answer for yourself.

In the most unconventional of the canvases that have been hung—with one or two exceptions—one can feel certain qualities that have been captured by the artist.

For example, Miss Helen Stewart's "Javanese Fruits," reproduced on this page, while not likely at first glance to capture the liking of an amateur soaked in an earlier convention, still has a rhythm and balance that recommend it. Whether one could live with it is another question altogether.

Grace Cossington-Smith's "The Ballet" is another example of a technique to which the average person will find it hard to adapt him or her self. And yet, this small painting has captured the very spirit of Russian ballet. A reproduction in black and white cannot bring out the depth or color values of this work, but the feeling of light, graceful movement is there.

Conundrums

ERIC THAKES, a Melbourne artist, has, however, journeyed far beyond these two in what to the lay mind will be incomprehensibility. His "Inside Looking Out" would provide an absorbing puzzle for a winter's evening. What is the artist endeavoring to express? Some sympathetic soul, acutely sensitive to the vibrations of the artist mind, might be able to solve this riddle, but to the layman this picture will remain one of those insoluble conundrums that nag at one during sleepless hours before the dawn.

One comes to John D. Moore's exhibits with a feeling of relief. Here is something that an ordinary, limited intelligence can understand. Splendid technique and fine drawing mark this artist's work, which is in the best English water-color tradition. Mr. Moore, en passant, has had a very successful exhibition in London, his work eliciting a long notice in the "Morning Post."

Thea Proctor is represented by several works, the two most impressive being flower still lifes on silk. Apart from her developed color sense, there is a fine feeling for form about Miss Proctor's work that makes it stand out.

THERE is a rich, earthy quality about Kenneth Macqueen's "Twin Hills." This artist has hung several works, but this is the most pleasing of them.

Roland Wakelin, a foundation member of the group, is well represented. His portrait of Mrs. Wakelin is a solid piece of work in red, purple, and blue, and he also exhibits an attractive landscape.

Two advanced students have hung nice work: Miss Abbot, who exhibits a colorful fruit still life, and a young Chinese student, Chun Gwan, whose one exhibit, also a still life, is worth seeing for the clear, limpid quality of the painting, and the lovely color he has put into his picture.

Speaking of this year's show, Mr. John Young, manager of the Exhibition, says: "The show is unquestionably in advance of any previous exhibition of the group. Though there are fewer Continental works in it, the work shows marked progress. The group is undoubtedly leading the way to a complete freedom in artistic expression, relinquishing old conventions, and definitely stating an idiom which must influence the future art of this country."

True, no doubt, most true. The work is important. The striving to open up new avenues is important. But—the work that has been done to date cannot be regarded as an end in itself. The group has shown nothing this year that exalts one, gives a feeling of greatness. And that, after all, is the final test of worth in any art.

ONE OF THE "UNCONVENTIONALS," Miss Helen Stewart hangs this canvas—"Javanese Fruits." Balance and rhythm are excellent.

AN EFFECTIVE DRY INHALATION for

LUNG TROUBLE

It is called Membrosus, and it enters the blood stream, as well as coming into direct contact with the infected parts. The relief from suffering is amazing. This is what patients report:—

THE COUGH IS LESS DISTRESSING.
ABLE TO SLEEP RIGHT THROUGH THE NIGHT.
MUCUS IS EASILY DISLODGED.
HAEMORRHAGES AND NIGHT SWEATS CEASE.
APPETITE IMPROVES.
STRENGTH AND WEIGHT REGAINED.
ABLE TO WALK AND, LATER ON, WORK, PLAY GAMES WITHOUT DISTRESS, AND LIVE A COMPARATIVELY NORMAL LIFE.

"I am progressing wonderfully. I have no sputum, and the cough is much better, thanks to your treatment, and I am also putting on weight. The doctor only gave me a few months to live, but that is all changed now. I am now able to sleep at night; my voice is stronger. I am straight instead of bent over; I have a great appetite, and am much happier and brighter—and the best of all, I HAVE A FEELING OF GETTING BETTER. Membrosus has done all that."

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

Would you appreciate a treatment that is not taken AFTER the attacks come, but by inhaling regularly you find the attacks getting less severe and less frequent—eventually stopping altogether, and without recurrence? This is what Membrosus will do.

"YESTERDAY I got up without coughing, the first time for fourteen years."

"Four months ago it took me on an average 35 minutes to walk from the station to my work . . . not a great distance either, and I was always knocked up and gasping for breath. Someone told me about Membrosus, AN INHALATION REMEDY. I tried it as I had tried a dozen other things for relief. Imagine my surprise and intense joy when, after a short period, I felt a definite relief. And when the other morning I got up without coughing for the first time in fourteen years, I began to look at life anew. Now I walk to my job comfortably in 7 minutes, puffing my pipe, and suffer no discomfort. Now there is no coughing, no tight, bound-up feeling. I am able to lie down and sleep at night without the nightmare of an attack, and am able to enjoy meals without any ill effects."

For your own sake, if you are a sufferer from any of these horrible lung troubles, believe me when I tell you are suffering needlessly. Do as I did . . . commence Membrosus.

CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM Trouble

treatment WITHOUT OPERATION

"A few months ago I was a pitiable object. Practically no one would have anything to do with me, I was even shunned by my friends. My antrums and sinus were badly affected, and I had Hay Fever very badly. I suffered greatly with bad breath, bad taste in my mouth, a permanently furred tongue, and was constantly hawking and spitting. I was always catching fresh colds, sneezing, had a permanently running nose and streaming eyes, and used some 10 to 12 handkerchiefs daily. Under advice I commenced using MEMBROSUS INHALATION TREATMENT. And now, after a really short period, I wake up with a clear throat; no colds; no running nose. I sleep well and eat well, and am entirely free of all those horrible symptoms."

MEMBROSUS (Regd.)

A DRY AND DIFFERENT INHALATION TREATMENT

Perhaps you have a friend who suffers. Send at once a stamped, addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MEMBROSUS, C/- Irvine's Pharmacy, 182 Victoria Road, Drummoyne, N.S.W. (Estd. 29 years). Sole distributors for Australia and New Zealand.

Psychology!

The Modern and Highly Esteemed
Psycho-stimulus System of Beauty and Health Culture

In especial favour with filmdom.
The Rage of Hollywood... Paris... Berlin.

Ladies, are you losing your charm and attractiveness—your beauty? Are your face muscles sagging? What apprehensions have you before the mirror?
Men and women, are you losing your sex appeal? *Did you ever have any?*
Are you handicapped by some physical disability—some supposedly incurable complaint? *Have you a complex?*

● *If so, make personal call or send stamped address for further particulars to*

PSYCHO-STIMULUS SYSTEM (Applied Psychology)
TRUST BUILDING, KING STREET, SYDNEY.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

SAY YOUR SAY

If you have something interesting to say, try saying it to "So They Say." Every topic, so long as your letter is not too long, will be accepted. And you'll learn what other readers think about it, too.

A YOUNG GIRL'S LOVE

IT is always to be regretted if loves comes to a girl when she is very young. The man whom she would love at eighteen is often quite different from one to whom she could give her more mature affections, and there is always the danger of seeing him at a disadvantage when larger experience of other men will lead her to make comparisons. There are some things to which time is the only guide, and in so momentous a step as the choice of the companion of a lifetime, "the unreasoning madness of love" can, in extreme youth, rarely be trusted. A young girl has so many illusions, so little knowledge of human nature, that it makes the risk always a serious one.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. L. E. Buckingham, 11 Moira Avenue, West Ryde, N.S.W.

THAT PRECIOUS SEAT

ALTHOUGH only living a short distance from the city, I feel, after a hard day's work, I would like a seat in the train. My problem, then, is: Should I give up my seat to one of the many women who invariably travel on the train from day to day?

I exclude, of course, women who have attained the elderly age, or those who have young children. From the conversations that I gather, these young women have often either been playing tennis, or at afternoon tea. If I continue to sit down I feel something like a rotter. On the other hand I feel a kind of antagonism. This problem is also faced by many other men. The opinions of your women readers would be very interesting.

Harold Ashton, 70 Mullens St., Rozelle, N.S.W.

TRUE EMERGENCY CHEST

IN many of our homes we keep what we call an emergency chest. In it we store medicines, ointments, etc., that we may need quickly when anyone has been injured or is feeling ill.

"Patience"—a soothing cream to prevent wrinkles in the disposition. "Service"—a tonic which prevents self-pity and that depressed feeling. "Thankfulness"—to be used freely at all times. "Unselfishness"—a lotion guaranteed to destroy the germs which breed ill-will and discord. "Co-operation"—an oil to prevent friction. "Love"—sprinkle this fragrant powder on all hurts and defeats as well as on pleasures and triumphs. If anything else is missing from life's emergency chest, make sure that love is there.

Mrs. M. I. Beasley, Melbourne St. (off Talbot Rd.), Launceston, Tas.

OH, TO BE DIFFERENT!

IT is surprising to anyone who has travelled to see the waste of opportunity that takes place every holiday season. Year after year, people go to the same old places, because they've always gone there. They're afraid of the cost, or the risk of the new and unexpected, or, perhaps, it just doesn't occur to them how easy it now is to see more of one's country (even if funds and time are very limited) with the aid of organised tours or, perhaps, a hired caravan. We would surely be happier, and the working year would seem infinitely shorter if more of us did this. A "different" holiday—something we've never done before, somewhere we've never enjoyed previously—has twice the regenerative effect and lasting value of the usual three weeks in the usual "same old place."

Mrs. Garnaut, Stirling West, S.A.

CHILDREN IN UNIFORM?

TO my mind, one of the needed reforms is a compulsory uniform for State school girls. Secondary schools and colleges have a regulation uniform, so why not a State school uniform of navy pinafore, white tunic, and navy bloomers? For neatness, modesty, and economy, this is unsurpassed. When I think of the many ill-clad State school girls there are, not through lack of money, but through lack of taste, I think the time has come to make a State school uniform a compulsory matter.

Mrs. Lance Holding, Chatsworth Rd., Gympie, Qld.

If We All Did Our Washing on The Same Day!

RE Mrs. P. Hornidge's letter (27/7/35), there is one aspect which I think must have escaped her notice.

What of the laundress who, in an endeavor to earn a meagre livelihood, travels to different places in the city, each employer giving her a different day on which to do the washing?

Mrs. Hornidge's scheme would limit her work to one day a week, which would be inadequate for the upkeep of house and family.

Certainly it would provide one day's work for a number of extra women. Still the idea really won't "wash."

Miss G. Peek, Gue St., Charters Towers, Qld.

Lure of a Wedding

WHY is it that people take such an interest in persons about to be married? People will flock to a wedding knowing neither of the parties, will wait for hours to get a glimpse of the bride, or act like lunatics to get into the church.

Is it to say they have seen people whose names are frequently in the social columns of the papers, or is it the display of clothing, flowers, etc., that rouses this idle curiosity?

Mrs. R. Jukes, 67 Simpson St., East Melbourne C2, Vic.

Some Wash Daily

I'M afraid that Mrs. Hornidge's idealistic proposal that all householders should wash on the same day can never be brought to reality. I am a mother, so I know only too well that for some every day is washing day. It seems that the landscape will have to look untidy till the end of time, so long as babies exist.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 12 William St., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

Quite Impracticable

IT is impossible for any woman attending to household duties to abide by such a hard and fast rule as washing on the one day. The weather would be the main drawback, because, where one woman would be optimistic enough to launder on an unpromising morning, hoping for the sun to come through, another would put off the job until a good morning arrived.

Again, with young children in the household, it is often necessary to wash a few things daily.

Mrs. J. Hornby, 170 Crawford St., Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

Enjoy Life to the Full . . . Then a Quiet Old Age

LIKE O. Gladwin (27/7/35), I, too, think that it is wise to live every minute of our lives vigorously and enjoy every moment of them.

My only wish is that as I grow older ill-health will not prevent me from living a strenuous life.

Because I want to be tired when my time comes to leave this earth, so tired that I will look forward in joyful anticipation of a long, long sleep.

Olive M. Horn, 2 Ehden St., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

Wants To Be Up and Doing

I AM quite in accord with O. Gladwin (27/7/35). How often do we see a couple, after the husband has retired, settled down in some quiet secluded spot, just letting the world go by?

It seems so uninteresting, especially when they are in possession of good health. After all, people in their sixties and seventies are still young these days, so I hope that when I have reached my three score and ten years I shall still want to be up and doing.

Mrs. K. Parkinson, c/o P.O., Wynnum, Qld.

Growing Old Gracefully

I WOULD like to grow old keeping such an active interest in life that I would not notice the years creeping by. Thinking about it is the very worst way of growing old. Keeping young people around one and interesting oneself in everybody and everything is the best way of attaining a graceful old age. One need not be bored, even at 70 or 80. One can still write, knit, play the piano, and enjoy cards and conversation. So why worry?

Mrs. K. E. White, 6 Myall Avenue, Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

Change Will Be Gradual

O. GLADWIN (27/7/35) speaks of living life to the full and then "giving in willingly" to old age. Does she think old age will be so overpowering?

It seems terrible now to think of being forced to lead a quiet life, but the change will be gradual if one is sufficiently adaptable. When our strenuous sports become too tiring it will be with pleasure that we turn to our croquet or bowls. And even if these mild sports are out of the question we will always have our treasure-trove of memories, knowledge, and ideas collected throughout the years.

Gertrude Stockwell, Dundas, via Fernvale, Qld.

Tidying-up Those Unsightly Back Yards

I HEARTILY agree with Miss Buchan (27/7/35) that the backyard of the average suburban dwelling is a most depressing spectacle.

People seem to imagine that once they have made the front lawn respectable there is no need to produce the faintest semblance of tidiness in the back. Old bedsteads, disused saucepans, and the accumulated ashes of half-a-dozen burnings-off are evidently indispensable furnishings of the backyards in perhaps half the houses of any suburb.

If the councils were to demand that the backyard of any new house should be either concreted or laid out with gardens by some skilled gardener, the house of the future would be both tidier and more hygienic.

Janet Somers, 10 Rae St., Randwick, N.S.W.

In Industrial Suburbs

WHILE agreeing with the sentiment of M. Buchan's letter (27/7/35) which deplored the depressing aspect of suburban backyards around our capital cities, I imagine she refers to the industrial suburbs, as those in the better residential areas are often most attractive. It is lamentable, however, in congested areas, to see backyards smaller in area than the average kitchen—how on earth these could be made "attractive" it is difficult to imagine! More difficult to understand is that in a country of empty spaces we ever allowed our people to house themselves on "pocket-handkerchief" allotments, in houses as cramped as huts!! Some day, however, civic pride will raise millions of pounds to undo all the harm our grandparents, our parents, and we ourselves have done by our apathy.

Mrs. R. Bembrick, Percival Rd., Stanmore, N.S.W.

Friendship... A Mutual Forbearance

HOW many of us, on discovering a friend's failings, discount the qualities that attracted us! In the shock of finding the flaws we will not discern the general beauty of a character. It may be only luck if we are not made aware that our own faults are visible, too. If we want to enjoy the attractions of our friends, we must be ready to push their unlovely traits into the background, taking for granted that they do the same for us. We have to pay for everything in life, and mutual forbearance is the price to give for perfect friendship.

Miss Frances Maude, 1 Lansdowne Rd., East St. Kilda, Vic.

Unmanageably Large

JUDGE a householder by the tidiness of her backyard, perhaps, but not by its beauty!

In the city one's backyard is reasonably small, and it is not a very difficult matter to have a lawn, and grow some brightly-colored flowers to make it attractive. But in small country towns, where allotments are usually large, it is next to impossible to do anything more than keep the weeds down. Water is nearly always scarce—the little there is is kept for watering the front garden.

E. H. Provan, Clifton, Qld.

Grow Flowers

I HEARTILY agree with Mary Buchan's idea of brightening those backyards. Nothing can be more depressing to the woman of the home to see, day after day, an unsightly yard. How easy it is, with a little work, to have a picture of joy, however small, right at your door. Just a tiny fernery, a well-kept, lawn, and neat little flower-beds can make a woman's heart sing with pure joy.

Aldeth M. Cowley, Myrlyn, Oxford Rd., Croydon, Vic.

Start a Campaign

I AGREE with Mary Buchan (27/7/35) re the unsightly appearance of many backyards, but I do not think that educating the inhabitants with civic pride will alter the position.

I would like to see a campaign by the various Governments to clean up not only backyards but the whole of our slums! Victoria has already begun to organise in this direction. Would that other States would follow suit!

T. Brown, G.P.O., Adelaide.

LIPSTICKED LIPS

ONE cannot help wondering why so many of the young women one sees daily in the city make such sights of themselves with the bright red lipstick so much in evidence this last year or so.

Is it just because it is supposed to be fashionable?

Surely they do not think that hard, painted look appeals to the average man! In olden times all women, whether virgin, maid or widow, that seduced into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by means of scent, paints, cosmetic washes, false hair, high heels, or bolstered hips incurred the law in force against witchcraft. Upon conviction such marriage was null and void!

Lips can be made to look naturally colored and appealing to men without that painted look.

Mr. L. Paul, Petrie, N.C. Line, Qld.

ETIQUETTE

WHEN offered a seat don't say, "It's all right," or "I can stand"—take it and favor the gentleman with a pleasant "Thank you!"

UNTIDY GARBAGE TINS

THERE is one thing that I think could easily be remedied: the row of unsightly garbage tins that line the suburban footpaths on garbage day. Tins of all shapes and sizes, some painted, some well-rusted and broken, all placed out ready for the stray dogs to tip over, and scatter the contents all over the place. If every housewife left a clean, painted, covered tin inside the gate for the dustman to collect, instead of his having to scrape together the contents of an upturned disreputable-looking one, on the edge of the footpath, think of the difference it would make to the appearance of the streets in general!

Mrs. Mitchell, 1 Charles St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

NAME OURSELVES

HOW many of us, if asked, would choose quite different "Christian names" from those we now possess?

A "Christian name" is a thing that is our very own, then why should we not be allowed to choose it for ourselves? A "birth" name could be given, then at the age of, say, seven or eight, let us choose one for ourselves, which is then duly entered on the birth certificate on a line left blank for that purpose.

Boys especially would welcome this idea, as so many have had to endure untold misery at school from unthinking schoolmates. And a "naming party" could prove as auspicious an occasion at a twenty-first birthday party.

Mrs. E. Redley, Rose Terrace, Toowong, Brisbane.

WHY 'UNLUCKY' WATTLE?

I HAVE recently arrived in Australia from England, and am living in a country town where the wattle is now in full bloom.

One day last week I put a beautiful bowl of wattle in my sitting-room, which I thought made the room look delightful. During the afternoon I had several friends to visit me, and as each one entered the room they exclaimed with horror at the sight of the wattle in the house. One remarked that it would bring bad luck to the house, another that it was the emblem of sorrow, while a third said that it was the cause of hay fever. I was quite dumbfounded and questioned them as to the origin of the superstition. Although emphatic in their belief they were unable to enlighten me. Isn't it strange that Australia's national emblem and, I should think, one of her most beautiful possessions is looked upon with such horror when used to brighten the house? Could someone tell me how this strange superstition originated?

R. Lander, Hillside, Mittagong Rd., Bowral, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4606740

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4606741

What Women Are Doing

Head on Stamp

THE Sultana of Johore, formerly Mrs. Helen Wilson, a Scotswoman, is one of the few women, if not the only one, who can see her image on a postage stamp.

Her head appears beside that of her husband on the new eight-cent stamp in Johore, Federated Malay States.

❖ ❖ ❖

Polish-Australian Sculptress To Hold Exhibition

RUTH BRILLIANT, though she was born in Poland, thinks of herself as an Australian, for the Brilliant family adopted this country as their own when she was quite young.

After some years spent in hard work in England, she returned to Melbourne early in the year for a long holiday.

The beautiful young sculptress brought out fourteen cases of her work with her, and has been busy ever since in preparation for the exhibition she will hold at Hogan's, 340 Little Collins St., Melbourne, beginning on August 19.

❖ ❖ ❖

Helping to Direct An Australian Film

LITTLE did Mrs. E. M. Hunt think when she rehearsed for Australia's first film, "Shepherd of the Southern Cross," that she would be concerned with the production side of an Australian film company.

Mrs. E. M. Hunt —Raymond Sawyer.

Mrs. Hunt hails from New Zealand, and before her marriage acted in J. C. Williamson's shows and toured with Julius Knight. It was then she was chosen for the role afterwards taken by Vera Pearce in the film mentioned above. Illness prevented her appearance.

For the last six years Mrs. Hunt has been closely associated with English studios. She is to be the assistant director of the film to be made shortly by the newly-registered Southern National Pictures Co.

❖ ❖ ❖

Travelling Companions For Twenty Years

WHO would not like to spend their life travelling round the world?

This is what Miss Mollie Macdonald and Miss Gaynor Simpson, English women, and girlhood friends, have been doing for the last twenty years, and they love it more each day. In January they arrived in Australia, and stayed four months in Tasmania. They are now visiting Queensland.

They make Monte Carlo, where they have spent nine winters, their headquarters, and after the season there they usually visit Switzerland.

Miss Simpson is a musical composer, and has written many songs for children, and also pianoforte music. Miss Macdonald confesses that she writes a little poetry.

At each place they visit they make a practice of staying some considerable time, and in that way make friends in many different countries.

❖ ❖ ❖

Superintendent of Elizabeth Kenny Clinic

DR. JEAN ROWNTREE, medical superintendent of the Elizabeth Kenny Clinic, has lived and practised in Queensland for two and a half years, part of which was spent in the Far North.

Dr. Jean Rowntree

Dr. Rowntree is a Melbourne graduate, and has been relieving superintendent at Mount Morgan and Gympie Hospitals, and at Townsville she held the office of assistant-superintendent. Before taking her medical degree she practised as a chemist for five years. Since then she has spent several years abroad doing post-graduate work in all the principal Scottish hospitals, and she also took her midwifery certificate at the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin.

After her experience in the North, Dr. Rowntree is convinced that the problem of correct clothing and food for people who live in the tropics has not yet been satisfactorily solved.

Founder of Hobart Victoria League

MISS ADA STOURTON, who founded the first branch of the Victoria League outside England —the Hobart branch—returned to Tasmania last week, after visiting England for the Jubilee celebrations.

Miss Stourton is deputy life-president of the Hobart League, which was formed in 1902, and president of the Hobart Lyceum Club.

While in England she stayed with her cousins, Lord and Lady Mowbray and Stourton, and with them she went to York to hear that other famous Tasmanian, Mrs. Lyons, address a women's meeting.

Revisited Australia After More Than 20 Years

MISS MARGARET WINNING, who left Brisbane on the Malaja on August 14 on her return to Monte Carlo, has just spent 18 months in Australia, after being absent for more than 20 years. She was in Paris when war was declared against Germany, so she had great experience in her profession, which is nursing.

In Monte Carlo Miss Winning established a bureau of English nurses under the Government. Well-known patients nursed by Miss Winning include Lady Inchcape, and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.

At an early age Miss Winning came out from Scotland with her parents and settled in Queensland. She received her nursing training at the Ipswich General Hospital, and is a foundation and life-member of the Trained Nurses' Club in Melbourne.

Miss Winning has found it possible, in spite of her frequent visits to the Casino, to be able to refrain from ever gambling.

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Made Record With Joan Davies

AFTER two and a half years at the Royal Academy of Music in London, Miss Marjorie Hambridge, violinist, has returned to Sydney for a holiday with her family. After six months she will go to Europe to study in Paris and Vienna, but she hopes to give a recital in Sydney before she leaves.

Her teacher in London was Marjorie Hayward, the well-known violinist, and Miss Hambridge is full of enthusiasm for the inspiration and talent of that remarkable woman.

Just before she left for Australia Miss Hambridge made a record, with Joan Davies, the young English pianist, of a Spanish dance by Granados-Kreisler, but it has not yet been issued.

Preparing for the Basket-ball Carnival

AS president of the Basket-ball Association in Hobart, Mrs. Merton Calvert is a very busy woman these days. She has been president of the association for the past year, and was vice-president for two years previously.

Mrs. Merton Calvert.

Mrs. Calvert has packed her active life very full of interests, for she is secretary of the Women's Non-Party Association, a member of the Sanatorium Committee, a member of the Wattle League, and was appointed woman observer on the last Hospital Commission. She has twice stood for the City Council, "and," she added firmly, "I shall stand again!"

And, last, but not least, like many women who live in that vicinity, she is tremendously interested in the fate of the Lady Franklin Museum, and hopes to see its control vested in the City Council.

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Picture Attracted Notice At Royal Academy

AT the recent Royal Academy exhibition in London, Mrs. E. Carrick-Fox's picture, "A Bunch of Flowers," attracted much attention. The widow of the late Philip Fox, she married into a particularly clever Australian family.

A cousin of her husband, Miss Etta Phillips, lives in the artist world, in Paris another cousin, the late Marion Phillips, was amongst England's women M.P.'s. Dr. Constance Ellis, of Melbourne, is another cousin, and Mrs. M. M. Phillips, who has written several novels, comes under the same heading.

Australian to Sing at Metropolitan Opera House

MARJORIE LAWRENCE, Melbourne's own dramatic soprano, is to sing with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York next season.

Ever since she left Australia Miss Lawrence has been studying hard, and her success has been quick. She made a brilliant debut at Monte Carlo in 1932 as Elizabeth in "Tannhauser," and since then she has sung many Wagnerian roles with the Paris Opera Company.

Her contract with this company has prevented her accepting previous offers of engagement from New York, La Scala, and London, but now she has been granted permission to appear in New York.

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Domestic Science and an Archaeology Expedition

A DOMESTIC science expert is not usually found on an archaeology expedition, but Mrs. J. R. Barrington Stewart hopes that her knowledge will come in handy on the expedition she and her archaeologist husband are planning.

They reached Australia last week on their way to Port Said, whence they will work their way on "digs" up the Tarsus in Asia Minor. Mrs. Stewart will have charge of provisions, arrangements for camping, and first-aid, and she expects to be busy helping to mark up and list up the finds.

Her marriage cut short a promising career as domestic science mistress in an English school. She is making her first visit to Australia, and will spend a few weeks with relatives in Sydney.

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She is a Graduate With Many Interests

ALTHOUGH she took her M.Sc. degree at Otago University, Dunedin, Mrs. C. E. Dolling is a very valuable committee member of the S.A. branch of the Australian Federation of University Women, and is hoping to go as a delegate to the conference that is to be held next month in Melbourne.

However, Mrs. Dolling has recently come back to Adelaide after a trip to England, and the family must be settled into a new home before she can go away on an intellectual jaunt!

While in England she was the S.A. representative of the Country Women's Association at a conference of the Country Women of the World, being a member of the executive in London and of the handicraft and finance sub-committees. In Adelaide she has been a member of the metropolitan branch since its inception, in 1929, becoming president and honorary State treasurer.

Mrs. Dolling has always taken a great interest in the free kindergartens and was president of the Bowden Kindergarten for eight years, and a delegate to the central executive.

Piano Is Prize For Gifted Pianist

ADA SUMMERS has spent the past few weeks in choosing a piano, for that is the prize this twenty-year-old Melbourne girl is to receive as winner of the piano grand championship in the Victorian competitions for 1935.

Ada has a habit of winning things. Four years ago she won a scholarship and became a pupil of Mr. Harold S. Elvins, and in spite of her youth she has already been concerto champion at South Street competitions for two years.

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Flies to London To Do Some Shopping

MRS. SYDNEY DE VRIES, wife of the noted Dutch baritone now in Sydney broadcasting from the national stations, although not an artist herself, does a tremendous amount in helping her husband in his work. She attends to much of his correspondence and assists in looking after the business side of things.

Mrs. Sydney de Vries

Mrs. de Vries is extremely smart, and does much of her own frock - designing. When in Amsterdam, where she and her husband have a house, it is no rare occurrence for her to fly to London to do some shopping. Europe, she says, does not now seem remote because of the air services.

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Australian Airwoman's Managerial Position

MRS. JESSIE MILLER, the Australian airwoman, has recently been appointed manager of the Heston Airport office of the Commercial Air Hire Company Ltd., of which the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce is a director.

Mrs. Miller, who has done a considerable amount of flying with Mrs. Bruce, last year flew solo in a small Red Wing plane from England to East Africa, via the Sahara, on the first air commercial traveller's trip, taking samples for orders for British manufacturers.

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Photographed Nazi Procession in Germany

WHILE her husband was paying most of his attention to business, Mrs. J. A. Fergusson, who has just returned to Sydney, wandered in Germany, France and England, taking movie photographs wherever she went.

One of her most interesting records is of the May Day Labor procession in Germany, when thousands of Nazis marched past. As one must be careful when taking unofficial photographs, her picture had to be shot from a high balcony above the street, and her view of Hitler is very small and far away.

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W.C.T.U. Convention In Adelaide

MRS. J. R. BOWERING, state president of the South Australian branch of the W.C.T.U., is busy planning, with the aid of her committee, for the 47th annual convention to be held from September 4 to September 11.

They are preparing for a large attendance of country members. The programme includes addresses and discussions on subjects of national interest, with particular attention given to those reforms which the union is specially interested in.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP.

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DR. EDGAR L. BAINTON *Will Act as Judge*

Our £100 Eisteddfod Scholarship

Associated with other judges in juvenile piano competitions in the 1935 City of Sydney Eisteddfod will be Dr. Edgar L. Bainton, Director of the Conservatorium of Music.

Our readers will be gratified to know that this distinguished authority on music has agreed to act as adjudicator for The Australian Women's Weekly in the forthcoming Eisteddfod contests to decide which young pianist will win the £100 scholarship offered by this paper.

This announcement is a matter for pleasure and congratulations from competitors and public alike.

Dr. Bainton's long experience of students at all stages of development makes him an ideal judge of this contest.

THE eisteddfod opens on August 21, and the contestants are now in the last stages of their preparation.

The total number of entries received exceeds ten thousand, a record, and one of the most interesting features of this huge response is the attention that has been awakened by The Australian Women's Weekly £100 Scholarship, and the large number of juveniles it has attracted to the piano sections.

It has been arranged that the Juvenile Piano Championship, for which The Australian Women's Weekly £100 Scholarship is to be the prize, will be decided on September 5. This night has been specially set aside for this event, which will take place in the Main Assembly Hall of the Scots Church.

All competitors who win first or second place in juvenile piano sections will be eligible to compete, and a most interesting contest is assured.

So great has been the rush of entries for this year's eisteddfod that it has been necessary to engage nine halls in order that the various competitions may be judged in the time available. Five of these halls have been taken for the whole period of the eisteddfod, so that contests will be going on continuously.

DR. EDGAR BAINTON

In the Piano Solo (under 14) section alone there are 129 entries. This is the largest individual section among the very many covered by the syllabus, and illustrates the great amount of youthful talent that only requires encouragement to be drawn out, and, very possibly, developed into something very much worth while.

Judging by the keen interest that The Australian Women's Weekly scholarship has created, eisteddfod officials are confident that the candidate who actually wins the prize will be a really talented child, one to whom the guaranteeing of further funds to carry on a musical education will be of very real importance.

Saturday, September 7, will be the night of the gala performance at the Town Hall, when winners of the more important sections will perform. The winner of the £100 scholarship will appear on this programme, adding a special interest to a night which will be full of enjoyment to all those who are interested in Australia's cultural progress.

Dr. Bainton's inclusion in the list of judges will be warmly welcomed. Other well-known adjudicators in music sections are Mr. John Bishop, a native of Adelaide, who received his musical training in London, Mr. Thorold Waters, formerly a prominent concert and operatic singer, and Mr. Haydn West, who studied the violin at the Marshall Hall Conservatorium under Franz Dierich.

Other personalities, each prominent in his or her own art, have been engaged to adjudicate in other sections, and, among these, perhaps the most interesting is Mr. Felix Demery, who has been specially retained to judge the dancing sections.

No Policewomen In Traffic Patrols

LONDON'S example of introducing women plainclothes police in the traffic patrols to deal with motorists who break the speed limit regulations is not likely to be emulated here.

The N.S.W. Superintendent of Traffic, Mr. Carter, states that no such move is contemplated in this State.

"We do not think it is necessary to have women in the traffic patrols in Sydney," he said. "It is a policeman's job, and the police are quite capable of dealing with it. No doubt women police would be very useful for this work, but we have only a limited number of policewomen in the force, and they are engaged on special work."

Kidney Trouble

Healthy kidneys remove uric acid from the blood.

Keep your kidneys healthy.

YOUR kidneys are filters. They keep the system healthy by removing waste matter (uric acid) from the blood. But there are times when, owing to a chill, illness or advancing age, they function badly. They weaken, with the result that your system is poisoned with excess uric acid. Your blood-stream becomes tainted, unaccustomed aches and pains make you miserable and cloud your nights and days. That poison in the blood is a serious danger to health. It will continue to be so whilst the menace of kidney trouble remains unchecked.

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CROWD of *Royalties* at WEIGALL WEDDING

From MARY ST. CLAIRE
By Air Mail

THE wedding of Viscount Curzon, only son of Earl and Countess Howe, and Miss Priscilla Weigall, only daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, was one of the highlights of this social season.

The ceremony took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, in the Chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a close-fitting gown of white and silver brocade with long tight sleeves and a square neckline. The long train was cut in one with the skirt. Her tulle veil was trimmed with insets of aquamarine blue, which matched the aquamarine and diamond tiara and necklace which she was wearing. She carried a white prayer-book instead of a bouquet.

Lady Weigall's Gift

THERE were five child attendants and five older bridesmaids. They all wore aquamarine-coloured frocks and head-dresses of crystal leaves. They carried bouquets of mixed flowers, in which lilies and delphiniums predominated. The Countess Howe also wore a gown of aquamarine-blue, which caused her, on one or two occasions, to be mistaken for her daughter, who was one of the bridesmaids.

Lady Weigall sat for a little while in her wheeled chair at the top of the cathedral steps, where she held a miniature reception. After the ceremony there was a party at Sunderland House, which had been decorated with masses of flowers sent up from the bride's home at Englemere. The refreshments were arranged buffet fashion in a number of rooms. The champagne and other drinks were iced to perfection. Indeed, many of the eatables stood in great bowls of ice, so delightfully cool on a very hot afternoon.

Of course, there were masses of presents, silver that shone, glass that gleamed, and antique and modern china that would have made any collector's heart burn with envy.

One of the most interesting gifts was from Lady Weigall herself. It was a full panel of lace from the wedding gown of the bride's grandmother (also worn by the bride's mother for her marriage) set in a glass screen. A novel and beautiful idea.

Royal Guests

SUCH a crowd of royalties were among the guests, so the sightseers who thronged the pavements outside the house had plenty to interest them. Ex-King George of Greece was there, and Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise also mingled with the other guests.

I saw several of the ambassadors and their wives, and also some interesting Australians, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Linton, Mrs. R. L. Butler, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Hall, Miss Behan from West Australia, Mrs. Bayford Owen, Mrs. Primrose and Mrs. Hawker.

VISCOUNTESS CURZON, formerly Miss Priscilla Weigall, whose marriage was celebrated in London on July 23. She is the daughter of Sir Archibald Weigall, a former Governor of South Australia. Shortly after her wedding the bride underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Versatile Rayners

WITH the simplest of costumes and the scenery entirely supplied by the imagination of the audience, Joan and Betty Rayner entranced a packed house at the Savoy Theatre at their opening night last Thursday.

An amazing variety of characterisations were presented by the sisters during the evening and, with the aid of a slouch hat or so, sceptre, crown, or beard, these clever artists created a different atmosphere for each piece on their programme.

With the aid of a voluminous velvet cloak and a bishop's mitre, Betty looked the complacent prelate to the life, and could hardly be recognised a few minutes later in the role of a Somerset yokel picking apples from an imaginary tree while ridiculing the love of his lass.

Joan adds to her gifts a sense of fun and mimicry that is inimitable. Her bird-calls while concealed in the "wood"—to a disconsolate lover—were excellently reproduced.—V.M.

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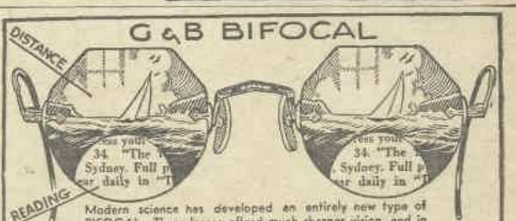

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"Dainty Meals for DELIGHTED HUSBANDS"

The Minister for Education, Mr. Drummond, has been studying that greatest of all arts, the art of cooking. He has been visiting the East Sydney Technical College, where (as at other colleges of the kind) our girls are trained to become expert cooks, so that when they get married they will be able to serve up dainty meals to their delighted husbands. Every night, 120 business girls attend the classes at the East Sydney college, and nearly every one of them wears an engagement ring. All this is as it should be, of course. The husband's health should be watched most carefully. We all know, for instance, that there are chemical constituents in food which may be beneficial in one condition of health and disguised poison in another. Instead of wasting their time on Euclid, our girls should study vitamins A, B, C, D, etc., so that they may be able to deal fairly by husbands.

S.M. Herald Supplement, March, 14th, 1935.

"How to be happy though married"—is of vital importance to wives and husbands. Nor is it less important to every mother's daughter who is looking forward to marriage. Dainty meals for delighted husbands add not merely to wedded happiness but to healthful welfare.

The art of cooking, however, like other arts, demands knowledge and experience from those who practise it.

With sixty years' reputation as a perfect leavener Aunt Mary's Baking Powder comes as a boon to cooks and housewives. This pure cream of tartar baking powder ensures light, digestible wholesome foods that please the palate of the most critical husband.

Make Delicious Scones
Try this Recipe

Ingredients:
1 lb. good plain flour.
2 oz. butter.
1½ cups (12 fluid oz.) milk.
1 oz. "Aunt Mary's" Baking Powder (4 rounded teaspoons)
½ oz. salt (1 level teaspoon).

Method:
Have hot oven ready. Prepare tins or oven slide by sprinkling with flour. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in butter lightly. Add milk nearly all at once, making into soft dough. Turn on to floured board, and knead lightly and quickly. Roll out about 1 inch in thickness. Cut into required shape with knife or cutter. Place on prepared tins or slide. Cook in hot oven from 8 to 10 minutes. When almost cooked brush over with a little milk and return to oven for a minute. Cool on cake cooler and brush flour from underneath scones before serving.

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is an invaluable guide to the preparation of dainty meals. Over 400 recipes. Write for your copy today, enclosing 1/- plus 2d. for postage to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Kent & Liverpool Streets, Sydney.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ Three stars—excellent.
★★ Two stars—good films.
★ One star—average films.
No stars ..... no good.

★★★ THE INFORMER

Victor McLaglen, Margot Grahame. (R.K.O.).

ANYONE looking for frivolous entertainment or a soothing bedtime story will be well advised not to seek either in this film version of Liam O'Flaherty's savagely bitter book about the post-war troubles of his distressful country. But it is at once apparent that here is a work of singular power. As we watch the events transpiring in the foggy streets and certain mean interiors of Dublin during a night of 1922, and witness the fatal conflict in one man's mind and its aftermath, we are stirred by pity and terror before we come to the final release.

Victor McLaglen as the slow-thinking, blundering giant who is swept, against his own feelings of revulsion, into betraying his friend for the sake of his sweetheart brings before us with extraordinary insight the phases of temptation, his fitful drunken attempts to forget his shame and to elude the inevitable vengeance. He outdoes here even his performance as the sergeant in "The Lost Patrol"—and that is saying something. As Katie, the woman of the streets, who is faithful to him after her fashion, beautiful Margot Grahame has a chance, which she takes, of showing herself also a fine actress.

The production is brilliant. The cursed placard offering the reward for Frankie McPhillip, which, when torn from the wall, keeps on blowing against McLaglen just as the thought keeps on teasing his mind, is forerunner of many significant touches, and there is abundance of grim humor. Of the other characters, each well portrayed, Heather Angel, as Frankie's sister, sounds a little too English, and Preston Foster, as commandant of the revolutionaries, certainly too American. But the rich brogue of McLaglen's hanger-on and of several minor characters fixes the Irish color. And Una O'Connor, as Frankie's mother, gives an inspired performance. Very moving in the early scenes, when finally her son's betrayer confronts her and confesses, her forgiving acceptance lifts the heart.—Capitol, com. Aug. 16; King's Cross, com. Aug. 17.

★ UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON

Warner Baxter, Ketti Gallian. (Fox.)

IN a part somewhat reminiscent of his first success, "Cisco Kid," Warner Baxter is here an Argentine gaucho. The country race at the beginning gives us a taste of his quality, for he wins in spite of losing his saddle halfway round the course through a girth partly severed by an enemy. In his courtship of a French cabaret singer (Ketti Gallian) bound for Buenos Aires, whose plane breaks down, he has a more difficult proposition, for in the city, where he comes seeking his stolen horse, his rustic uncouthness puts him at a disadvantage.

The incongruities of his manners and of his appearance are rather too forced. So also the attempt to turn his plain old mother into a fine lady. And Miss Gallian hardly sustains the promise of her performance in "Marie Galante." But beautiful horses at full gallop, the thrumming music of guitars, and the fiery tango, leave an impression of color and excitement when the piece is over.—Plaza; com. Aug. 9.

★ OUR LITTLE GIRL

Shirley Temple, Rosemary Ames, Joel McCrea. (Fox.)

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S latest vehicle is a simple little story, not to say thin. For those who ask nothing more than to see this winsome little creature, who is now passing through one of childhood's most attractive stages, it will serve. But the breach between her film parents seems laboriously engineered for the sole purpose of being healed by those baby fingers. However, here is Shirley singing a lullaby to her doll, playing with a docile Scottish terrier, enjoying the circus, and making friends with a fatherly tramp when she runs away in order, as she thinks, to relieve her parents of an obstacle to their separate happiness. She plays her part with naturalness and charm. Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea discharge efficiently their function as background to the wonder child, and Lyle Talbot and Erin O'Brien Moore—whom we took first of all for Margaret Lindsay—have the rather thankless roles of would-be home-breakers.—Regent; com. Aug. 16.

★ RUMBA

George Raft, Carole Lombard. (Paramount.)

AGAIN Carole Lombard and George Raft are brought together in the dance, but with this difference that here he alone is professional, a half-Cuban cabaret performer in Havana, and she is a bored heiress from New York whose senses are tickled no less by the semi-barbaric rhythm of the rumba than by the fiery nature of the man who teaches it. Miss Lombard presents the cool curiosity and thawed reserve of the type very well, and Raft, as the man who sets out to avenge a fancied slight and finds his own feelings too deeply involved, is in character. But the dancing is the main thing. The rumba as performed at a native fiesta, and later in the cabaret and on stage, provides a swirling, mounting excitement that makes a directly sensuous appeal. And the story's denouement is artful, with a Broadway audience flocking to the first night of the novel turn, incited by the prospect of witnessing gangster violence.—Cameo, com. Aug. 10.

★ GINGER

O. P. Heggie, Jane Withers. (Fox.)

IN this film, a dessert for a very sweet tooth, Jane Withers, who played the spoilt, screaming brat as foil to Shirley Temple's angel child in "Bright Eyes," gets her first starring part. She shows herself a clever little performer. As ringleader in the escapades of her ragamuffin playmates and in her motherly solicitude for her mongrel and for the old man (O. P. Heggie) whom she believes to be her uncle as well as guardian she acts with bright confidence. She has, too, some amusing lines. But she seems always rather consciously trained. Heggie is likeable as the broken-down old actor, though we cannot see even him firing his infant charge to do Juliet to his Romeo. The most enjoyable scene is where in the Park Avenue mansion the dainty table manners of the insufferable young prig Hamilton (Jackie Searl) are held up by his mother as a model for the baffled Jane newly-transplanted from her slum.—Plaza, com. Aug. 9.

★ THE NITWITS

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)
Wheeler and Woolsey. (R.K.O.)

IN this latest of their farces, the comedy pair get laughs by pure slapstick—exactly the sort of thing which enables a Punch and Judy show still to retain its age-long power of amusing the eternal child in most of us. Rough and tumble, the cudgelling of wooden heads, the comic and outwitted policeman—here they are again! With the venue shifted to a song-publisher's office in Tin Pan Alley, and radio crooners, song-dances on the stairs, a private detective, and an electrical lie-detector to bring the old stuff up to date, a murder mystery to add zip, and all at terrific speed. Chief among the figures of fun are Woolsey tangled up in a tennis net, and Wheeler on stilts serenading his lady in prison à la Blondel.—Capitol, com. Aug. 16; King's Cross, com. Aug. 17.

★ LEAVE IT TO BLANCHE

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)
Henry Kendall, Olive Blakeney, Miki Hood. (Warner Bros.-British.)

THE woes of a golf widow (Miki Hood), complicated by the incessant manœuvres of an interfering adviser, provide the substance of this comedy. Henry Kendall, as the husband so absorbed in his game that he forgets his wedding anniversary, displays his wonted expertness. The Blanche of the title (Olive Blakeney)—an overpowering butter-in—induces most of the complications. A liberal allowance of misunderstandings and coincidences is required by the farcical plot, taken at a speed which holds interest. There is a certain amount of implied satire on the life of childless young flat-dwellers, in which the surprise party of Bright Young People is a highlight, and Phyllis Stanley is devastating as the limp and dolorous Blues Singer.—Liberty; com. Aug. 1.

LOVE IN BLOOM

George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joe Morrison, Dixie Lee. (Paramount.)

A TITLE such as this should offer us something dewy. Instead we get the same old carnival, only treated in such a way that it never seems real, and a story of two young lovers in present-day New York that is interrupted by the kind of misadventures that occur in the old, old melodramas. Dixie Lee can do the hard little cutie, but is ill-equipped to register heart throbs, while to the crooning Joe Morrison Tschaikowsky's "None But the Lonely Heart" is obviously on a par with the latest song hit, which we are shown girdling the earth until it has infected darkest Africa and Japan, and finally reaches the Horse Guards Parade. Burns and Allen fail to enliven the film much. As far as we are concerned, love here blooms in vain.—Cameo; com. Aug. 10.

WHERE *are the* FILM STARS *of* YESTERYEAR?

NORMA SHEARER, of the old days, obviously got up to kill. Help!

A MORE youthful Chaplin and the still recognisable back of Douglas Fairbanks, Sen.

MADGE EVANS, evidently gone bush, in a film called "On the Banks of the Wabash."

ALICE BRADY, as she used to appear in silent films.

TIME has robbed Laura La Plante of her dimples, but she is still a quaint comedian.

GARBO with Johnny Mack Brown in "The Single Standard."

HAS-BEENS & COMEBACKS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

HAVE you thought sometimes what has become of the screen players who were your favorites a few years ago? Some of those dazzling stars have faded out. Some have declined to small parts and "extras." A lucky few survive who are still sure box-office attractions.

IT is rather melancholy in one way to look back to the pre-talkie days of the screen. There were some beautiful and fascinating people appearing in films then who surely ought not by rights to have disappeared completely. Yet we do not hear of them now, at least only a few.

What has happened to the stars of yesteryear?

Well, of course, as everybody knows, quite a lot of them could not survive the introduction of sound. Those tall, handsome stalwarts, too many of them, had not the voices of heroes. And, alas, many of those delightful creatures who, as far as looks went, were all charm and dimples or else moved like young goddesses, grated sadly on the ear when they began to speak.

More than that. It was not only the quality of their voices that destroyed their allure. It was the discordant and uneducated effect of their style of speech. It is not much use looking like an aristocrat, if you sound definitely common.

The Language Test

SEVERAL prominent foreigners were eliminated straight off by the language difficulty, when talkies came in. There was Pola Negri, that superlative siren. She seems to have vanished utterly. Emil Jannings has gone back to Germany, a loss to Hollywood that is hard to estimate.

Tullio Carminati has only within the last year or so managed to act in English, and he does it with a pronounced, though not unpleasant, accent. The great Garbo's throaty tones and strong Swedish accent subtracted from her glamor for a while. But in her last picture, "The Painted Veil," the accent is much less noticeable. Conrad Veidt's guttural voice and German accent, though the accent is diminishing, have made him difficult to understand at times.

Out of those whose native tongue is English, one thinks at once of Janet Gaynor, whose voice was discovered to be a scrannel pipe. By assiduous training she has largely got rid of its hard, metallic quality, and has brought down its pitch. But her voice now, though not any longer a handicap, is still scarcely an asset. And there is John Gilbert, who seemed to be robbed of his magnetism when he was first heard, but who made a comeback with Garbo's help in "Queen Christina."

LILIAN GISH, when she was one of the foremost stars.

IT is not because he mistrusts his voice, but because he regards his art as one of mime, that Chaplin has not yet been seen in a talking picture.

But then, again, Chaplin has been for years a wealthy man, and has no need, unlike most film players, to make hay while the sun shines. Thomas Meighan, an erstwhile favorite and frequent performer, is in the same case. He acts occasionally, when he feels like it, and he last appeared not so long ago in "Peck's Bad Boy."

What has happened to Lillian Gish, acclaimed in her day by George Jean Nathan as "the finest actress in motion pictures"? She would like to make a comeback in talkies. But her one appearance of recent years, with Roland Young in "His Double Life," an adaptation of Arnold Bennett's "Great Adventure," was scarcely notable.

It would hardly be reasonable to suggest that the introduction of sound has put Mary Pickford out of films, since she has lately won great success as a radio artist. Her decline is due to the fact that not even Mary Pickford could go on playing the little girl indefinitely. Time takes its toll more obviously to the eye of the camera than before the footlights.

It seems unfair, perhaps, but those film players who depend principally on youthful glamor can only last as stars for about five years on an average, that is, unless their beauty or ability is conspicuous.

Some former favorites have shown wisdom in accepting time's change. Alice Brady, the sprightly girl of other days, has utilised her comic talents in several recent pictures as a scatter-brained woman of middle age. And Billie Burke, pretty as ever, does the flutteringly graceful matron with great effect.

Much Changed

SOME entertainment can be got from looking up old photographs of former stars, who, through luck or ability, or both, have come through, and comparing them with their present-day appearance. Improved photography and sedulous grooming nowadays can accomplish marvels.

Madge Evans does not look so very different from now; but a good deal has been done to her hair. Laura La Plante, who is making a comeback through Warner Bros. British pictures, is thinner in the face than of yore, and distinctly more blonde. Garbo, however, whose beauty is less perishable than most, looks much the same.

But should you have recognised the present-day sedate, exquisitely-gowned Norma Shearer from the photograph above? That was taken from "Lady for a Night." Was she in that, do you remember, a vamplish person or just ter-ragic?

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Education Director Praises Women's Weekly's Enterprise

THE Director of Education in New South Wales, Mr. G. Ross Thomas, M.A., who purchased "The Silver Jubilee Book," one of the two volumes now being distributed under The Australian Women's Weekly's first book offer, has written to express his appreciation of the volume as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION,
SYDNEY.
31st July, 1935.

The Editor,
The Australian Women's Weekly,
Sydney.

"Dear Sir,—Having had an opportunity to review 'THE SILVER JUBILEE BOOK,' one cannot but commend the publication, not only for the excellent format, illustrations, photographs, etc., but also to speak in appreciation of the resume of the last 25 years, not only of British but world-wide history and progress that it covers. Its arrangement in each of the 25 years makes it a very fine compendium of progressive information and for speakers or teachers is in itself a handbook of notes for quite a large number of addresses and lessons.

"I would like to feel that there was a copy of it in every school, and would like to congratulate The Australian Women's Weekly on the spirit of enterprise that made it possible for such a document to be placed in the hands of our boys and girls, and the people generally.

"I do not know whether there is any possibility of supplies of this book being made available to schools at special rates, but I know that the Editor of the 'School Magazine,' our own publication, would be glad of a copy for library purposes, if permission could be granted to reproduce the pictures."

THE DIRECTOR of Education, Mr. G. Ross Thomas.

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PRIZE-WINNING Novelist *Has Had* An EVENTFUL CAREER

The Odyssey of Kylie Tennant

Very few women — or men either — can claim to have written a prize-winning novel at the age of twenty-three.

But, then, very few women have had the experience of running away from home before they were eighteen, of having lived in a disused railway-carriage, or of having tramped over New South Wales, frequently "jumping the rattler."

KYLIE TENNANT (Mrs. L. C. Rodd), who tells here how she has done all these things, thinks her varied experiences go a long way towards explaining why her book "Tiburen," was chosen unanimously by the judges as the finest novel submitted by competitors for the S. H. Prior Memorial Prize.

This young writer, in the last five years, appears to have done nearly everything that could be regarded as unconventional.

"Leaving school at the age of sixteen," she said, in an interview with The Australian Women's Weekly, "I decided to see what broadcasting had to offer me, and joined a studio to fill a job that, while labelled Assistant Publicity Officer, really meant that I was called upon to do anything from arranging children's sessions to attempting to beguile story newspaper men into giving the station free publicity.

"Everything went swimmingly here, until I got the idea that any adventure-seeking girl should run away from home at least once in a lifetime! That was a bright thought, but my first attempt was foiled by an angry parent appearing at the train and carting me ignominiously home.

"The second effort, however, made four nights later, succeeded, and I found myself in Melbourne with nothing except a few (a very few) clothes, and the price of a couple of meals."

KYLIE TENNANT

Interpreted Dreams!

SPEAKING of the first few days in Melbourne, a five-years-older Kylie is humorously off-hand, but they must have been more than a little trying. Her broadcasting experience saved her; by sheer audacious bluff she managed to book up a few talks with 3LO, her subject being, of all things, "The Interpretation of Dreams."

"When this petered out," went on Mrs. Rodd, "there came an eight months' spell as custodian of a kiosk on one of Melbourne's suburban railway stations.

"SCENES changed rapidly. A train to the mountains; tramping from Glenbrook to Lithgow; a job in the soup kitchen during the dole strike at Lithgow, where I was regarded as a police spy. Walking, riding, and sneaking forbidden lifts on goods trains, Gulgong was reached at last.

"Here the town was in a state of high excitement—a prisoner had escaped from the local calaboose. I left, hidden in a truck containing boxes of scented soap. The escapee also was on the train—in the same truck! Quite an amusing fellow," the respectable Mrs. Rodd added reminiscently.

Coonabarabran was the next stop; a fateful one. Paying a call on an old University acquaintance who was school-teaching there, Miss Tennant discovered the town to be more attractive than she had anticipated. Before she left it, to walk and hitch-hike six hundred miles to Brisbane, she had become Mrs. L. C. Rodd.

Domesticity not being sufficient for her, however, she commenced to write, and the result has been "Tiburen," a novel written round a country town, which, its judges report, opens up new ground in Australian literature.

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LOOK at this list of authors — writers whose stories have enchanted boys and girls for generations past. Now, all their finest work is collected in this one big book to delight YOUR children.

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Thomas Hardy	Dean Swift
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY'S GREAT OFFER in connection with "The Children's Treasure House" really closed on July 22. Since then, hundreds of fathers and mothers who overlooked that closing date have asked for one more chance to secure this wonderful book for their children. Here is that chance—but this time it must definitely be the last. Special arrangements for a further limited supply of "The Children's Treasure House" have been made, but when that quantity is exhausted it will be utterly impossible to secure more. So send the application form below for YOUR copy at once—to-day if possible. Remember, August 31 will be the final day—will end the greatest offer ever made to boys and girls. t 31—make a note of that date. Whatever you do don't forget it this time.

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ARE KINGS *Good Business* MEN?

When Members of Royal Families Look for Jobs

The report that the King of Abyssinia has sent the Crown jewels to London for safe keeping, and that he himself "will take to the hills" if the worst comes to the worst, raises the interesting question of the future of monarchs who have lost their jobs.

Are any of them fitted to make a success in business? What instances are there of such success in the past?

THE post-war period has seen a great scatter of hereditary rulers, and sons of rulers, the solitary example of a royal family having strengthened its hold on the people being that of Britain.

Austrian and Russian Grand Dukes have fallen heavily from their high estate. They are to be found in every capital of Europe, known in most cases as plain "Herr" or "Mr."

It cannot be said that any of these scions of ancient Houses have made a conspicuous success of business. Doubtless their early training—or lack of training—was against them.

History has a few examples of men who combined ability to rule with success in some practical undertaking.

Back to the Farm

THE earliest and most famous instance is that of the Roman, Cincinnatus, who, having saved his country as Dictator, went back to his old job at the plough. Cincinnatus was a good farmer before and after he was a dictator.

Another Roman ruler, the Emperor Diocletian, took to horticulture after he had voluntarily retired from the position of Emperor. For eight years prior to his death in 313 A.D. he was a highly successful cultivator of the land.

In the 13th Century, in Spain, there was Alfonso X, King of Castille, who was a first-rate astronomer, and himself compiled what are still known as the Alfonsine Tables. After being driven from his throne he went on with his astronomical work, though there is no record of him having made money out of it.

A Trader King

COMING to later times there is the case of Leopold II of Belgium, who was one of the keenest business men of last century. He is reported to have made millions by developing the Congo region with slave labor.

Until the beginning of this century there was little opportunity and no encouragement for kings and sons of kings to show what they could do in the way of business, if thrown on their own resources. The Great War made a tremendous change, with the result that scores of men born in palaces have had to cast round for a living.

Versatile ex-Archduke

THE former Archduke Leopold, eldest son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and a cousin of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, tells in his memoirs (published in 1930) of the various trades he has experimented with since the confiscation of the family estates left him without an income.

"My money gave out after the War," he writes. "It has been my lot to run, without lasting profit to myself, a small grocery business in Vienna. I have been a salesman in a clothier's shop. I have hawked sausages in Berlin. More recently I have worked as a small insurance agent."

This scion of Europe's oldest reigning family is known to his associates as Leopold Wölfling. He has no regrets for his lost titles. "I emerged from the struggle a free man," he writes. "I paid the price, and paid it gladly."

Cousin of the Czar

THERE are a number of ex-Russian Grand Dukes now living as commoners in Europe and America. The former Grand Duke Alexander, who is a cousin of the late Emperor Nicholas II of Russia, and who married the Emperor's sister, is now in business in America. He also has written his life story (published in 1932), under the title of "Once a Grand Duke." In this he states:

"In December, 1923, I went for the third time to the United States to make my second start in life. Thirteen years of Communistic experiment killed my illusions as to the great power of Ideas." At the time he went to America in 1923 the ex-Grand Duke was 62. But he says bravely: "I am not discouraged. I regret nothing."

Now living in private life are the ex-Kaiser of Germany and his four sons, including the former Crown Prince. Though they have lost their Imperial titles, they have saved enough from the wreckage of the family fortunes to make it unnecessary to scramble for a job.

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Bondi will mix bridge with bathing this year? Now club, Mayfair, at Monterey flats, opened on Monday.

Hope Osborne Engaged

ANTHONY HOPE OSBORNE, newly engaged to Primrose Salt, daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Salt, of Delhi, member of N.S.W. squatting family. . . . His father, late Hope Osborne, one of clan's most popular members. . . . Young Hope's early years spent on banks of Murrumbidgee River at Widgeon Gully station. . . . Garden famed throughout district. . . . Property now cut to smaller dimensions.

Socially Flood-lit

NOEL COWARD'S screen debut packing Prince Edward to doors. . . . Saturday night's premiere practically floodlit by shining social lights. . . . Coiffures chapleted in flowers confirmed stories of spring's arrival. . . . Mrs. Oliver Osborne's pink and white beauty enhanced by soft grey of her lovely squirrel. . . . Mrs. J. O. Meeks, Mrs. Frank Albert, and her lovely daugher-in-law, Mrs. Noel Eedy, Mrs. F. W. Wheatley, each with husband in attendance, and shoals of other society notables among those who rocked with laughter at Ruggles and Mary Boland in "People Will Talk," and later wept or wondered at the Coward genius in "The Scoundrel."

Balmy Days

MRS. WOOSTER, sister of famous Annette Kellerman, intrigued with life on Barrier Reef . . . Annette has recently made film with Linderman Island as setting . . . Mrs. Wooster, who accompanied her, is staying on until Annette returns from New York . . . Sisters are friends of Mrs. Sloman, of Epping, who leaves shortly with debutante daughter for holiday on reef . . . Fishing and swimming in warm waters chief attraction for travellers.

Opera at Conservatorium

CONSERVATORIUM big-wigs every reason for self-congratulation over success of Gluck's "Orpheus." . . . Extra performances given on Thursday and Saturday. . . . Talent so plentiful that roles taken by different artists on different occasions. . . . Principals on Saturday were Jean Watson, Dora Norris, Alice Houghton, and Winifred Foster. . . . Ballets arranged by Irene Vera Young blended into scheme. . . . Next production, "Shamus O'Brien," already in rehearsal.

Royal Visitor

IRREPRESSIBLE humor is characteristic of Queen Salote, who is first to see jokes in Tongan or English. . . . Expression sad on rare occasions when not smiling. . . . Was delightful guest at luncheon given by National Council of Women . . . Addressed members in both her own and our own language. . . . Voice deep and beautifully modulated. . . . Health not the best, and numberless friends hope trip with have beneficial effect.

Dancing Time

SPANISH dances learnt from Spanish lady, lessons from Phyllis Bedels, and tap-dancing from Zella Raye are among London activities of Patience Cay. . . . Friends expect great nimbleness of feet on her return. . . . In between times is seeing as much as possible of brother Maurice, who has joined R.N. in capacity of doctor. . . . At present stationed at Devonport within easy reach of London. . . . Patience also seeing cousins Rose Merivale and Rosemary Shepherd.

Chief Officer Marries

MOST romantic is story of Anne Maxwell and Donald Lattin... Couple met three years ago, Donald then transferred to Indian run on B.I. ship... Became engaged by letter... Met again last week in Melbourne and married at St. Philip's on Saturday night... Captain Coleburn received guests at wedding reception on board bridegroom's ship s.s. Quilio... Oriental dishes featured exclusively at breakfast... Persian carpets and Eastern treasures among lovely wedding presents.

Long leave in Europe next year and future home either Calcutta or Rangoon.

Polo and Bagpipes

MR. AND MRS. FRANK CRANE entertained house party for polo season at Quirindi. . . . Mary Hordern among guests. . . . Dr. and Mrs. Whiston Walsh, invariably life of all parties, among Sydney visitors. . . . Last year's deb. Roslyn Macarthur-Onslow, Jessie McMaster, Aline Edwards, and Judith Kenny also trekked from city. . . . Bagpipes, inevitable as ponies at polo tourneys, made appearance at cocktail party given by Bruce Ronald.

❖ ❖ ❖

Chatting over coffee-cups at Ciro's, Mrs. Waters told friends of talented daughter Naomi's latest doings. Not so keen on Fox Film contract, as it includes work in America. Naomi prefers London.

❖ ❖ ❖

Hospitable Professor

PROFESSOR AND MRS. DAKIN rightly noted for hospitality. . . . Lovely home at Vaucluse rarely empty of guests. . . . Zoology students entertained at dance on Saturday night. . . . Young maidens looked most picturesque walking down curved stairway to dancing floor. . . . Pretty Margaret MacCallum, amazingly like grandmother, Lady MacCallum, wore dark green and silver draperies. . . . Bulteau brother and sister added to merriment, and Harvey Dakin ably assisted parents entertain.

At Jubilee Matinee

FRANK ALLANBY is Australian actor making good in London. . . . Is playing at Wyndham Theatre with Diana Wynyard in "Sweet Aloes," and played lead with Marie Tempest in "The Marriage of Kitty" at Jubilee matinee. . . . Frank was member of Miss Tempest's company during Australasian tour. . . . Has never regretted trip abroad, and has achieved assured position.

❖ ❖ ❖

Joan Bodgery and Harry Guiness caused quite a stir at Romano's on Saturday at first appearance on dance floor since engagement announced.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Sailor, Soldier," etc.

AVIATOR and soldier should be added to old song "Every nice girl loves a sailor." . . . Evidence of this at United Services Ball at institution in Young St. . . . Ladies in beautiful gowns, mostly worn as foil for dress uniforms, most appreciative of hospitality. . . . Brigadier A. J. Mills, who combined duties of president and official guest, was assisted by Mrs. Mills, wearing Jubilee-blue sheer crepe with touches of silver.

Snappy Syncopation

AS full of pep as own dance rhythm is Teddy Garratt, recent importation from U.S.A. . . . Is opening Sydney branch of company specialising in syncopation by post. . . . Other branches London, Johannesburg, and New York. . . . Mrs. Garratt accompanied husband to Sydney. . . . Admires view of harbor from high flat at Wintergarden but finds climate no improvement on Jo'burg. . . . Peter Dawson has included song by visitor in his repertoire.

RETURNING FROM a shopping expedition are Mrs. Odillo Maher and her son Dillo. Mrs. Maher is shortly moving from Gladswood Gardens to a new home at Bellevue Hill.
—Women's Weekly photo.

French Chic

CHIC and blonde is Simone Brun, a French girl spending a few crowded days in Sydney. . . . Simone arrived by Maloja during week-end and leaves again by Laperouse for family and friends in Noumea. . . . Last six months have been spent in Lille as guest of sister and brother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Bellhouse. . . . Clothes have inimitable Parisian flair and traveller will make feminine friends in Noumea envious!

Dinner for Dancer

FELIX DEMERY has little time for dancing for own pleasure in Sydney. . . . This week's dates included dinner party at Usher's Hotel arranged by N.S.W. Dance Teachers' Association. . . . Penelope Cay being busy secretary had much to cope with. . . . Representatives of all arts and professions at party included Mr. Justice and Mrs. Street, Mr. Ross Thomas, Mr. Harkness, Mr. McKenzie, Frank Hutchens, and Syd Ure Smith.

❖ ❖ ❖

My Henry outstanding figure at dinner dance at Hotel Australia on Thursday. Gown diaphonous creation of ixia-green, featuring cape effect of falling chiffon.

❖ ❖ ❖

Bachelors and Spinsters

MATRONS' ball at Bathurst eclipsed by grandeur of bachelors and spinsters. . . . Judith Terrey and James Johnston secretaries for party. . . . Supper "help yourself" affair, and small tables beautifully decorated nearby buffet. . . . Mr. and Mrs. John McPhillamy domiciled at Blair Athol for present. Mr. and Mrs. Max Edgell, numerous Suttors, and Miss Hoskins just returned from China and Japan, among happy throng.

Friend and Courier

DR. ARTHUR WHITESIDES proving tower of strength to visiting Australians in London . . . Has practice in vicinity of famous school at Harrow . . . Has been showing Mr. and Mrs. John Jeremy the sights . . . "Bitter Aloes" and "Glamorous Nights" among most attractive shows seen by travellers . . . Leaving shortly for European tour . . . After that, long sojourn in city of London.

Historical Play

FASCINATING historical play, "Richard of Bordeaux," opened for season of Saturday nights at Savoy this week. . . . Anne Gordon took leading feminine role and friendly faces in audience included those of Lady Gordon, Mary Hordern, wearing warm shade of burgundy, and Pat Farquharson. . . . Noreen Dangar, who took part, also had her mother, Mrs. Hugh Gordon, in audience. . . . John Wyndham gave excellent performance and whole production voted first-rate.

Have You Noticed—

Mrs. Yaldwin and daughter Carlie staying at Queen's Club. Trip from Toowoomba made for Watchorn-Rofe wedding next week.

Jane Anne

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The Lucky Birthday Song Session

Albert Russell and Reg Morgan, the brightest, cheeriest pair on the air, are to be heard in a novel and melodious session of music and anecdote, "The Lucky Birthday Song," each Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 4.15. Here is a session filled with melody, bringing you the treasure and tradition of the Orient, thoughts to remember, songs to sing, and piano solos to enjoy.

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MODERN PORTIA *Among* PROFESSORS

Brilliant Woman Combines Law and Flying

When Shakespeare created Portia, a young woman of parts who, by her knowledge of fine legal points, managed to save her lover's friend from a particularly horrible death, the great playwright little thought that, a few centuries hence, women would be playing an active part in the courts, and that, moreover, a woman would be classed as one of the finest legal brains of her day. And yet, so it is.

A YOUNG Irish woman has recently achieved the unique distinction of being the first woman to be appointed Professor of Law in a British University.

To Dr. Frances Elizabeth Moran, younger daughter of Senator and the late Mrs. Moran, comes this signal honor.

When one reads the remarkable scholastic record of Dr. Moran there is little need to wonder why the men were passed over by the University authorities.

Dr. Moran received her education from the Dominican Nuns in Dublin, and afterwards took her degrees at Trinity College, securing the senior moderatorship gold medal in modern languages—English and French. At subsequent examinations at which she secured her degrees of Bachelor of Laws and Doctor of Laws she obtained first place.

This, by the way, is rather a habit with Dr. Moran, who has never yet been placed second in any public examination.

At the Continuous Course Examination at King's Inn she won the Victoria Prize, and was placed first in the junior and senior years. She later won the John Brooke Scholarship.

Dr. Moran was called to the Irish Bar in 1924, and in 1925 she was elected by examination to the Royal Professorship in Law at Trinity College.

In 1932 she was appointed acting-Professor of Personal Property in the King's Inn during Hilary and Easter sessions, and in the same year she was made Professor of Equity, pleading and practice, for three years.

One would expect to hear that a woman of such brilliant attainments would have found little time to devote to sport or amusement, but Dr. Moran is an enthusiastic airwoman, who has flown all over Europe and the Continent, and who plays a good game of golf and tennis and enjoys a dance as well as the next.

Dr. Moran seldom appears in the law courts, except in special cases, but she has built up a huge advisory practice in conveyancing, being regarded as an outstanding authority on titles.

Senator Moran, Dr. Moran's father, recently made his sixth visit to Australia. A director of Vickers Ltd. and other big shipbuilding companies, Senator Moran spends most of his time travelling. He told The Australian Women's Weekly that he can find no cheaper method of living than travelling to and from Australia—27,000 miles in a magnificent floating hotel, at a cost of approximately 1½d. a mile.

Delicious Fish Recipes

THE Fishing Industries Association held a competition recently in order to secure the finest recipes for dishes made from fish procurable in Australia. The best of these recipes, 128 of them, have been compiled in book form, and they could not fail to delight the most fastidious cook. The book will be sent post free on receipt of 7d. in stamps by the secretary of the association, Municipal Fish Market, Sydney.

THE OLD SPINS ON—side by side with the new. One of the many interesting demonstrations at Grace Bros. to celebrate their Golden Jubilee is the new hand-weaving loom for making smart wool fabrics—some of the designs which have been made are shown in the picture. The second assistant is demonstrating the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, and in the foreground is a cop of raw wool from which she is working.

DON'T FORGET...

The Bridge Party at the Carlton Hotel, August 19, at 2 p.m., to provide initial fund for Victoria League Club Rooms.

☆ ☆ ☆

The annual dance of the Independent Theatre, Northern Rivers, August 30, 8.30 p.m. Tickets obtainable from Mrs. G. H. Brown and Miss M. Scholer.

☆ ☆ ☆

Performance of "Pageant of Israel," organised by Council of Jewish Women, Savoy Theatre, August 19. Box plan at Council Rooms, 175 Pitt Street.

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The first annual Sportswomen's Ball, Northern Rivers, September 11. For ball tickets telephone Mrs. Ballantine, M2932.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Milestones," produced by pupils of Doone Smishing school, August 29 and 29, in aid of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

☆ ☆ ☆

N.S.W. State Symphony Orchestra, August 28 at 8 p.m. Dr. Edgar Bainton conducting and Mr. Ben Williams soloist.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Seventh Annual Staff Dance of Bennett and Wood, Ltd., David Jones, August 24. Proceeds in aid of N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and the Blind Children (Darlington).

☆ ☆ ☆

The Sportswomen's Ball Committee will hold preliminary Dance Social at Benevolent Society's Hall, Central Square, August 22, at 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

Farmer's Mannequin Parade in aid of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, at luncheon and afternoon session, September 3. Bookings at Farmer's.

☆ ☆ ☆

The seventh annual ball arranged by Winn's staff to be held at the Empress Room, August 30. Proceeds in aid of the Far West Children's Health Scheme.

☆ ☆ ☆

The first song recital by Gwyneth Lascelles at the Forum Club, August 22, at 8.15 p.m. Tickets at Paling's.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Bankers' Ball in aid of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, September 3, at the Palais Royal.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Fashion Fantasia at Elizabeth Bay House, September 3, in aid of St. Margaret's Hospital. Bookings at BW3931.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Little Women," produced by Scott Alexander, at the Kursaal Theatre, 420 Kent Street, August 17, at 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

Contemporary Group Exhibition at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, open until August 24.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Floral Festival in St. John's College grounds, University, August 24. Proceeds in aid of Dr. Gregan Alter in Cerrell Memorial Chapel at Manly and St. John's College.

☆ ☆ ☆

The State-wide Scout week, sponsored by Citizens and Sydney Organising Committee, September 22 to 28.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Russian Wedding" and "Gipsy Revenge," presented by Charles Nizin, operatic tenor, Savoy Theatre, August 26 at 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The bridge party at the Carlton Hotel in aid of funds for the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of N.S.W., August 21, 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The seventh annual ball of the 8th Australian Field Ambulance A.I.F. Association, Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, August 17, 9 p.m. Proceeds in aid of distressed 8th Field Ambulance A.I.F. Diggers.

£5 *for a* NAME

IF you have a flair for naming things, the Furlough House authorities are presenting you with an opportunity of winning £5. Five crisp, clean one-pound notes—and all for a name.

There is no catch to it; the story is this: A musical romance by C. B. Fernold and Adrian Ross, music by Howard Carr, is shortly to be produced in Sydney for the purpose of raising funds for Furlough House.

This musical romance has not yet been christened. A good title is needed for it, and, in order to get one, a competition is being run. If you think you would like to try your talent for nomenclature, send a stamped and addressed envelope and entrance fee of sixpence to Furlough House Office, 33 Pitt St., Sydney. A precis of half the story will then be sent you, and from this you will decide on an appropriate title, which must be sent in no later than August 26.

The judges will be three musical and literary celebrities.

What's in a name? Five pounds this time!

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GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 5

"BECAUSE I had not the smallest desire to see him persuade Miss Fairford into a runaway match," replied Worth.

She frowned. "I am to understand that you don't wish to see him married?"

"Not at all. Why should I?" He turned to address the coachman, desiring to be set down at the corner. The carriage turned into Piccadilly and stopped. He got out and stood for a moment with his hand on the door. His face softened as he looked at Miss Taverner, but he only said: "Believe me, I have your affairs well in hand. Where do you go from here? Shall I direct your coachman?"

"Oh, we are going to look at the new bridge across the river," said Mrs. Scattergood. "But he knows. Well, I am glad we met you, and I have no doubt there is a great deal in what you say. You are off to White's, I suppose. I am sure I do not know what you gentlemen would do if there were no clubs to spend the day in!"

He returned no answer to this observation, but merely bowed and stepped back.

"Well, my love," said Mrs. Scattergood as the carriage moved on, "you may say what you will, but excepting only Mr. Brummell there is no one in town who dresses so well as Worth! Such an air of fashion! I believe you may see your face in his boots as well as in your mirror."

"I have never denied Lord Worth's ability to be in the mode," replied Miss Taverner indifferently. "The only thing that surprises me is to see him come out of a boxing saloon."

"Oh, my dear, I daresay he went only to accompany Colonel Armstrong," said Mrs. Scattergood excusingly.

"More than likely," agreed Judith with a contemptuous smile.

Peregrine, who had entered the saloon as Worth was on the point of leaving, had also been surprised. That his lordship had been indulging in sparring exercise was evident, for he was just coming out of the changing-room, and had paused in the doorway to exchange a few words with Mr. Jackson. He caught sight of Peregrine at the other end of the saloon, nodded to him, and said: "How does that ward of mine shape, Jackson?"

Jackson glanced over his shoulder. "Sir Peregrine Taverner, my lord? Well, he shows game; always ready to take the lead, you know, but sometimes rather glaringly abroad. Good bottom, but not enough science. Do you care to see him in a round or two?"

"Gad, no!" said Worth. "I can well imagine it. Tell me, Jackson, could you lay your hand on a promising young heavyweight who would be glad to earn a little money out of the way—not in the Ring?"

Jackson looked at him rather curiously. "Cribb knows most of the young 'uns, my lord. Lads thankful to be fighting for a purse of five guineas—is that it?" Worth nodded. "Any number of them to be found," Jackson said. "You know that, my lord. But do you stand in need of one?"

"It has just occurred to me that I might," said the Earl, negligently playing with his gloves. "I'll see Cribb." He turned as Colonel Armstrong came out of the changing-room. "Are you ready, Armstrong?"

"I suppose I am," replied the Colonel, who was looking very hot. "I'll swear you've sweated pounds off me, Jackson. I don't know how you both contrive to look so cool."

The ex-champion smiled. "His lordship was taking it very easily to-day."

"What, fighting shy?" said the Colonel with a twinkle.

"No, not shy; just trifling," said Jackson. "But you should be coming to me more regularly, Colonel. It was bellows to mend with you after three minutes of it, and I don't like those plunges of yours."

"Trying to land you a facer, Jackson," grinned the Colonel.

"You won't do it like that, sir," said Jackson shaking his head. "If you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'll go over and set Mr. Fitzjohn to a little singlestick with one of my young men."

"Oh ay, we're just off," said Armstrong. "Are you coming, Worth?"

"Yes, I'm coming," answered the Earl. He looked at Jackson. "Do what you can with my ward. And, Jackson, by the way—on that other matter, I feel sure I can rely on your discretion."

"YOU can always be sure of that, my lord."

The Earl nodded, and went out with his friend. Mr. Jackson turned his attention to the newcomers, matched Mr. Fitzjohn at singlestick with one of his instructors, and stood critically by while Peregrine, stripped to the waist, hit out at a punch-ball. He presently took the eager young man on in a sparring match, gave Mr. Fitzjohn a turn, and dismissed them both to cool off.

"Oh, damn it, why can't I pop in a good one over your guard?" panted Mr. Fitzjohn. "I try hard enough!"

"You don't try quick enough, Mr. Fitzjohn. You want to look to your footwork more. I shan't let you hit me till you deserve to."

"What about me?" asked Peregrine, wiping the sweat out of his eyes.

"You're shaping, sir, but you must keep your head more. You rattle in too hard. Go along to the Fives Court next Tuesday for the sparring exhibition, and you'll see some very pretty boxing there."

"I can't," said Peregrine, draping a towel round his shoulders. "I'm going to the Cock-pit. The Gentlemen of Yorkshire against the Gentlemen of Kent, for a thousand guineas a side, and forty guineas each battle. You should come, Jackson. I'm fighting a Wednesbury grey—never been beaten!"

"Give me a red pyle!" said Mr. Fitzjohn. "I don't fancy any of your greys, or blues, or blacks. Red's the only color for your true gamecock."

"Why, good God, Fitz, that's the greatest piece of nonsense I heard! There's nothing to touch a Wednesbury grey!"

"Except a red pyle," said Mr. Fitzjohn obstinately.

"There are good cocks of all colors," interposed Jackson. "I hope yours wins his fight, Sir Peregrine. I'd come, but I've promised to help Mr. James with the arrangements at the Fives Court."

Please turn to Page 36

'FLU RELAPSE IS MORE DANGEROUS *Than a* FIRST ATTACK

'FLU victims should take every precaution against a relapse. A recurring bout of 'Flu is even more dangerous than the first attack and may involve serious complications. The safest thing to do is to immediately take 'ASPRO' the moment any 'Flu symptoms reappear. Take three 'ASPRO' at once and two tablets every three hours afterwards and a hot lemon drink with the last dose before going to bed. Keep warm and out of draughts. Follow the directions to smash 'Flu and 'Flu relapse quickly and safely. 'ASPRO' won't fail you. It is safe, sure and certain and does not harm the heart or stomach. Always keep a packet in the house.

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Dear Sirs,

Like many others I suffered from Headaches which were rather severe, until I found how good 'ASPRO' tablets really were.

As for Colds or 'Flu, I never suffer from them at all now, as when I feel feverish—aching in the limbs—weak or snuffy, I take 3 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink on retiring at night and seldom have to take a second dose which speaks well for the beneficient properties of 'ASPRO.'

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. C. GIBBONS.

28/6/35.

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Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) R. G. ENGLAND.

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"Nearly every day, especially in damp weather, I suffered terribly from shooting pains and sharp twinges in my arms and legs. Nothing gave me any relief and at times I thought I would go mad. When I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil' it was with no hope at all. The very first application brought relief and I have had perfect comfort since."

Good old 'St. Jacobs Oil' certainly does relieve the pains and aches of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, and Neuralgia. This soothing, penetrating oil seems to reach right in through the pores and draw out all pain and ache. And there is no burning of the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' at your chemist and try it out on any pain, ache, sprain or swelling.

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YOUR APPLICATION IS REJECTED!

THE Insurance Company would not accept his application. For years he neglected constipation. His system was being slowly poisoned because of faulty elimination. He had become a "bad insurance risk." Famous medical men, including Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane of London, insist that *three daily bowel movements are necessary to health.* Ensure regular bowel action with Nyal Figsen. It defeats constipation *naturally*, without forming a habit. Figsen is the perfect laxative for young and old. It comes in handy tablet form, and is chewed like a lolly. All chemists.

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A Nerve Element Missing

What Is Good For The Nerves

"I think I must have been born without an element essential for my nerves," said a harassed-looking, tired-out man the other day. He was, however, overlooking the fact that he always overworked, worried, and gave himself no proper rest or recreation. The essential element for a strong nervous system is rich, red blood. Overwork, worry, or anxiety saps the strength of the strongest, and causes the blood to become thin, weak, and devitalised. Then the nerves get overwrought for the want of nourishment, appetite is poor, vague pains and headaches appear, with depression and weariness. A complete breakdown is not far away.

If you are over-tired and nervy, don't hesitate to build up your blood at once with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have been tested at a hospital clinic and proved to increase the haemoglobin and red blood corpuscles in a remarkable speedy way. When your system becomes refreshed, strengthened and revitalised by the new, rich blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help to create you lose your nerviness, headaches, backaches; life seems renewed and brighter, energy returns and you gain confidence and strength. Begin to get well with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; 3/- bottle at chemists and stores. Say "Dr. Williams'"—and take no other.***

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
August 17, 1935. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

With Spring in the Offing.....

VISUALISE the BEAUTY you can CREATE

By careful planning your bedroom can be as feminine or as smartly sophisticated as you wish, but please surround yourself with harmonious colorings

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

WHEN the first sunbeam strikes through your bedroom window these mornings, do you shut your eyes quickly? Are the walls, furniture, and furnishings in harmony? Do the colors strike you as bold and garish?... or drab, painfully shabby, irritating?... No need to be depressed about it, however, for you can work miracles with the aid of fascinating, inexpensive fabrics, and varnish, paint, kalsomine, or wallpaper.

IN changing the color scheme of your room, however, I would stress this point:

Keep bold, highly-stimulating colors and unusual harmonies away from the bedroom. Leave those to the other rooms. Aim rather for the soft charm of tranquillising pastels; bring in the bright cheery colors, if you will, but in small doses. If brightly patterned chintzes or cretonnes are used, keep the walls softly neutral, likewise the floor.

One of the sweetest rooms I have ever seen, flaunting soft femininity at every turn, is pictured here.

The color scheme was shell-pink and cream, with touches of tender green, and palest gold in the accessories . . . Shell-pink walls, by the way, with the ceiling faintly flushed with pink.

Every woman will love the shirred bedspread, and, possibly, sigh over the soft drapings at the windows. But both could be copied by clever fingers.

The room below is in more or less direct contrast. Smart, horizontally-patterned curtains frame the windows, an all-over haircord carpet covers the floor, while the bedspread repeats the color of the walls, but in a deeper shade. And note the eiderdown: This is novel and unusual. It is made up of a series of small cushions, each covered in a pretty shade of taffeta. Quite a clever idea, to my mind, and one worth emulating.

Suggestive Schemes

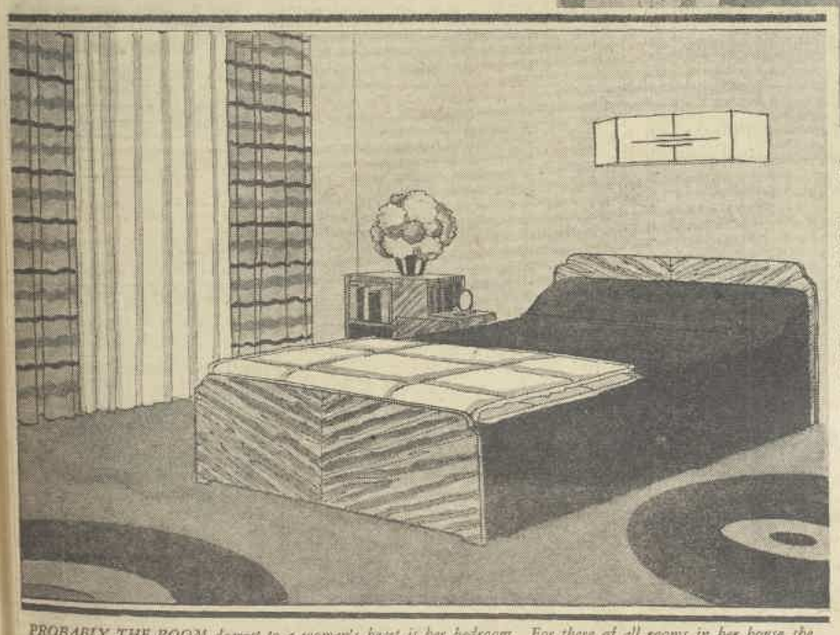
ANOTHER cheery and attractive scheme for your bedroom would be walls of palest primrose, with the ceiling carrying just a tinge of soft primrose, and woodwork deep cream.

On the floor lay a grey-brown haircord carpet with a plain blue border. Alternately, you might prefer plain, deep blue linoleum, with one or two fawn wool rugs. Have curtains of cream material, patterned in blue, gold, and browns.

Talking to a young bride the other day, who is immersed in the happy task of decorating her home, I was rather taken with the sunny color scheme she is introducing into her bedroom.

She is having pale peach for the walls, cream woodwork, and a carpet of beige and tan, light oak furniture, chintz curtains and bedspread, in peach and wood-brown on a cream ground

... quite modern, and out of the ordinary, but restful withal.



PROBABLY THE ROOM dearest to a woman's heart is her bedroom. For there of all rooms in her house she holds most undisputed sway. . . . If she feels inclined she can run to frills and flounces, silks and satins—surround herself with softest, most becoming colors, or she can be smartly sophisticated in her choice of furniture and furnishings, flaunt clever color harmonies; but these must never be overpowering. Here, on this page, you see contrasts in bedroom furnishing. The one at the top bespeaks soft femininity, the one immediately above sophisticated smartness. Which do you prefer?

Those of you who possess a sycamore bedroom suite or one painted that soft color consider, for a sunnily-situated room, walls of soft french-grey, softest of sky-blue ceilings, slightly deeper blue woodwork, and the curtains, bedspread and carpet in the softest pinks and blues.

Substitute creamy beige walls with the merest flush of peach-pink, use peach-pink (which is a warmer color than rose) for curtains and bedspread, and choose fawn for the carpet instead of grey, and you will have a room which will seem warm and sunny, despite its sunless situation.

Incidentally, creamy beige walls are a good choice if you are redecorating a bedroom in which everything seems to clash. Being neutral, they tone with all the furnishings.

I saw this week, in one of our leading furnishing houses, a suite fashioned of natural wood, modernly described for effect, "golden blonde." Bands of macassar ebony were introduced by way of contrast.

Another which pleased my color sense very much was in softest apple-green with chromium handles to doors of wardrobe and dressing-table.

I visualised creamy walls, curtains, and bedspread with this suite — curtains and bedspread similar to those featured in the top illustration.—E.E.G.

Clever IDEAS

KEEPING YOUR WAVES: The least damp takes an iron wave out of the hair very quickly but, provided the ends are kept curly, it doesn't look so uninteresting. It saves a lot of time if you have a handy little gas curling-tongs heater installed in your bedroom, and you can then give your hair the necessary attention every week.

STALE BREAD: If the loaf is rather stale, it can be freshened by soaking in milk and placing in the oven. Odd pieces of stale bread can be done in this way in the oven, and used for breakfast in place of toast. Baked crusts are especially good for children, and should be given to persons who suffer from indigestion.

FOR THE SINK: A bottle of cloudy ammonia, kept handy for washing up dishes, helps to soften the water and economises soap. A mop saves plunging the hands into hot water. A strip of narrow wood along the side of the draining-board will keep the dishes from sliding off into the sink. Always have two washing-up waters, one for washing and the other for rinsing. This saves time and cleans the dishes. The larger your plate-rack the less drying-up there will be.

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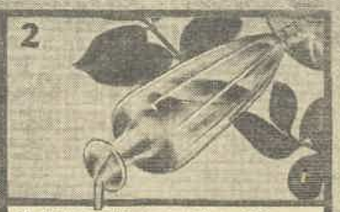
1 I have my beauty specialist to thank for telling me about Palmolive . . . and getting me started on the right road to a nice complexion. He says there's nothing like Palmolive for beauty care . . . I think you'd like it a lot!



2 My beauty specialist says he feels so safe in recommending Palmolive—because he knows this soap is made from pure vegetable oils . . . a scientific blend of olive oil and palm oil. He says you just can't buy a better soap *at any price!*

3 Palmolive baths make me feel really clean. And Palmolive is marvellous for removing make-up. You massage the smooth, gentle Palmolive lather into your skin, and rinse. That's all. But every pore seems to be refreshed—and your skin looks lovely!

P.O.35-10

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YORK STREET, SYDNEY R. J. Langley, Manager.

Because of the air of quiet comfort that prevails within Petty's Hotel, and because, too, of its convenient central position and easy access to all centres of social and business activity, Petty's Hotel is favoured year after year by many visitors.

Wire or write for reservations

DO YOU KNOW the Fancy-Leaved Caladium?

Generally termed Elephant's Ears, its tropical, colorful beauty should grace every garden and home situated in warm climes...

. . . Says the OLD GARDENER!

CALLED "elephant's ears" from their large, elephant-ear shape, caladiums should be called something much more beautiful, if they are to be properly described in their name. They should be called something that will cover colors lovelier than the shades of sunset. For this tropical fancy-leaved plant is notable for its brilliant colors—sunset shades, spotted, smudged, ribboned on the dark, sometimes crumpled, elephant-earlike leaf. It makes an excellent decorative plant in home and in garden.

TO-DAY I want to tell you about the caladiums and how to grow them.

These are tropical plants and they will stand up to a great amount of heat. The leaves are most attractive, and are in the most striking colors and combinations.

Their glorious colors surpass such popular plants as the Rex begonia or coleus.

As a cut flower it is unrivalled, and the leaves will last from 10 to 14 days if given fresh water every day.

They are really quite easily raised from seed, and, if sown as I recommended some time ago for the cyclamen and auricula, success must come. Moreover, no person can be called a successful gardener until he or she can raise tropical plants from seed, and those who are anxious to try their hands at it cannot do better than begin with the caladium.

They are also grown from bulbs, and are best left in the ground after they have flowered. They should not be stored as are other bulbs, for decay is likely to set in. Wherever possible, they should be started from fresh stock each season, and this can be accomplished by simple propagation.

An Ideal Bed for Them

LEAF mould mixed with charcoal and a little sharp sand will make an ideal bed for them. They are also excellent for pot culture, and, when grown in glass-houses, conservatories, or indoors, where they can receive sun through the windows, they will excel themselves.

They do well in semi-shaded spots, but must be well sheltered from cold or draughts. Plenty of warmth and moisture is what they require.

When in their first stages of growth they are very ordinary to look at, having green leaves with a few spots or blotches, but soon the leaves begin to show beautiful colors, and in many cases when fully matured various colored leaves will grow on one plant.

These flowers are commonly called "elephant's ears" on account of their shape.

Grown under proper conditions, the leaves grow very large, sometimes up to two feet in length, especially the variety known as caladium esculentum.

Make Your Choice!

THERE are hundreds of varieties and many colors from which to choose. Here are some:—

Aguapi: Has leaves entirely transparent, delicate rose, rimmed pink, mottled white. The edges of the leaves are evenly ribboned with narrow, dark green, and are very beautiful.

Arrow: Has centre of leaves dark and red, shading black towards the edge, dark red ribs widely margined deep moss-green.

Apple Blossom: A magnificent variety, leaves delicate and transparent and of a lovely apple-blossom color, with narrow dark green border and ribs. A splendid variety for pots and tubs.

Amy Alcock: Has large leaf, tall-growing, deep moss-green ground, heavily splashed, patched, and spotted with transparent, deep carmine. Red interspaces profusely-mottled white and grey. Ribs green and sometimes black at the base, with narrow green border.

Annibal: Dark green leaves, with red centre and heavy red ribs, thickly covered with small pink spots.

Rising Sun: Centre of leaves brilliant, showy, dark red, ribs dark maroon on dark bronzy-green background, interspaces profusely spotted, transparent vermilion-red, and suffused-red. Very large-leaved variety.

D. M. Cook: Heavily crumpled green leaves, centre dark red, ribs maroon, red-zoned, deep red and blotched, dark red towards the margin.

Daisy: Medium-sized, crumpled leaves, centre deep red, ribs red-zoned, deep red, and coppery-bronzed, spotted and blotching, deep violet-red on the wide green margins.

These are only some of the varieties, and I have explained them extensively so that those who desire to try their hands at growing them will understand the beauty and attraction they will add to the garden or to the home itself, in indoor decoration.

Keeping Flowers Fresh

TO get the best from your flowers they should be cut early in the morning or late in the day. A sharp knife is preferable to shears or scissors for cutting purposes.

The stems should then be plunged deeply in water up to the base of the flower, and any arrangement postponed until after the stems have been completely filled with water. Remember that narrow-necked vases shorten their life. Water should be changed daily, and ends clipped.

Stems of poppies should be immersed in boiling water for a minute immediately they are brought from the garden, and then plunged into cold water.

Hydrangeas are considered difficult to keep by many. When they come into bloom, try them this way: Cut them very early (or at night), scrape the bark from stems (3 or 4 inches), split the ends; plunge in boiling water and then in cold—as directed for poppies.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.

Beauty comes from internal cleanliness

A clear complexion and eyes that sparkle with the joy of living are only possible when the system is kept clean and free from constipation

Chamberlain's Tablets rid you of constipation gently but surely—they tone and purify sluggish intestines and restore to you the beauty that is rightly yours

CHAMBERLAINS TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

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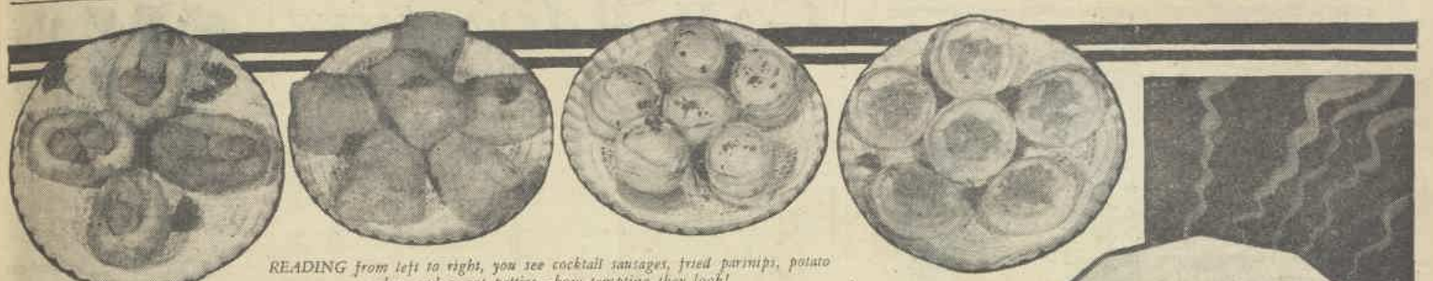

READING from left to right, you see cocktail sausages, fried parsnips, potato cakes, and carrot patties—how tempting they look!

MIRACLE MEALS *from Our Humblest* VEGETABLES!

By. . .
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

Carrots, parsnips, and potatoes are completely transformed from the commonplace in these expert recipes . . . Try them!

SCIENTIFIC research made within recent years shows that the potato possesses certain special food qualities that entitle it to a much higher consideration than it has hitherto received. Among other things, it is rich in vitamin C. Carrots and parsnips are, too, full of health-giving goodness—especially the former.

I AM sure you will, after looking at the tempting dishes shown on this page, yearn to try each and every one. And yet these are only six of the many intriguing ways in which potatoes, carrots, and parsnips—considered to be the humblest members of the vegetable kingdom — may be served.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Potatoes, butter, salt, cayenne.

Peel potatoes and cut into thin slices, sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Place on well-greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in a slow oven in order to prevent slices from curling up. When cooked, increase the heat and allow to become a pale brown all over. When cold, spread with butter. Serve on paper d'oyley, garnished with small autumn leaves.

POTATO CROQUETTES

Cooked potatoes, 1 dessertspoon butter, ½ gill milk, chopped parsley, flour, pepper, and salt, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, rolls of bacon.

Mash potatoes well, add butter, milk, parsley, salt and cayenne. Form into croquette shapes with flour, dip in egg-glazing, then toss in the crumbs and wet-fry. Drain well and serve garnished with sprigs of parsley and rolls of bacon.

POTATO CAKES

One cup well-mashed potato, 1 cup plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, scant cup milk, salt, cayenne.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, cayenne. Rub in the butter. Add potato. Mix to a stiff paste with milk. Turn on to floured board, press out with the hand. Cut into rounds. Place on greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in quick oven. Butter, and serve at once.

POTATO AND CHEESE PIE

Cooked potatoes, grated cheese, salt, cayenne, 1 cup white sauce, 2 onions, parsley.

Cut potatoes into slices, place in layers with minced onion, cheese, and parsley. Pour over the white sauce. Bake in a hot oven till top is brown and well heated through. Serve at once.

MASHED PARSNIPS

One lb. parsnips, salt, 1 tablespoon dripping, butter.

Wash and scrape parsnips. Put into a saucepan of boiling water to which salt and dripping are added. Cook soft, drain well. Mash well or press through a colander. Add the butter, salt, and cayenne if necessary. Press into a mould as closely as possible. Place in the oven to thoroughly reheat. Serve at once.

PARSNIP TOAST

Cooked parsnips, slices of toast, butter, white sauce, chopped parsley.

Mash parsnips well. Make the toast, remove crusts, butter well, and cut in two. Spread some mashed parsnip on each piece of toast. Mask with white sauce. Reheat. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

PARSNIP FRITTERS

Parsnips, salt, cayenne, egg-glazing, flour, breadcrumbs, frying-fat.

Scrape parsnips, cut into three. Place in boiling salted water. Cook gently till tender. Drain well. Dip parsnips in flour to which salt and cayenne have been added, then cover with egg-glazing. Toss in crumbs. Firm on the crumbs with the broad part of a knife. Wet-fry till a golden brown. Drain on white paper. Serve piled high on hot dish, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

PARSNIP SOUP

Two pounds parsnips, 2 onions, celery, 1 pint water, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon plain flour, salt, cayenne, 1 tablespoon butter, croutons, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Wash and dry vegetables, and cut up roughly. Melt butter in large enamel saucepan. Add vegetables, and stir over the flame till they steam well. Add sugar, salt, cayenne, and water. Boil gently about one hour or till soft, then rub through a colander or sieve. Return to clean saucepan. Add the milk and blended flour. Cook for two minutes after it boils, stirring well. Serve with croutons.

POTATO SALAD

Cold boiled potatoes, salt, cayenne, salad dressing, cooked peas, or raw carrot.

Cut potatoes into thin slices and place in a salad-bowl. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Just before serving, pour over a little dressing or mayonnaise. Garnish with cooked peas, grated raw carrot, or hard-boiled eggs.

CARROT SANDWICHES

Thin slices of bread, butter, grated carrot, mayonnaise or salad dressing, salt, cayenne, parsley.

Butter bread evenly and remove the crusts. Mix the grated carrot with a little mayonnaise, add salt and cayenne to taste. Spread thickly on one slice of bread, lay another slice evenly on, buttered side down. Press with the hand. Repeat till all bread is used. Cut into four, or shape required. Serve on paper d'oyley garnished with sprigs of parsley.

POTATO PIE

Cold meat, gravy, salt, cayenne, cooked onion or onion powder, mashed potato, butter, salt, milk.

Put meat through a sausage-machine or chop finely. Add gravy, onion, salt and cayenne. Mix well. Put into a well-greased pie-dish. Mash potato, add butter, milk, salt, and cayenne. Put potato into a potato-dicer and force all over the top of the meat. Place in hot oven to reheat thoroughly and brown the potato. Serve at once.

POTATO CAKES

Two cups cooked potatoes, milk, butter, salt, cayenne, rashers of bacon, parsley.

Mash potatoes well while hot. Add butter, milk, salt, and cayenne to taste. Form into balls about the size of eggs. Remove the rind from the bacon and wrap a piece of bacon around each ball of potato. Skewer into place with a toothpick. Place on buttered dish. Bake in hot oven till the bacon is clear. Serve on hot dish garnished with sprigs of parsley.

CARROT JAM

One pound carrots, 4 lemons, 8 cups water, 4lb. sugar.

Wash and scrape carrots. Cut lemons into slices, remove all seeds. Put the carrots and lemons through a sausage-machine. Place in a preserving pan. Add the water. Allow to stand 24 hours, then boil for 1½ hours. Add the sugar. Stir till dissolved. Boil quickly till a small quantity sets when tested on cold saucer. Bottle and seal down. Makes seven jars.

COCKTAIL BOATS

Short crust, mayonnaise, grated carrot, frankfurts, chopped parsley.

Make the pastry in the usual way. Roll out, cut out with oval cutter, and line greased boat-shaped patty tins. Prick the centre. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. Add the carrot to the mayonnaise, fill the boat patties with the mixture, and lay a cooked frankfurt on the top. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve on paper d'oyley.

COCKTAIL POTATOES

Mashed potatoes, butter, salt, cayenne, cocktail sausages, flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, parsley.

Add butter, salt, and cayenne to the potatoes, and mix well. Form into oval shapes, little larger than eggs, then press a hollow in the centre, using a little flour to prevent sticking to the hands. Egg-glaze round the outside. Toss in crumbs. Wet-fry till a golden brown. Drain on paper. Cook the frankfurts in boiling water. Drain, then place three in the hollow of the potato cases. Serve on hot dish, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

CREAMED CARROTS

Carrots, salt, cayenne, 1 cup white sauce, finely-chopped parsley.

Scrape carrots and leave whole if possible. Put into a saucepan of boiling salted water. Boil slowly with lid on the saucepan till tender. Drain and cut into thin slices. Have the sauce made. Add salt and cayenne to taste, then the carrot slices. Reheat and serve very hot. Sprinkle with parsley.

CREAMED carrots and potato salad. Have you ever heard it said that a diet of carrots gives life and lustre to hair, or that potatoes with the addition of green vegetables comprise a perfectly-balanced ration?
—Photos by courtesy Potato Marketing Board of Tasmania

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ALLY SALMON
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Chilblains are disfiguring to the hands and very painful. Now that winter is coming on, you too may be a sufferer. Keep Rexona handy and rub it lightly on the inflamed parts. It will prevent and relieve the irritation.
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A cup of chicken broth for 1d.

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● *"Let's see — how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other — but what do I do after that? . . . Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours——*

● *"Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub — and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder! . . . Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once — the more the merrier ——*

● *"Oops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there too — I remember it from last time! Well, look out below — I'm coming . . .*

●*". . . Oh well — what's one bump more or less! Everything's O.K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder. . . . Just test that powder between your thumb and finger and find out how smooth it is. Not a bit gritty, like some powders — that's because Johnson's Baby Powder is made from the finest quality talc only. And that is why Johnson's is the best talc babies can have."*

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

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Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price Now 9d. per tablet.

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!
RECKITT'S BLUE

GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 32

THE two young men went off to the changing-room together, and forgot their differences of opinion in splashing water over themselves, and being rubbed down by the attendant. But as Peregrine put on his shirt, again he recollected the argument sufficiently to invite Mr. Fitzjohn to come to the Cock-Pit Royal on Tuesday, and see the match. Mr. Fitzjohn agreed to it very readily, and was only sorry that from the circumstances of his being Sussex-born he could not enter his own red pyle for a battle with Peregrine's grey. "What's his weight?" he asked. "Mine turns the scale at four pounds exactly."

"Mine's just over," replied Peregrine.

"Three years old, and the sharpest heel you ever saw. My cocker has had him preparing these six weeks. He's resting him now." He bethought him of something. "By the by, Fitz, if you should chance to meet my sister you need not mention it to her. She don't above half-like cocking, and I haven't told her I've had my bird brought down from Yorkshire."

"Lord, I don't talk about cocking to females, Perry!" said Mr. Fitzjohn scornfully. "I'll be there on Tuesday. What's the main?"

"Sixteen."

"Bad number. Don't like an even set," said Mr. Fitzjohn, shaking his head. "Half-past five, I suppose? I'll meet you there."

He was not a young gentleman who made a habit of punctuality, but his watch being, unknown to himself, twenty minutes ahead of the correct time, he arrived at the Cock-Pit Royal, in Birdcage Walk, on Tuesday evening just as the cocks were being weighed and matched. He joined Peregrine, and saw the grey taken out of his bag, and loosed him over very knowingly. He admitted that he was of strong shape; closely inspected his girth; approved the beam of his legs; and wanted to know whose cock he was matched with.

"Farnaby's brass-back. It was Farnaby who suggested I might enter my bird, but he'll make that brass-back look like a dunghill cock, eh, Flood?"

The cocker put the grey back into his bag, and looked dubious. "I don't know as I'd say just that, sir," he answered. "He's in good trim, never better, but we'll see."

"Don't think much of your bag," remarked Mr. Fitzjohn, who liked bright colors.

The cocker gave a slow smile. "'There'll come a good cock out of a ragged bag,' sir," he quoted. "But we'll see."

The two young men nodded wisely at the saw, and moved away to take up their places on the first tier of benches. Here they were soon joined by Mr. Farnaby, who squeezed his way to them, and after a slight altercation prevailed on a middle-aged gentleman in a drab coat to make room for him to sit down beside Peregrine. Behind them the benches were being rapidly filled, and higher still the outer ring of standing room was tightly packed with the rougher members of the crowd. In the centre of the pit was the stage, on which no one but the setters-on was allowed. This was built up a few feet from the ground, covered with a carpet with a mark in the middle, and lit by a huge chandelier hanging immediately above it.

THE first fight, which was between two red cocks, only lasted for nine minutes; the second was between a black-grey and a red pyle, and there was some hard-hitting in the pit, and a great deal of noisy betting amongst the spectators. During this and the next fight, which was between a duck-winged grey and a red pyle, Peregrine and Mr. Fitzjohn grew much excited, Mr. Fitzjohn betting heavily on the red's chances, extolling his tactics, and condemning the grey for ogling his opponent too long. Peregrine, in honor bound, backed the grey to win, and informed Mr. Fitzjohn that crowing was not fighting, nor was breaking away.

"Breaking away! You've never seen a red pyle break away!" said Mr. Fitzjohn indignantly. "There! look at him! he's fast in the grey; they'll have to draw his spurs out."

The fight lasted for fifteen minutes, both birds being badly mauled; but in the end the red sent the grey to grass, dead, and Mr. Fitzjohn shook a complete stranger warmly by the hand, and said there was nothing to beat a red pyle.

"Good birds, I don't deny, but I'll back my brass-back against any that was ever hatched," said Mr. Farnaby, overhearing. "You'll see him floor Taverner's grey, or my name's not Ned Farnaby."

"Well, you'd better be thinking of a new one then, for our fight's coming on now," retorted Peregrine.

"Pooh, your bird don't stand a chance!" scoffed Farnaby.

The setters-on had the cocks in the arena by this time, and Mr. Fitzjohn, critically looking them over, declared there to be very little to choose between them. They were well matched; their heads a full scarlet; tails, manes, and wings nicely clipped; and spurs very long and sharp, hooking well inwards. "If anything, I like Taverner's bird the better of the two," pronounced Mr Fitzjohn. "He looks devilish upright, and I fancy he's the largest in girth. But there ain't much in it."

Please turn to Page 38

Did You Know—

That the familiar barber pole, striped with red and white bands curling about it, symbolises the ancient function of the barber—blood-letting and tooth-pulling, the red stripes typifying blood and the white, bandages.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?★★★

FLU

STOP IT BEFORE IT GETS STARTED!

TAKE a Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet at night with a hot lemon drink, then every six hours if necessary. Used successfully in influenza epidemics. Avoid imitations.

12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C. POWDERS or TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY "VINCENT'S"

OXO IN CUBES

"Beef at its best"

AT ALL GROCERS.

INFLUENZA

COUGHS & COLDS

READ THIS LETTER FROM
Rev. F. H. RAYWARD
Supt., Central Methodist Mission, Newcastle.

The Manager,
"HEENZO."

Dear Sir,—

For several years the Newcastle Central Methodist Mission has been conducting a Hostel and also a Night Shelter for destitute men. Being frequently ill-clad and undernourished, these men are particularly susceptible to all manner of throat and chest troubles. For the last three winters I have arranged for a supply of "Heenzo" which has been taken with most beneficial effect. As a matter of fact, I would not care to face a winter without a supply of this remarkably effective remedy for the men. The economy of "Heenzo" is a wonderful recommendation from my standpoint, and when this cheapness is matched by effectiveness, one has an ideal medicine for throat and chest troubles.

Yours faithfully, F. H. RAYWARD.

Influenza is again prevalent in Australia. Sufferers are advised to take all precautions, as neglect of this ailment generally leads to pneumonia. It's a sure sign you're getting influenza if your head aches, your eyes run and redden, your back pains you, or your throat is sore. The first thing to do is to go straight to bed, and keep warm—it's sheer madness to try and fight it off. You might win; but the chances are you will finish up with something more serious. Be sensible and go to bed, keep the bowels open (preferably with castor oil). Then every three hours take half a teaspoonful of concentrated Heenzo (straight from the original bottle) in half a wineglass of hot water. The medicinal properties of Heenzo will keep the influenza germ in check, and open the pores of the skin, causing the patient to perspire freely. To guard against a relapse DON'T leave bed until 24 hours after the temperature has abated. To soothe the throat and ease the chest, in cases where the coughing is troublesome, take Heenzo made up as a family cough syrup (instructions on the bottle). As well as being a wonderfully efficient remedy for chest and throat ailments, Heenzo is a great money-saver. A two-shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo, when added to sweetened water, makes a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual made-up cough remedies that would cost up to £1. You will be delighted with the speedy way Heenzo soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza and whooping-cough. Order a bottle of Heenzo from your chemist or store to-day and keep it handy for use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure.

HEENZO

should be used in every home.

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LOSES HER FAT!

29 lbs. in 5 weeks

"My doctor advised me to reduce. I took BonKora and lost 29 lbs. in 6 weeks. Reduced hips 9 inches, bust 6 inches, waist 7 inches. Tired feeling gone. I feel full of pep."—Mrs. M. A. Prateau (full address on request).

Later Mrs. Prateau writes she has lost 9 lbs. more, 38 lbs. in all. This letter is typical of hundreds we have received. Give the BonKora treatment a week's trial. No starvation diet. Eat freely of foods you like listed in package. BonKora is safe. No thyroid extract or dangerous drugs. Start to-day, because BonKora is an effective method for reducing all cases of obesity due to poor elimination, constipation, indiscretion in eating or drinking or a toxic condition. That's probably all that is keeping you overweight. Why not find out to-day? Ask your chemist for BonKora, 6/6 per bottle. If your chemist cannot supply BonKora enclose Postal Note for 6/6 to Schaffer & Co., Box 3082L, G.P.O., Sydney, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you Post Free in plain wrapper

Upper photo shows Mrs. Prateau when fat. Lower photo shows her after losing 38 lbs.

CASH PRIZES *Given Away* EVERY WEEK ... for Best Recipes!

If you're *not* one of those women who hug every good recipe to themselves, for some unrevealed reason, and if the prospect of winning a little money for a little effort pleases you, why not enter our weekly recipe competition? Enter a very good recipe, writing it out and addressing it clearly, and send it to our offices. If you are judged among the best, you'll get £1, 10/-, or four chances at 2/6.

Don't you think these recipes are absolute winners?

LEMON FROST CAKE

Two-thirds cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg (unbeaten), ½ cup milk, grated rind 1 lemon, 2 cups flour (sifted), 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cream butter and sugar, and beat until light and fluffy. Beat in egg and grated lemon-rind. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk, mixing until quite smooth. Bake in sandwich-tins in a moderate oven for half an hour. Cool. Fill and ice with the following icing:—

LEMON ICING

Three-quarters cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon-rind, white 1 egg (unbeaten), 1½ tablespoons water.

Put all ingredients in the upper part of a double boiler or in a deep basin. Beat with a rotary egg-beater until blended. Place over boiling water, and continue beating until icing stands up in peaks. Remove from the heat, and beat until thick enough to spread.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. I. Tipper, c/o Mr. C. White, Ermelo, Cullen's Rd., Kincumber, via Gosford, N.S.W.

ROSETTE BISCUITS

Beat 8lb. butter and 3oz. of castor sugar until very soft. Stir in 1lb. self-raising flour and 1 teaspoonful vanilla essence. Put into forcing bag, using large rosette tube. Pipe on to greased sheet and bake to a pale brown. When cold, dust lightly with castor sugar and serve with a little red jam in the centre of each biscuit.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. J. Marshall, Moortangi, Kolan River Rd. South, Bundaberg, Qld.

CORNFLAKE BRITTLES

Take ¼lb. butter and ¾ cup sugar. Put in a small saucepan on stove and bring to boil. Remove from fire and pour into mixing bowl. Add 1 egg and beat till mixed thoroughly. Then add 6 cups of cornflakes, and ¾ cup of chopped walnuts. Put in little heaps on greased slide. Bake in a moderate oven till nicely browned. Let set a few minutes before removing from slide. Use a knife dipped in hot water to lift from slide.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Readman, 84 Best St., Devonport, Tas.

BANANA PASTRY ROLLS

Half pound self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, and a little milk.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar. Make into a dry dough with beaten egg, and milk, if necessary. Roll out thinly, and cut into about three-inch squares. Peel and mash some bananas, enough to make a cupful. Mix with this a dessertspoonful of lemon juice, and add sugar to taste. Half a cup of grated nuts is an improvement. Put a spoonful of the banana pulp on each piece of pastry. Roll up, glaze, and dip in sugar. Bake on a greased oven sheet till a pale brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to A. E. Webber, Box 61, Mount Barker, S.A.

TWO-TONE LEMON TART

Two eggs, 2 sponge cakes, 2oz. cornflour, 2oz. butter, ½ pint milk, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 2oz. sugar, short crust.

Mix cornflour smoothly with milk, a little at a time. Add crumbled sponge cakes and sugar, then simmer (stirring) for five minutes. Leave to cool slightly, then mix in butter, lemon juice and grated rind, also eggs, lightly beaten. Mix thoroughly. Have ready a deep plate, lined with short crust. Ornament the edge, which should have a double layer. Put in mixture and make a lattice-work across with thin strips of pastry. Bake for about 35 minutes in a moderate oven, and serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss S. McLean, Ardgowan, Carapooee, Vic.

FRIED POTATO MARBLES

Take a number of small new potatoes, scrape them, or peel off the skin, and cook in boiling water with a little salt till they are just tender (not broken). Drain and fry golden brown in hot fat. Drain again and serve them hot on cocktail sticks.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Parker, 25 Bay St., Glebe, N.S.W.

Desserts for Warm Spring Days

CARAMEL SPONGE

One and a half pints milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 oz. powdered gelatine, 3 eggs, essence.

Put 3 tablespoons sugar into a saucepan. Cook till it is a golden brown and syrupy. Pour on the milk and stir till sugar mixture is melted; cool slightly, and pour on to the yolks of eggs. Place over boiling water and cook till the mixture coats the spoon. Add essence and the dissolved gelatine, and when almost cold stir in the stiffly-beaten whites and sugar. Pour into wetted mould. Place on ice to set. Turn out and garnish with whipped cream and chopped nuts.

EXETER PUDDING

One pint milk, 4 eggs, 12 passionfruit, 3 level dessertspoons powdered gelatine, sugar to taste.

Bring the milk to a boil and pour on to the beaten yolks. Cook over boiling water till the mixture coats the spoon, and add the sugar, passionfruit and dissolved gelatine. Allow it to cool; then stir in the well-beaten whites, mixing in evenly. Pour into wetted mould. Set on ice. Unmould and garnish with cream.

CARLTON PUDDING

One cup sugar, 3 eggs, 6 passionfruit, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, 1 lemon, 1 cup boiling water.

Beat the yolks of eggs, add the sugar, and beat thoroughly. Pour on the boiling water and stir till sugar is dissolved. Add the lemon juice, passionfruit, and the dissolved gelatine. Allow it to cool; then beat in the whipped whites, mixing in evenly. Pour into glass dish. Chill and serve with stewed fruits, cream, or custard.

Don't feel old too soon!

The kidneys, if properly cared for, should perform their function until ripe old age.

DON'T REGARD BACKACHE, urinary disorders, getting up at night, dizzy attacks and rheumatic pains as necessary discomforts of advancing years. These symptoms of kidney weakness can be overcome by strengthening the kidneys with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. When the kidneys are actively at work filtering away excess uric acid and other poisons, that feeling of premature old age will quickly disappear.

CONVINCING PROOF

Mrs. Murrill, 182 Barcom Avenue, Darlinghurst, Sydney, says: "For some time my health was far from good, due to the fact that my kidneys were very disordered. When I first began to feel off colour I did not bother about it, but that is where I made a mistake, the pains in my back got worse and worse and by the time Doan's Backache Kidney Pills were recommended to me I was suffering terribly. After taking this remedy for a few days my health began to improve and by the time I had used five bottles I was completely cured."

Eight years later, Mrs. Murrill, says: "I am still well and have had no return of backache since Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cured me."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

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Hypol

HYPOL is all Goodness!

IN SICKNESS, or during convalescence, nothing could be more restorative than this outstanding emulsion.

HYPOL does its best work where there is a tendency to chest weakness. By feeding the lungs, it builds up resistance to that dread disease—**Tuberculosis.** Many cases regarded as extremely serious have responded to the strength giving power of **HYPOL.**

You are only trifling with sickness by accepting cheap substitutes. Look at the illustration and demand this package, you will be well satisfied with the results.

Every high-class Chemist and Storekeeper in the Commonwealth sells the genuine **HYPOL.**

Made by **Felton, Grimwade & Duerdins Ltd., Melbourne.**

MAKE MONEY from MUSHROOMS

EARN UP TO £5 A WEEK OR MORE!

A fascinating and profitable occupation for men, women and boys. From £3 weekly in spare time—more in full time. There is an assured EXTRA income waiting for you in mushroom growing.

No Special Equipment or Premises Needed. No experience required. We show you how, and offer 100gns. in CASH PRIZES. Almost any spare space will do to grow splendid, delicious mushrooms—the garden frame, greenhouse, cellar, shed, or garage, etc.

FASCINATING—PROFITABLE—EASY.

Our world-famous British "Abundant" Spawn gives fine, large crops the whole year round.

NO RISK We buy all you grow. Demand exceeds supply. You need do no canvassing or selling. We definitely contract to purchase part or all of your crops as you desire at a guaranteed price. Distance no disadvantage. Take advantage of the exceptionally high prices (2/- to 3/6 per lb.) obtained for cultivated mushrooms during Spring and Summer by STARTING NOW.

NOW IS THE TIME TO START!

There is no "off season" when your earnings dwindle. You have a ready market every week of the year. Furthermore, satisfaction guaranteed or spawn replaced. Take this opportunity of obtaining the first British "Abundant" Bottle Culture Spawn imported into Australia. It has proved to be the best in the world.

To: British Mushroom Industry,
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Please send me immediately, without obligation, your FREE 28-page Illustrated Book, "Mushroom Growing For Profit," and fascinating story of your remarkable new bottle Culture Spawn.

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DOCTOR'S WIFE REDUCED 28 LBS.

And Tells You How She Did It

Simple Method That Anyone Can Follow

The wife of a London West End physician weighed 2¼ stone more than she should for her height and age. How was she to banish this load of ugly, dangerous fat? As the wife of a medical man she had access to the latest therapeutic measures; she could visit well-known Continental spas; she could obtain treatment beyond the reach of the layman—but she did none of these things. She took a simple, home treatment which is available to everybody in the land. She took Kruschen Salts! This is her letter:—

"I had been putting on flesh alarmingly until I was weighing 2½ stone more than I should for my height and age. Ten weeks ago I commenced taking a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts on rising in a glass of hot water as directed, with the result that I am already a stone lighter (without any alteration in diet), and above all I feel at least ten years younger, and I have not felt so well for 20 years. I have persuaded several of my friends to take Kruschen, which was not a difficult matter when they saw what benefit I am receiving. I shall continue the treatment until I lose another stone."

(Mrs.) R. R., London, W.1.

Three months later this doctor's wife was able to report further progress. She then wrote:—"I have now lost altogether 28 lbs., and am now normal for my height and age—height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 11 stone—previous weight 13 stone."

(Mrs.) R. R., London, W.1.

The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes, but surely.

Kruschen Salts is not in any sense a drug; it is a saline—a scientific blend of six natural mineral salts—which doctors have approved for many years as a perfectly safe means of reducing over-weight.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

How to wash brownish Blond Hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—*safely, without bleaching!*

Brings back that natural blond colour to even the most faded hair.

Blondes—it's amazing how a natural blonde attracts every eye but when blond hair turns mousey, brownish, why take chances with dyes, injurious bleaches and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade and darken even more. You can now wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with Sta-blond, that glorious shampoo treatment, used by millions of light and dark blonds all over the world who know that it prevents blond hair from getting that dull-looking brown shade and keeps it light, silky and fascinatingly beautiful, without the use of henna, camomile, dyes, rinses, peroxide or injurious bleaches. Makes any kind of permanent wave last longer. Try it today yourself, or at your hairdressers, and if you don't think it is the finest thing you have ever known, just ask for your money back. Known abroad as Nurblond and **Blondex**. Made in England. Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 3679, s.s. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 36

THE birds did not ogle each other for long; they closed almost at once, and there was some slashing work, which made the feathers fly. The brass-back was floored, but came up again, and toed the scratch. Both birds knew how to hold, and their tactics were cunning enough to rouse the enthusiasm of the crowd. The betting was slightly in favor of the grey, which very much delighted Peregrine, and made Mr. Fitzjohn shake his head, and say that saving only his own red pyle he did not know when he had seen a cock he liked better. Mr. Farnaby did not say anything, but looked at Peregrine sideways once or twice, and thrust out his underlip.

The cocks had been fighting for about ten minutes when the brass-back, who had till then adopted more defensive tactics than the grey, suddenly rushed in, striking and slashing in famous style. The grey responded gallantly, and Mr. Fitzjohn cried out: "The best-matched pair I ever saw! There they go, slap for slap! I'll lay you any odds the grey wins! No, by God, he's down! Ha, spurs fast again!"

The setters-on having secured their birds, and the brass-back's spurs being released, both were again freed. The grey seemed to be a little dazed, the brass-back hardly less so. Both were bleeding from wounds, and neither seemed anxious to close again with his opponent. They stayed warily apart, ogling each other while the timekeeper kept the count, and fifty being reached before either showed any disposition to continue fighting, setting was allowed. The setters-on each took up his bird, and brought him to the centre of the arena, and placed him beak to beak with the other. The grey was the first to strike, a swift, punishing blow that knocked the brass-back clean away.

A sudden commotion arose amongst the spectators. Mr. Farnaby sprang up, shouting: "A foul! A foul! The grey was squeezed!"

Someone called out: "Nonsense! No such thing! Sit down!"

PEREGRINE swung round to stare at Farnaby. "He was not squeezed! I was watching the whole time, and I'm ready to swear my man did no more than set him!"

The setters-on, pending the referee's decision, had each caught his bird, a lucky circumstance for the brass-back, who seemed to have been badly cut up by the last blow. The referee gave it in favor of the grey, and Mr. Fitzjohn said testily: "Of course the grey was not squeezed! Sit down, man, sit down! Hey, no wonder your cock's shy! I believe the grey got his eye in that last brush. Perry, that's a rare bird of yours! We'll match him with mine one day, down at my place. Ha, that finishes it! The brass-back's a blinker now—or dead. Dead, I think. Well done, Perry! Well done!"

Mr. Farnaby turned with an ugly look on his face. "Ay, well done indeed! Your cock was craven, and was squeezed to make him fight."

"Here, I say, Farnaby, learn to take your losses!" said Mr. Fitzjohn with strong disapproval.

Peregrine, a gathering frown on his boyish countenance, lifted a hand to hush his friend, and fixed his eyes on Farnaby's. "You can't know what you're saying. If there was a fault the referee must have seen it."

"Oh," said Farnaby, with a sneer, "when rich men fight their cocks referees can sometimes make mistakes."

It was not said loud enough to carry very far, but it brought Peregrine to his feet in a bound. "What!" he cried furiously. "Say that again if you dare!"

Though no one but those immediately beside Farnaby could have heard his words, it was quite apparent to everyone by this time that an altercation was going on, and the rougher part of the gathering at once began to take sides, some (who had lost their money on the brass-back) loudly asserting that the grey had been squeezed, and others declaring with equal fervor that it had been a fair fight. Above the hubbub a shrill Cockney voice besought Peregrine to darken Mr. Farnaby's daylights—advice of which he did not seem to stand in much need, for he was clenching his fists very menacingly already.

Mr. Fitzjohn, who had also heard Farnaby's last speech, tried to get between him and Peregrine, saying in a brisk voice: "That's enough of this foolery. You're foxed, Farnaby. Ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh, I'm foxed, am I?" said Farnaby, keeping his eyes on Peregrine's. "I'm not so foxed but what I can see when a bird's pressed to make him fight, and I repeat, Sir Peregrine Taverner, that money can do queer things if you have enough of it."

"Oh, damn!" said Mr. Fitzjohn, exasperated. "Pay no heed to him, Perry."

Peregrine, however, had not waited for this advice. As Mr. Fitzjohn spoke he drove his left in a smashing blow to Farnaby's face, and sent that gentleman sprawling over the bench. There were a great many cheers, a shout of "A mill, a mill!" Some protests from the quieter members of the audience; and the man in the drab coat, across whose knees Mr. Farnaby had fallen, demanded that the Watch should be summoned.

Mr. Farnaby picked himself up, and showed the house a bleeding nose. The same voice which had counselled Peregrine to strike shouted gleefully: "Drawn his cork! Fib him, guv-nor! Let him have a bit of home-brewed!"

Mr. Farnaby held his handkerchief to his nose, and said: "My friend will call on yours in the morning, sir! Be good enough to name your man!"

"Fitz?" said Peregrine curtly, over his shoulder.

"At your service," replied Mr. Fitzjohn.

"Mr. Fitzjohn will act for me, sir," said Peregrine, pale but perfectly determined.

"You will hear from me, sir," promised Farnaby thickly, and strode out, still holding his reddened handkerchief to his nose.

CHAPTER 10

MR. FITZJOHN breakfasting in his lodgings in Cork Street next morning, wore an unusually sober expression on his face, and when his man came in to inform him that a gentleman had called he got up from the table with a sigh, and a shake of his head.

The gentleman's card, which Mr. Fitzjohn held between his finger and thumb, told him very little. The name was unknown to him, and the address, which was a street in the labyrinth lying between Northumberland House and St. James Square, did not impress him favorably.

Captain Crake was ushered into the room, and Mr. Fitzjohn, with shrewdness belied by his cherubic countenance, instantly decided that his military rank was self-bestowed. He was displeased. He had been brought up by a careful father with a nice regard for etiquette, and one glance at Captain Crake was sufficient to convince him that he was not one whom any gentleman would desire to have for a second in an affair of honor. The first duty of a second was to seek a reconciliation; it was evident that Captain Crake had no such thought in mind. He came only to arrange a place and a time of meeting, and to choose on behalf of his principal pistols for weapons.

To this Mr. Fitzjohn agreed, but when the Captain, assuming Mr. Farnaby to have been the injured party, stipulated for a range of twenty-five yards he unhesitatingly refused to consent to it. Such a range must be all in favor of the more experienced duellist, and however many wafers Peregrine might be able to culp at Manton's Gallery Mr. Fitzjohn felt reasonably certain that he had not before been engaged in an actual duel.

He would not consent, and upon the Captain's attempting to take a high hand with him said bluntly that he could by no means agree that Mr. Farnaby was the injured party. Sir Peregrine had indeed struck the blow, but the provocation had been strong.

After some argument the Captain gave way on this point, and a range of twelve yards was agreed to. There could be no further hope of reconciliation. Mr. Fitzjohn, well versed in the Code of Honor, was aware that no apology could be extended or received after a blow, and Captain Crake's attitude now convinced him that however much Mr. Farnaby might know himself to have been in the wrong no dependence could be placed on his tacitly acknowledging it on the ground by deloping, or firing into the air.

When Captain Crake had been shown out of the room Mr. Fitzjohn did not immediately resume his interrupted meal, but stood instead staring gloomily into the fire. Though not particularly acquainted with Mr. Farnaby he knew him a little by repute. The man was a hanger-on to the fringes of society, and was generally to be seen in the company of raw young men of fortune. His reputation was not good. Nothing was precisely known against him, but he had been mixed up in more than one discreditable affair, and was known to be a crack shot.

Mr. Fitzjohn did not anticipate a fatal outcome to the following day's meeting; the consequences would be too serious, he thought; but he was not perfectly at his ease. Farnaby had not been drunk, nor had there been the least sign of foul play in the Cock Pit. It looked suspiciously as though this quarrel had been thrust on Peregrine.

Please turn to Page 40

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

"Now! JUST WHAT WOULD *you* SAY!"

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

OFF and AWAY ... to Youthful SLENDERNESS

Swiftly, Rhythmically and Easily You may now Stretch and Grow Slim ... in quite a fascinating New Way!

By Evelyn

A FEW days ago I was introduced to a new and clever little device which, it is claimed, will reduce the plump waistline as much as two inches in the first week, the thighs four inches in a month; bring back and build up firm, rounded contours; give you grace and radiant health—if you work diligently.

HERE YOU see the inventor of the clever and versatile little device for slimming, for improving health, posture, and circulation—which has just made its appearance in Australia. You simply attach the apparatus to the floor, or fasten it under the door, or round the foot of the bed, slide your feet into the stirrups, catch the handle, and off you go on the road to slenderness!

—Photo by courtesy of David Jones.

THE contrivance, small and compact, is made of strong leather and rubber with a handle at one end and stirrups at the other and an attachment to fasten to floor or furniture.

Some time ago I received from our overseas representative in Europe photographs of a similar device, which had just made its appearance in London. This apparatus consisted of stirrups to which were attached a length of strong spiral rope and a circular strap which slipped over the neck. The one pictured on this page appears to me to be definitely the better of the two—anyway, it's here!

This reducer and health exerciser is the invention of an American woman, and it is interesting to note that a young Australian visiting the U.S.A. realised the possibilities and so returned with a "bright idea" for the use of Australians.

I am absolutely convinced that if this "stretch-a-way," as it is called, were used regularly ten minutes every day, women would not only rid themselves of superfluous bulges, but would enjoy better health.

FOR years and years beauty experts have been coaxing women to stretch themselves to lithe figure loveliness—"stretch the cat at her stretching exercises, and do likewise. Stretch when you waken—before you rise from your bed; stretch when you slip out of bed; stretch to the window and stretch to the sky." So on, and so on. . . . Now, I suppose, women will feel more inclined to stretch since much of seeming exertion is subtracted, while promises of quick results are added to the exerciser's qualifications, among them the elimination of bothersome dieting.

I am now going to give you the listed exercises which, should you acquire the apparatus, you will be called upon to perform daily. Run through these and visualise the benefits claimed for the exerciser. You perform these on the floor (or bed if you wish), using a rug and cushion for your head, if desired.

1.—REDUCING THE WAISTLINE.

Place feet in stirrups as far as they will go. Have the attaching strap taut, and knees flat on the floor. Hold handle firmly with the fingers and lean back slowly, letting the weight of your body carry you to the floor. Do not pull back on the rubber when going down.

Allow the rubber to lift you an inch or two from the floor—then begin to pull up slowly, increasing the pull as you go. Hold the arms close to the body, pushing the elbows backward close against the ribs. Make the handle touch the waistline as you reach the sitting position.

Keep the back straight and head up throughout the exercise. Feel the tension throughout the body, pulling in the abdomen, reducing the double chin. Repeat 5 to 10 times at first, increasing gradually to 25 times. This exercise is a splendid treatment for faulty elimination.

2.—CORRECTIVE EXERCISES FOR FEET.

(a). Treating the metatarsal arches. Place feet in stirrups and pull up against the middle of the soles of the feet, with handle up to the waist. Curl the toes downward alternately, as far as possible. A beneficial deep massage is obtained.

(b). Strengthening arches and ankles. Starting with heels together, toes outward, and tension on rubber as in previous exercise, rotate the feet slowly, as if picking up sand between them. Muscles and ligaments of the legs as well as of the feet are strengthened—and fat parts quickly reduced.

Successfully used in treating circulatory disturbances, as in arthritis and rheumatism. Improves the circulation. Endorsed by medical authorities.

3.—REDUCING THE UPPER BODY.

Arms, diaphragm, and bust measurement.

Holding the handle lightly with one hand, swing the other arm slowly outward and upward while lowering the body to the floor. Stretch as far as you can, pressing the outstretched arm close to the ear. Pull up slowly and reach forward to touch the toes of the opposite foot. Hold arm close to the body as you pull to rise, and keep head erect.

Change hands and repeat.

This exercise gives the uplift line to the bust, strengthening sagging muscles, and causing the rolls of fat to be removed from the upper arms, diaphragm, and back of the neck.

4.—REDUCING HIPS AND THIGHS.

(a). Double the rubber back through the floor strap. Slip the stirrups up near the toes, and pull back firmly. In sitting-up position with arms back of you for balance, draw up right knee and swing over to the left side. Then draw up left knee and swing over on the right side, securing a heavy massage on the hips by pulling up firmly against the feet.

(b). Lie down and extend the arms upward as a lever. Do exactly the same motion as above, stretching the body tense as you roll from side to side.

5.—ALL-OVER REDUCING.

Turn around, lie flat on back with handle about four inches beyond the top of your head. Relax. Then pull the handle forward very slowly until the muscles of the abdomen are well contracted, and the spine is pressing firmly against the floor. (Corrects sway-back). Then bring the knees up to a bended position, cross the ankles, and roll from side to side. Roll to the right, and look to the left; then reverse. This brings a diagonal stretch across the entire body, which, with the tension from the rubber, helps to reduce fat spots in all parts, including the shoulders, hips and waistline.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: When my daughter applied for a position recently she was told she would have to undergo a mental test. She is a girl with more than a fair share of common sense, industrious, and adaptable, but she was not successful at examinations. She becomes flurried and nervous at such times, and though her work was slightly above the average throughout the year she would "flop" in examination tests. The same nervousness overcame her when she heard of the mental test, and she retired from the applicants, but I feel sure she could have filled the comparatively simple position for which she applied. Are these mental tests general, and what do you think of them?

MENTAL tests are coming more and more into vogue as standard measures of mental ability. Some persons have the idea that such tests are absolutely accurate, especially when used on children, while others refuse to credit them with any value whatsoever.

Neither of these extreme views is correct. Mental tests are employed to measure processes in an objective and quantitative way!

They are standards that have been formulated after experiments upon hundreds and thousands of subjects. They show what all average individuals of a certain age and under certain prescribed conditions are able to do.

Mental tests do not pretend to measure all faculties, all aptitudes, or all traits. They do not even pretend to measure any one single faculty in its entirety.

IT is absurd to assume, for instance, if a man of thirty obtains only a score of seventeen years on a mental test, that this means his mind is that of a youth of seventeen.

All such a score would mean is that the person in question can do certain things of which the average seventeen-year-old is capable, but that he cannot do certain other things that adolescents of eighteen or older, of average ability, are capable of doing.

In addition, however, such a person would possess capacity for other performances beyond the ability of those of eighteen that the test used could not measure or even hint at.

To be sure, this person of whom we are talking may possess an inferior or enfeebled mentality. But, if he does, he certainly has abilities for thinking and doing—simply because he has lived longer—that seventeen-year-olds do not possess.

In other words, this thirty-year-old individual is seventeen years plus. And that plus is an unknown quantity that no tests yet invented are able to evaluate!

The real function of all mental tests is to objectify and measure the degree of intellect which an individual is able to command at the time he is examined.

The value of tests consists in the fact that this performance on tests can be discussed and interpreted.

HAVING once obtained the subject's reactions reduced to standard averages, specialists have something to weigh and consider. They then have a definite first step towards figuring out why he did not do better, all of which discussion and interpretation finally leads to a fairly accurate estimate of an individual's mental ability.

The mind is extremely complicated, and mental tests are great helps. In adults they may even be used for the purpose of vocational guidance.

In those who complain that their minds are not functioning properly, or who fear that something is amiss, mental tests can be employed for purposes of reassurance, or actually to discover whether some of the faculties are not working at 100 per cent. efficiency.

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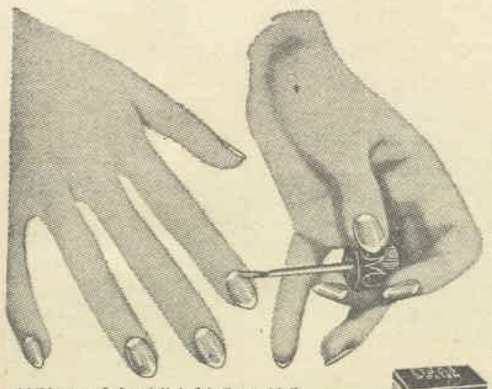

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TEA-POT TALES

BY JOHN ROGERS

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 38

YET he could find no object in it, and was forced to conclude that he was indulging a mere flight of fancy. As soon as he had finished his breakfast he picked up his hat and gloves, and set out to walk the short distance to Brook Street. Arriving at the Taverner house he sent in his name and was taken immediately upstairs to Peregrine's bedroom.

Peregrine was still engaged in the arduous task of dressing, and was anxiously arranging his cravat when Mr. Fitzjohn came in. He said cheerfully: "Sit down, Fitz, and don't move, don't speak till I've done with this neckcloth!"

Mr. Fitzjohn obeyed, choosing a chair from which he could observe his friend's struggles. Having guessed that the next morning's meeting would be Peregrine's first, he was very well satisfied with his careless unconcern.

The cravat being at last adjusted Peregrine dismissed his valet, and turned. "Well, have you arranged it all, Fitz?" he asked.

"To-morrow at eight, Westbourn Green," said Mr. Fitzjohn briefly. "I'll call for you."

Peregrine had the oddest sensation that none of this was really happening. He heard his own voice, surprisingly steady, say: "Westbourn Green? Is that near Paddington?"

Mr. Fitzjohn nodded. "Are you a good shot, Perry? The fellow's chosen pistols."

"You have seen me at Manton's—or have you not?"

"I haven't seen you at Manton's, but I've seen Farnaby," said Mr. Fitzjohn rather grimly. "You'll keep a cool head, won't you, Perry, and remember it's everything to be quick off the mark?"

There was an unpleasant dryness in Peregrine's mouth, but he said with a good attempt at nonchalance: "Of course. I shan't aim to kill him, however."

"No, don't," agreed Mr. Fitzjohn. "Not that I think he means to make it a killing matter, either. I can't see why he should. He'd have to make a bolt for it if he did, and I fancy that wouldn't suit him. What are you doing to-day?"

Peregrine achieved a shrug of the shoulders. "Oh, the usual round, my dear fellow! I am engaged to dine at the Star, I believe. I daresay we shall look in at the play, and sup at the Piazza afterwards."

"You'll do," said Mr. Fitzjohn approvingly. "But see it ain't a boozy party, and don't sit up too late. I'm off to engage a surgeon now. I daresay we shan't need him, but he'll have to be there. I like that waistcoat you have on."

"Yes, I flatter myself it's uncommonly handsome," replied Peregrine. He moistened his lips. "Fitz, I have suddenly remembered—do you know, I believe I have no duelling pistols by me?"

"Leave that to me. I'll see to it," said Mr. Fitzjohn, getting up. "I'm going now. I'll call for you at a quarter past seven to-morrow."

Peregrine smiled jauntily. "I shall be ready. Don't over-sleep!"

"Never fear!" said Mr. Fitzjohn.

To be continued

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said two doctors, leaving the sick bed of my wife. As a last resort, I gave her

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(Extract from Original Letter.)

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If your legs are disfigured by prominent hairs that show through the stockings and so attract unfavorable attention, you can now remove these ugly hairs quickly and easily with Creme LA-NE-TA. Ideal also for shaping the hair line on the neck. **Send P.N for 1/- for Trial Tube to La-na-ta, Room 3, 226a George Street, Sydney.**

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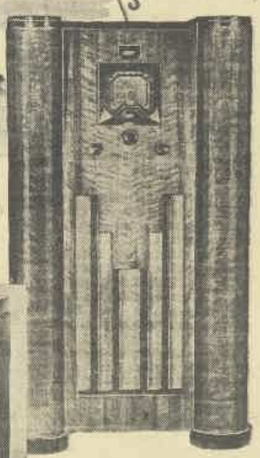

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QUICK-SURE-SAFE

FOR *Young* WIVES ... and MOTHERS

Do Not Let Your Baby Get Too Fat!

By MARY TRUBY KING

It has been very forcibly brought to my mind lately that a large proportion of our babies are seriously overweight. Babies of four or five months have been found to weigh anything from 20 to 30lbs., and while this might be forgiven in the case of a baby weighing 14 to 16lbs. at birth, it shows gross over-feeding (one might almost say "stuffing") for the average 7 to 8lbs. baby.

IT should not be a matter for pride, but a matter for shame that the bodies of many little babes are so abused; for of what use are double chins and rolls and rolls of unsightly and hampering pure fat?

I think the mothers of such babies can surely never have seen the normal, well-covered, firm-fleshed infant—active, healthy, and full of the joy of life. If undressed and sat side by side with one of the bulging "over-feds," even these foolish-proud parents would note the physical advantages of the normal-sized baby.

Nor are the advantages all physical. A mental lethargy goes hand in hand with gross overweight—baby is hampered in more than movement.

Definitely, double chins, "rubber-tyre" bodies and bulging abdomens are neither attractive nor enviable.

Watch Your Diet

ONE is frequently asked, "How am I to ensure having a baby of from 6½ to 7½ lbs.?"

Though one cannot absolutely guarantee an infant of this specified size, there are a few guiding points which expectant mothers would do well to keep in mind if they wish to avoid large babies and difficult labor.

If a mother has previously had 9-11lb. babies, she would be wise to cut meat right out of her diet during pregnancy. She may substitute fish, eggs and cheese dishes.

Lessen the total amount of food taken as a rule during the carrying period, restricting oneself to three meals daily, one of which is chiefly fruit. Fruit drinks and an abundance of water may be taken between meals.

Milk should be taken at the end of meals chiefly for its calcium content, but if you want to avoid a big baby, no more than 1-1 pint daily.

Do not over-indulge in starchy foods, nor take too many chocolates and drinks of cocoa.

The evening meal should frequently be an attractive salad with a simple dressing, toast, butter, and a cup of weak tea or other non-alcoholic drink.

Granted sensible meals, on the above lines, a three-mile walk daily, plenty of water to drink, and a normally active life, the expectant mother may confidently look forward to an average-sized baby.

The Ideal Weight

THE best weight at birth is from 6 to 7½lb. Baby's length at birth should be from 20-21 inches. In the first few days baby usually loses half a pound or so, catching up to his birth-weight again before the end of the second week.

From then till the end of the third month baby should gain 6-8 ounces weekly—or, roughly, two pounds a month.

Beware of excessive gains, such as a steady 10-14 ounces a week.

This denotes overfeeding, and baby must not be allowed so long at the breast, even though at first he shows no obvious signs of upset, such as increased motions or vomiting.

The average normal baby doubles its birth-weight in the sixth month, and trebles it at a year. Eight or nine inches are added to baby's height in the first 12 months, and chest and head measurements increase about 4 inches. The average gain in weight during the second year is only 6½lb., so that by the second birthday baby will weigh about 28lb.—the weight to which the poor, over-fed babes referred to at the commencement of this article are often forced to attain by their fifth month!

"I am writing to tell you the effect your Clements Tonic had on me.

"I suffered with muscular Rheumatism in both arms for nearly twelve months. Some days I could not lift a cup of tea across the table, and to write a letter was a real effort, having to rest between the pages for my arms ached so.

"Have tried all sorts of Lotions and Salts, which seemed to have no effect. I have taken two bottles only of your tonic and feel a different person, and I am entirely free of pain.

"Am keeping a third bottle in the house and will recommend the tonic to my friends. It is a splendid thing for nerves." (Mrs.) H.M.R.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

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WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing to make bile flow freely.

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"I have had nine stories published since I started your course."

"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."

"I received more for my stories while studying with you than I paid in fees."

"I received £6/3/6 for two stories in the 'Australian Journal'."

"'The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old Centre'."

"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships'."

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GET *that* MAN

ELISSA bit her lip, relishing her devilish scheming, wondering how a poet acts when confronted with a really belligerent tramp. Lunch arrived at long last, and while they ate Roger Bayard kept her wonderfully entertained with a vivid account of his wanderings in the South Seas. Not once did he allude to his being a poet. He seemed, in fact, rather relieved that this charming, fresh young girl treated him as a man and not a giddy genius.

Together they got off the train at Crosskeys and climbed into the big, dusty two-seater that squatted in the yard by the quiet little station. Elissa started the engine, slipped into gear, and they rolled out of Crosskeys, through the fields towards the purple-hazed mystery of the moors.

"This is good." He was looking all about him, but his eyes came back to the piquant profile of Elissa, to the strawberry lips and tilted, freckled nose, before he spoke. "I'm very, very lucky to have met you, Miss Lothrop."

"Call me Elissa," she said, thinking, "You'll call me a lot worse before long, poor chap."

Elissa mused fondly upon the mechanics of her scheme as the big car roared along roads which grew narrower and narrower until at last even the hedgerows fell away and the wide moorland lay for miles on either side. Elissa wasn't risking her fair name, wasn't inviting any trouble from Mrs. Pitman-Palmer, who could make plenty if Elissa openly abducted this very nice young high-priest of Apollo. No, there was another twist to the thing which made it very plausible and let everybody out neatly. There was a single ally—the same Rod Barlow whose turning away from the rather vacant charm of Gwyneth Pitman-Palmer in favor of Eve Lothrop's dark, dynamic beauty had outraged the social lioness of Malverton. Rod was very much and very keenly in on Elissa's little kidnapping scheme. He would enter, thought Elissa with a little

Continued from Page 12

smile that Roger Bayard saw and loved, in the next act.

"We have a hut, my sister, Eve, and I, in the very heart of the moor here. We called the place 'The Eyrie' and rechristened it 'Eery' the last few times we were in it. We used to keep picnic stores there, but we cleared most of them out when we found that tramps had been breaking in. So we don't go there much now. I have to stop for a few moments and get the rest of the things. Mind?"

"I'll like it, Elissa. In fact, I think I'll like anything you do."

Elissa's smile faded and a far-off, unhappy look came into the bright blue eyes. She hadn't taken count of this when she made her plans—hadn't figured on his being so nice, so gentle, and easily played upon. She could see he was enjoying every minute of the drive, loving it, exulting in it. The way he lifted his chin and gazed eagerly ahead, an expectant, boyish look on his face, as if he wondered what new beauty lay beyond the next rise, around the next sharp sweep in the winding moorland road. He was so trusting; it was a shame to betray his trust. He would be hurt and he would probably hate her. But Eve's success and happiness meant more than the hatred of a stranger. Eve was poor and had staked everything on her venture. He was, rarest of the rare, a poet whose poems made money. Missing this one engagement wouldn't break him, but his keeping it would break Eve, and Eve must not be broken.

Zest of heather and sweet, warm smell of black, fern-carpeted earth eddied through the gleaming air, an occasional bird darted and sang, and rabbits scampered from their vanishing pathway. Now the huge tyres rumbled hollowly over planked bridges across chattering brooks, now ground on thick gravel, spurning it like shot against the mudguard and running-board.

"NEARLY there, Roger. We'll make it just about sundown."

"And we'll stop and watch the sunset."

"We can have some food, if you like." She hated herself for the casualness of the carefully-planned suggestion. "There's coffee and tinned fruit—unless it's been raided again."

"Food for both body and spirit then." He smiled, laid his head back against the cushion, and closed his eyes. His lips formed words and smiled as they formed them. The rushing wind waved his thick hair and beat upon his lean face exultantly. Elissa felt like a dog. It was becoming harder and harder, but it had to be gone through with. Fortunately, the rest of it would be taken out of her hands into the capable ones of Rod Barlow.

AT sunset-time they swung on to a narrow track running through the heather and stopped before a low stone-built shed, with a sod roof and a padlocked door.

"This is the Eyrie." Elissa slid from under the wheel, stretched her cramped muscles, and lighted a cigarette. "Primitive, isn't it?"

Roger Bayard was not listening to her. He was looking down upon the world, upon the miles and miles of rolling purple through which they had climbed steadily to the highest point of the moor, at the unseen distant cities and the distant lives of the men and women in them.

"I could live and die here," he said, and it wasn't as if he spoke to her at all, so that she felt small and earthy and unworthy, so that Eve's play and Mrs. Pitman-Palmer's meanness and all else seemed poor and sordid and of no moment in this hour of beauty.

"Live and love and have my being and die," he said, and turned to her and said again, "What do you feel in a place like this?"

"That nothing much in the world matters, that we people are very small yet very big. I mean that our concerns are small, but that we have something in us big enough to rise to all this, to take it in, to love it——"

He nodded. "You have spoken fair and I love you for it."

She flushed. She knew he didn't mean by "love" what most men would mean. He sat down on a stone by the door and lighted his pipe and just kept looking at the world around, at the shadow creeping over the earth, at the night creeping over the world, at the stars peeping out here and there, and listening to the early prelude of the night wind sighing across the heather. And she, too, was silent, standing behind him—silent and happy, and utterly miserable when he looked up at her and smiled and said, "Thank you for bringing me here, for giving me this. It means more to me than you know."

Please turn to Page 44

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WW447A.—A cosy pair of pyjamas with a roll collar. Material for 40-inch chest: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 36 to 44 inches. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

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WW448A.—Raglan-sleeve model with neck trimming of contrast fabric. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material for 14 years: 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN 10d.**

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WW449A.—This lovely frock is panelled and worn with a belt. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

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WW450A.—A novel effect is given to this model by the right-side blouse, which is trimmed with buttons. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

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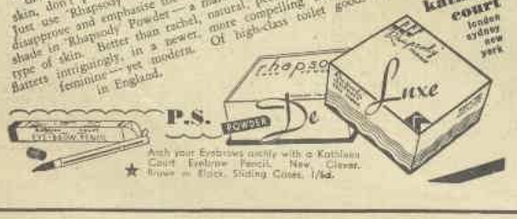

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GET *that* MAN

Continued from Page 42

ELISSA made a choking sound, meaningless to him, and turned and went into the hut. Presently smoke spiralled from the chimney and the fragrance of coffee was mingled with the scent of the heath. Just as the dusk was thickening, Elissa came to the door. She had on a white apron over the yellow jersey and white flannel skirt. She spoke in a small voice to him, sitting there on his stone, his cold pipe in his hand: "If you'd like some—something to eat and some coffee, it's ready now."

"Thank you. I'd like it very much." He looked at her inquiringly as he entered. He seemed to sense that there was something wrong. He looked at her earnestly. "Maybe you just did this for me. I'm sure I'm a nuisance and I'm probably holding you up."

"No." Elissa avoided his eyes, her fingers clasped and unclasped on the back of the rustic chair. "Nothing like that, I assure you."

They sat down. There was fruit salad and tea-biscuits and Elissa could make excellent coffee. Roger Bayard had a magnificent appetite for a poet. Elissa watched him with sad delight as the biscuits swiftly vanished. They lingered over their coffee and cigarettes; he, happy and relaxed, she uneasy and fearful, watching through the window, for the hour was near at hand.

"I shall hate to leave here," he said, glancing up at her from a long contemplation of his cigarette. "I shall hate still more leaving you, Elissa. Do you mind my saying that?"

"I don't mind." It was a mere whisper. She had come to hate the whole business, to loathe herself, to look with anguish on the aftermath of her deceit. Of course, he would never know what he had walked into—never, if she could keep on acting for the next four or five hours.

He kept looking at her, steadily, earnestly. She kept her eyes averted, studiously, frantically. At last, though, she had to look at him and, when she did, she could not look away. His hand, long and brown, reached across the little table and rested gently on hers.

"It's so like a dream, Elissa," he said. "High up here on a moor, alone with you—just we two, it seems, in all the world."

"'—Dream too sweet to last.
Ah, starry hope that did arise
But to be overcast.'" said Elissa.

"Must it be? I know I love you, Elissa—your youth, your cleanness and freshness. I somehow knew it when I first saw you in the train."

Elissa's fingers stirred under his. She drew her hand away. It was cruel that it had to be like this; it was bitterly unfair, it was something striking back at her, punishing her, for what she had done. She wanted to listen to him, wanted to believe him, but he thought it all—their meeting, this drive, this sweet repast in the Eyrie—had sprung from the kind caprice of Fate. There was no Fate to it. No Fate to what soon would follow.

He nodded, sighed. "I'm sorry, Elissa. I think we had better go now." He got up.

"No. No, not yet. I—I must fix up these dishes." They mustn't go now. The whole thing would be ruined if they got away before Rod Barlow came. What was keeping him, anyway? She had to go through with it. She had gone so far it was no use stopping now.

"I'll help you with the dishes."

"Please, no." She stayed him with a light touch on his arm. "I can do them in no time. I'd rather do them myself." She wanted to loiter over them. He shrugged and went out filling his pipe.

SHE finished the dishes and dried them. Roger Bayard was standing, back to the cold fireplace. He smiled at her. He spoke to her with his eyes. Then he took a quick step towards her and caught her in his arms strongly. His lips found her mouth and they stood thus, long, long; and they were standing thus when someone laughed raspinely. They looked to the door. A man was standing there, a knotted handkerchief covering half his face, his cap pulled low, and—something that gleamed in the half light held menacingly in his hand.

"Sorry to butt in!" he said jeeringly, "but you're in my way."

Roger put her slowly away from him. The man with the gun didn't move, Elissa, sick at heart, had to admire Rod's performance. It had, of course, all worked out. Rod was to take the car and beat it. He was to leave the car in Malverton, find it after the appearance of Roger Bayard was called off, after Eve's show had begun and the crowd had flocked thither, and then drive it back to the Eyrie.

"What do you want?" asked Roger. His face looked pale in the near-darkness.

"Aw, I don't exactly know yet what I want. I'm thinkin' it over. One thing is sure, son, I don't want you. Maybe I'll just dump you on the moor. The lady now—that's a different thing."

Rod was going too far, overplaying his hand. Why didn't he hop in the car and get away as they had planned?

"You'd better step on it," she said. "Snap into it. We can get along all right without you."

"Now, sister," drawled the intruder. "You needn't be so fresh. Just step over here till I get a look at you."

Elissa walked over to the door and stood beside him. He slipped an arm about her tightly. Somehow, though she liked Rod Barlow, she shuddered. "That's a sweetheart!" he said. "I guess you 'n me will get on fine—You——!"

The gun spat a crimson streak into the gloom. Elissa screamed and fought away from the arm that was like a steel band around her. She got clear just as Roger Bayard's sudden spring brought him on top of the intruder. She heard grunts and oaths, the crack of hard knuckles against solid flesh. Then Roger's voice, very smooth and easy, saying, "Now, laddie," then a crack like the echo of the shot and a form flying across the glimmering blur of the door, crashing into chairs and tables and fetching up with a ghastly thud against the wall.

"Get a light, Elissa." Bayard's voice was hard and crisp.

"You—you've half-killed him, and it's only Rod Barlow dressed up tough and the gun only had blanks."

"So! It must have been a splinter nicked my hand then."

"You didn't——" Elissa was paralysed with sudden dread. Come to think of it, even Rod couldn't disguise his voice like that or act like that——

Roger struck a match and carried it over to the recumbent figure. Elissa, trembling, followed him. They knelt on either side of the man. The handkerchief had got lost in the scuffle. The face they saw was stubbled and scarred and hard.

"I don't like your friends, Elissa," said the poet.

"That's not Rod! Why—why he might have killed you, Roger. What a mess I got you into. He was going to shoot you."

"Such," said Bayard, "were his intentions. However, he has a cracked jaw for his pains and if you'll find me something to tie him up with I'll do it and we'll take him for a ride in the dickey with the lid locked down. I have an idea, sprung from a good likeness seen in various papers, that this is the man they want for that murder in Birmingham——"

AFTER some rummaging Elissa managed to lay her hands on some stout string and a picnic case strap. Roger did up the captive with elaborate carefulness. He arose from the task, dusted his hands and turned to her, standing silently by him in the dim light of the candles.

"Now, Elissa, if you please, your story."

"I—don't look at me like that, Roger, please. I've been a little beast and I'm sorry. It all came from Mrs. Pitman-Palmer bringing you to Malverton on the same night as my sister had booked the theatre for a show. Eve stood to lose a lot of money, all her money, for everyone was going to your recital."

"So you kidnapped the poet." His voice was flat. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets. "And your friend—Rod, is it?—was to come here, hold us up and take the car and—very, very clever, Elissa. I must say I admire you. It was beautifully conceived and consummately acted."

Elissa's mouth trembled. She turned away. He could barely hear her say, "It wasn't—wasn't all acting."

Then he caught her in his arms and made her face him. "Which part was real, Elissa?"

"This part." She put her arms about his neck and kissed him. "It was the realest of the real. I mean it. I would have told you the truth anyway after—after you kissed me. Eve will just have to lose. If we hurry we can be in Malverton in good time for your recital."

For answer he drew her down on a bench beside him and touched her hair and her eyes and pressed his cheek against hers.

"No hurry, Elissa. And no need to worry about Eve's show. You see, I wired Malverton this morning that I couldn't appear until to-morrow night on account of a beastly sore throat. Your friend Rod, of course, would know it. That's probably why he's not here. It's too bad I didn't mention it on the train."

"Yes," murmured Elissa, snuggling close to him, "isn't it?"

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A. W. ROSS, Height Specialist (P.O. Box 15) Scarborough, England.

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SIMPLICITY is its CHARM

This Adorable Spring Suit with Matching Hat .... and it's another Bertha Maxwell Creation!

Exclusive Hand-cut Patterns are Ready; also the Specially Designed Transfer for Swift, Decorative Stitchery . . .

COATS and skirts will be the most popular items in our wardrobes during spring and summer. All the newest fashion designs which are arriving from overseas show coats of every kind, mostly simple in cut and loosely hanging, shapes which are ideal for the home dressmaker.

A LITTLE coat is so handy and so chic that you are sure to want at least one of these outfits to wear as soon as the weather is warmer.

This is the right time to begin to make it, for the winter is well behind us. Then you must have a hat of the same material—they are all the rage, and the easiest things imaginable to make.

Linen is everywhere, it is easy to sew, and here is the pattern you need—its simplicity is its charm; then everyone will be wearing a hat made from the same material as the suit, and it is so easy to make from this little pattern, and so sweet to wear. . . .

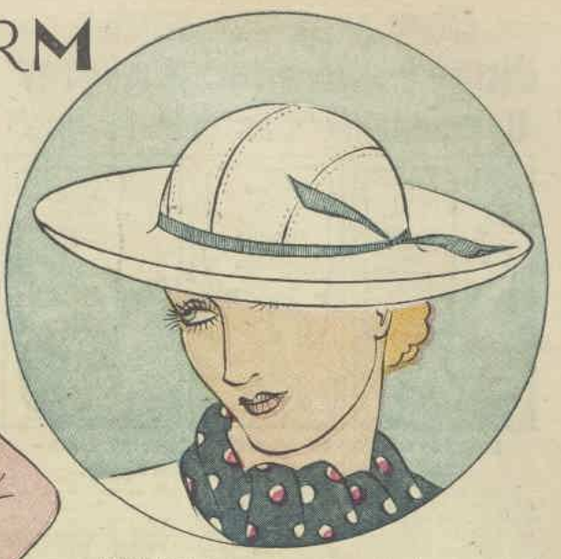
And last, but not least, there is this perfect cross-stitch transfer which will enable you to put that inimitable touch of wealth into your wardrobe, for it is handwork which makes good clothes so costly. The transfer is not just taken at random from stock; it has been designed specially for this coat, every measurement, turn, and twist being thought out for the girl who will use it for this purpose.

Here are prices of patterns and transfer—the carefully-designed patterns are hand-cut for you by The Australian Women's Weekly staff of expert cutters.

Exclusive patterns of two-piece suit, sizes 32, 34, and 36 inches, and matching hat, price 2/6.

Patterns only of coat and skirt, 1/6; hat, 1/-.

Exclusive cross-stitch transfer (as illustrated), measuring 10 x 30 inches, price 1/-.



WITH THE shop windows ablaze with the most fascinating spring goods, and yards and yards of delightful materials on the tables within, the home dressmaker feels the urge to be up and about with her spring wardrobe. So Bertha Maxwell features this week a perfectly simple, yet very attractive, linen suit and hat, with transfer of cross-stitch to trim it with. Hand-cut patterns of suit and hat cost 2/6; Transfer, 1/-.
And Note: Gerda, our knitting expert, has designed the ideal little jumper to accompany this suit. See directions for making elsewhere in this issue.

and sew to petersham, fasten with hooks and eyes. Turn hem at lower edge.

THE COAT: Stitch shoulder edges of each sleeve to the front and back, notches matching. Join sleeve and side seams; join front facings (which should be cut from four inches at lower edge, shaping out a little wider at shoulder). Turn up hem at lower edge. Join sleeve facing to form a circle; sew to base of sleeve with right sides meeting. Stitch within lower edge. Turn the facing over to the wrong side, turn in and catch-stitch the remaining edge in position.

Machine both ends of collar on wrong side; turn inside out. Press with right side of collar facing right side of rever, machine inside edge of collar across rever, back of neck to other side, press flat; turn remaining edge over and stitch in position.

Always allow for seams and turnings.

To Make the Hat

IF you decide to make the hat and not the suit, you will need one yard of 36-inch linen, one yard of stiffened muslin, and three-quarters of a yard of matching petersham ribbon.

To fit 22-inch head.

There are three pattern pieces, centre and side of crown, and brim. Half-inch turnings are allowed.

TO CUT OUT: Place pattern of brim on double material, and centre and side of crown directly on the cross of a single fold of material, cutting the side piece twice. Cut the brim in stiffened muslin.

Tack and stitch side sections of crown to centre strip, turn inside out, and press; run a line of machine-stitching an eighth of an inch from either seam on both sides; turn the edge up round head for about half an inch and catch-stitch down.

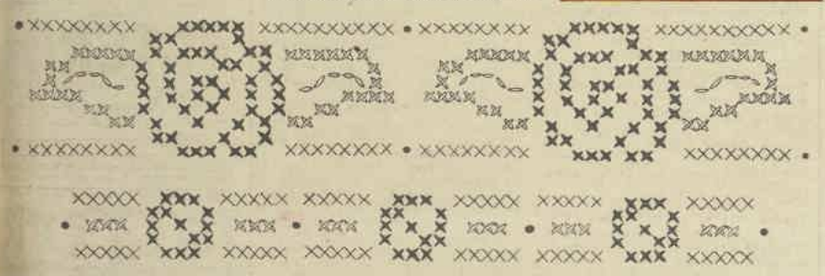
Place the material brims on top of the muslin and stitch within a quarter of an inch from outside edge, turn inside out and join back-seam neatly.

Press and tack round head-edge one inch in; snip round head-edge at intervals of about half an inch deep; slip crown over head-edge of brim, and sew together. Finish with a narrow band and bow of material. Slip-stitch petersham inside head-edge to neaten. Turn brim up evenly all round.

THERE are two or three small points to remember when making these little fabric hats, and once you have tried your hand on the work you are sure to go on making more and more hats. The brim must be interlined with a slightly stiff material, such as organdie or book muslin, or even buckram if you want it to be very firm and trim; the crown, also, should be interlined with muslin.

Then, when you are cutting out the hat pieces, see that they are all laid on the material in the same direction, so that the pieces have the same grain or weaving of the stuff running in the one way; this saves the bulges and humps which would be quite ruinous if you tried to put oddly-grained pieces together. And then, this most important of all points, press every seam as you sew it; do not run up the hat and hope to press it all at once—it is almost impossible to do that. Press as you go. If you do not possess a hat-block (who does?), cover a bottle or small basin with the ironing-cloth and press the curved seams over that.

Try the crown on before joining the brim, and let out, or take up with a small dart at the back. Finish neatly inside, and tie round the crown a ribbon or strip of stitched linen.



HERE YOU SEE portion of Bertha Maxwell's new and exclusive cross-stitch transfer. The transfer measures 10 x 30 inches, and gives 1¼ yards of 2-inch border and one yard of 1-inch border for decorating her spring suit. This design may be cut up into sections for bags, table linen, cushions, aprons, frocks, or children's clothes. Price, 1/-.

How to Make the Suit

FOR the suit and hat you will need 5 yards of 36-inch linen. The coat is raglan with loose sleeves, revers, and collar; the skirt quite plain, with slight shaping at the hem, the most satisfactory for linen, I think, as pleats get so crushed and need constant pressing.

There are seven pattern pieces for the suit: Half back and front of skirt; half back and front of coat; sleeve; sleeve-facing, and collar.

TO CUT OUT: Use material folded with selvedges together for all pieces except front, sleeve, and sleeve and front facings. For these open material and set two full widths together with right sides facing.

TO MAKE SKIRT: Stitch side-seams, leaving top of left seam open a few inches for placket; face front edge and neaten back edge. Sew press-studs neatly to fasten. Stitch back darts, press seams well. Take a length of petersham to fit waist, turn in top edge

The Transfer

THIS gives 1¼ yards of two-inch banding for the coat hem, and one yard of one-inch banding for the collar and cuffs. The two different widths give good balance to the different parts of the coat, as well as saving unnecessary work.

Around the bottom of the coat and on the cuffs the cross-stitching should be done before the hems are turned, unless the stitching is being done well above the hems; it is not good work to stitch through the hems after they are sewn up.

They can be slip-stitched into some of the embroidery stitches, so then nothing of their fastening is visible on the outside. The flat setting and invisibility of hems is a very important note in well-made clothing, and so easy to manage by hand if a warm iron is used to set them in place before sewing.

The cross-stitching on the straight collar should be done on the upper half of the collar before it is joined together; or if you are making the collar in one piece to be turned double, crease and mark it carefully so that everything is in its correct place when the stitching is finished. It is bad work to cross-stitch the collar after it is made up, for the reverse side of the stitching is sure to show sometimes.

The Stitching

THE design shows a conventional rose with a leaf at each side, and connecting lines of stitches. It may be worked in one color, or in two, or even three, these variations being shown in the differently-shaded stitches in the drawing.

Keep this by you when working, for it is not possible to show these differences on the transfer.

In the narrow border the leaves have been replaced by sets of three stitches, which should be colored like the leaves in the wide border.

There is only one important thing to remember in cross-stitch, and that is, to keep the stitches always crossed in the same direction; point the under-stitch always in the one direction, and then the top-stitch which forms each cross will be sure to point the other way. Use a firm thread, such as coton a broder, linen floss, or stranded cotton full strength of six strands, with a large needle.

Chic Color Schemes

AS regards color schemes, I think the pastel linens are best for these suits, providing the right background for the cross-stitch design, which shows to better advantage when worked in deeper-toned thread. The cross-stitch could be in one, two, or three different colors, or tones of one color. For vivid coloring I would choose jade, black, and scarlet on a white background, or scarlet and schooner-blue.

FLU

Freedom From Wretched After Effects

Don't think FLU has finished with you when the heavy stuffy, feverish feeling leaves you. Its after - effects often show themselves in serious affections of the heart or in a general run-down and depressed condition. That is why you should take a good tonic — BIDOMAK.

Bidomak increases the supply of red and white corpuscles in the blood. It restores the body and nerve tissues which have been depleted of vital substances by illness, overwork, or worry.

BIDOMAK contains no narcotics, alcohol, or dangerous drugs. It is quite safe for even the tiniest children, who take it readily because it tastes good.

A big 13oz. bottle costs only 3/- at any chemist, or direct from the Douglas Drug Co., Australia House, 52 Carrington St., S. C. Pank, Manager.

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Bidomak

BRAIN-BODY AND NERVE BUILDER

GOOD FOR CONVALESCENTS
AIDS DIGESTION
APPETITE IMPROVER
TONES UP THE WHOLE SYSTEM
Being Phosphated, it is good for the Brain

DIRECTIONS
ADULTS
Dose—One dessertspoonful to a tablespoonful with equal quantity of water half hour before or after each meal.
CHILDREN
Dose (over five years)—One teaspoonful with equal quantity of water half hour before or after each meal.
Under five years—Half teaspoonful before or after each meal.

Prepared in the Laboratory of the DOUGLAS DRUG COMPANY ADELAIDE

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3/-

7 Walsh Chambers, Hay Street, PERTH.

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How you can make dingy teeth shades whiter
By Removing "Bacteria-Plaque"

KOLYNOS METHOD OF CLEANSING REMOVES STAIN—
Makes Teeth Whiter Than You Believed Possible.

Now all of you who have dull, stained, dingy-looking teeth can make them sparkling white and healthy by following this quick, simple, easy practice.

It is the scientific way to give your teeth new clearness, new lustre, new attractive whiteness impossible to obtain by ordinary methods.

To many of you the results will be surprising — especially to those who wrongly think that dull, stained, off-colour teeth are natural.

To-morrow morning brush your teeth with just a half-inch of Kolynos on a DRY brush. Use no water on your tooth brush. Then look in your mirror. See for yourself what it does. In a few brushings stain disappears and in just three days your teeth look whiter—shades whiter.

You will find Kolynos is different from any tooth paste or powder you have ever used. It contains the finest cleansing and whitening properties plus another ingredient which Dental Authorities agree should be added to remove the "bacteria-plaque" which makes teeth so dingy and yellow looking.

In this way Kolynos removes ugly stain and whitens and brightens teeth—without the use of harsh or gritty abrasives.

If you want to get rid of stain and dullness, and want sparkling white teeth, give up ordinary ways of brushing and start using Kolynos. Try it for just three days and see what a remarkable improvement is made in the appearance of your teeth. You'll say it's wonderful!

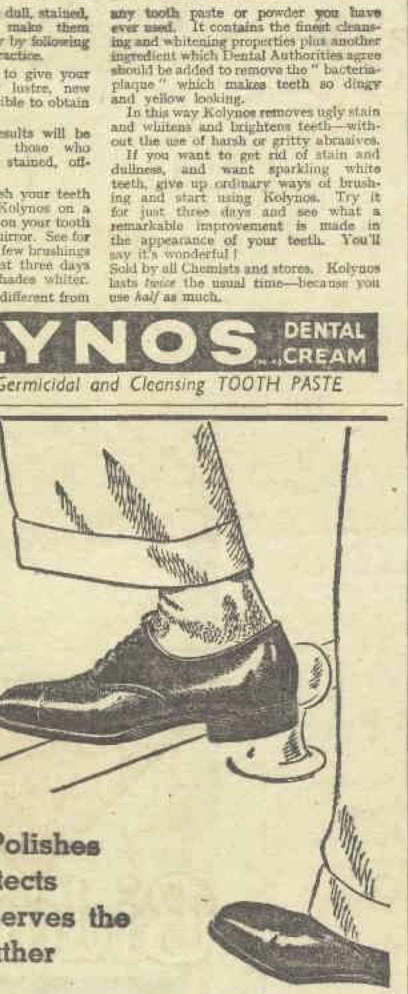
Sold by all Chemists and stores. Kolynos lasts *twice* the usual time—because you use *half* as much.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE

There may be a doubt about his choice in drinks, but one glance at his shoes shows there is no doubt about his choice in shoe polish . . .

A Kiwi shine for him!



Kiwi Polishes Protects and Preserves the Leather

KIWI

BLACK POLISH The Quality Boot Polish TAN POLISH

TAN—*All Shades* White Cleaner *and Cream*

M1776M

SYLVIA *is* FREED

Continued from Page 6

THAT dinner was the queerest meal I have ever sat at. It was a delicious meal, its lovely dishes, in sequences of fours as a well-regulated Chinese meal must be, were served sumptuously amid lovely surroundings. And Cheleeman was a suave and delightful host. The queerness of the meal came from us Europeans—if one can count Guttie a European, since he had the taints of half a dozen bloods, Oriental and otherwise, in him.

And I suppose the greatest dash of queerness came from Guttie. Old Pyne, for all his gambler ways, had breeding, and was as polished and urbane as Cheleeman, even in the face of his enemy. Sylvia was her father's daughter. She was reserved, but her quick beauty and charm of manner carried things off gallantly. I sat mainly quiet, an interested spectator—but Guttie. Guttie was uneasy. He was alternately suspicious and fearful, bold and blustering.

He tried to bully Cheleeman when he saw who his fellow-guests were. He wanted to know if this was a trap, if this was a conference to try and get round him, the rich and terrible Guttie. If so, Cheleeman was wasting his dinner. He knew exactly where he held the whip handle, and he wasn't letting go.

Cheleeman talked of Chinese prints. Exquisitely, smoothly, with all the subtlety of his race, he left Guttie in the air. Guttie tried again and again to get back to the topic; the bland, easy power of Cheleeman always headed him off. It was when he realised the mastery of this apparently smooth and simple mandarin of the Yellow Girdle that he began to get anxious. His gross and flabby face began to suffer heavily from perspiration. He looked frequently at the boys who hovered about serving the meal, noting how muscular they all were. He took to staring at the imperturbable Cheleeman with a touch of awe in his anxiety.

HE had, up to this, considered the mandarin a mere Chink, someone a fellow of his astute brains could easily trick. He had come to the meal because even a man of his financial force had to keep in the good graces of the clan of the Yellow Girdle, however much he felt contempt for the easy-going local head. Now he began to have doubts about Cheleeman's easiness. The smooth way that the polished young Chinese had him baffled at every turn taught him that there was steel under the silk of his manner.

When we withdrew to the lovely little room in which Cheleeman's desk stood, his quaking flesh was aware of danger, though his evil, grasping will was still resolute.

"Perhaps this is a better place to talk business, Mr. Guttie," Cheleeman sighed, after a servant had set sweetmeats, pipes, cigarettes, and liqueurs before each of us.

"Business?" snarled Guttie. "Who said I wanted to talk business?"

"Surely yourself," smiled Cheleeman. "You have mentioned it often enough during the evening."

Guttie glared round at us all. "All right then, but we won't have any darned flowery Chinese diplomacy about this. I just want to know what sort of trap you think you've got me into."

"Shall we call it a trap for your warm heart?" said Cheleeman, smiling.

"My warm Hell!" sneered Guttie. "I'm not even trying to understand what you're driving at."

"It is simple," said Cheleeman calmly. "We all meet here—friends. One of us is under certain obligations to you. Might it not be possible to discuss that obligation in a kindly spirit and find some way——"

"Have it without frills," snapped Guttie. "The little thing you call an obligation is a ten thousand dollar debt owed to me. I can't see any sort of kindly discussion that is going to alter the full force of that."

"Even when one takes into consideration the way the debt arose?"

"You mean it is a gambling debt?" sneered Guttie. "Well, losses at cards have to be honored as well as others."

"Even when these cards were, shall we say, too expertly manipulated?"

"You accusing me of cheating?" snarled Guttie, rising. "It's a lie; you have no proof——"

"And the mere saying of that is proof enough," smiled Cheleeman. "And as for not having proof——"

"I've had enough of this," said Guttie truculently. "Tell your boy to call my car. I'm going."

"So," smiled Cheleeman, but he did not move, and, as Guttie did, two very large Chinamen came through the one door of the room, slid the heavy teak panel which closed it across the opening, turned the key, and then stood as motionless as statues before it, barring the way.

GUTTIE'S flabby face went sallow, but he said brazenly:

"That's the game, is it? Well, I didn't come unprepared."

He reached his hand slowly hipwards, produced a large automatic pistol, and with a wolfish grin pointed it at the bland Chinaman's head. Sylvia gasped, I prepared to spring—Cheleeman sat and smiled.

"You will open that door," snarled Guttie. Cheleeman continued to smile. "I will count ten——"

"Why always ten?" said Cheleeman. "It lacks imagination. Why not seven or five or three—or one——"

Guttie gasped, started, stared at the pistol—pulled the trigger.

"You dog!" he snarled. He had reason. No explosions came.

"When dealing with honorable gentlemen of your kind, the wise take precautions," Cheleeman said, quite pleasantly.

"But this pistol has been in my pocket all evening——"

"I never rob a guest in my house. But—you had a new barber this evening at yours."

Guttie gave vent to a little snarling cry that voiced his fear of Cheleeman and the power behind him. He hunched his bull-body as though to charge. I rose, fists ready. Cheleeman, still smiling, put out that strong arm of his and held me to my seat. And Guttie did not charge. Two big Chinese moved from the recesses of the room—one never knows where the Orient has secret doors—and stood beside the big blackguard. They only held, each, a wrist, but Guttie, panting and writhing, could not tear himself free.

"Well!" he gasped. "Well, what's the game, hey? What do you think you are going to get out of this, hey?"

"We will go back to our discussion of this debt——"

"We won't!" Guttie raged. "Understand, you may have trapped me, you may kill me—but that debt is going to be paid, to the last farthing."

"Nothing will alter that?"

"One thing," he jeered. "The girl knows what it is."

Sylvia hid her face in her hands.

I snapped, "You cur, stop that!"

"Apart from that," said Cheleeman smoothly, "it is to be you alone who decides on the payment?"

"And I decide that the payment will be in full. Ten thousand dollars to the last dollar."

"And cent?" smiled the Chinese.

"Aye, to the last copper cash," snarled Guttie. "You get me?"

"Perfectly. But even you might be satisfied with part payment."

Please turn to Page 49

FAT is no joke!

Fat women are the victims of so-called humorists. But fat is serious. It not only ruins appearance and causes discomfort and restricted movement, but it threatens the heart, affects digestion, breathing and nerves; often brings on rheumatism, and may entirely wreck the health.

NOW—Eat Hearty Meals—*YET TAKE OFF 1 lb. A DAY!—*

Lose Inches from Waist, Bust, Hips. Enjola Slims Safely, Easily

Don't miss all the fun! Don't wear uncomfortable, bulky corsets, ugly clothes. Reduce, as others have, this safe, effective way. Enjola reduces FAST and proportionately — without thyroid, without dangerous drugs, exercises, menus or change of habit. No starving! No trouble! Enjola turns the Fat into ENERGY! You control it. When back to normal, just stop taking, and reduction stops. But the fat has gone for good! No matter your age—get back those trim, slim, attractive lines with Enjola! Try it! A bottle costs 6/6 at any good Chemist's, or will be supplied by post on receipt of cost with 9d. a bottle added towards postage. Address: Enjola Co., Suite 1121, 46, Carrington-st., Sydney.

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New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Eczema without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up! Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive, it never fails!

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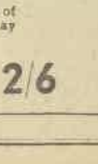
to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burnt in substance off aluminium. Use Steelo... it polishes also. A 6d. packet contains pads and special soap—enough for 5 weeks

STEELO



Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

Every Sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

★ **Firstly**, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

¶ **Secondly**, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

§ **Thirdly**, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. Flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

¶ **Secondly**, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and while protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

§ **Thirdly** another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of DE WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

Be sure you ask for, and see that you obtain the genuine product— **DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER** *Sold by all Chemists, in Large Sky-blue Canister* **2/6**

"GERDA" DESIGNS . . .

a Witching Lightweight Jumper

To Wear with Your Smart Spring Suit

BERTHA MAXWELL and "Gerda" (our knitting expert) have collaborated this week for your benefit. The result is both enchanting and practical . . . Bertha Maxwell presents on her colorful page a smart, two-piece spring suit (with matching hat), and here you have the sweetest of jumpers to wear with it. Knitted in 2-ply wool, it is light yet will give you just that extra amount of warmth necessary in the spring weather.

YOU'LL note that a motif from the enchanting cross-stitch transfer used for decorating the suit is repeated on the front of jumper, just below the yoke.

This motif can be worked in a contrasting shade to the jumper, but if the jumper is to be worn with the suit, embroider it with the same thread as that used for the suit.

Materials: 5 skeins of white 2-ply wool, pair of No. 13 steel needles, pair of No. 9 bone needles.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 19½ inches; bust, 34 inches; sleeve seam, 5 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; st.-st., stocking-stitch.

Tension: 8 sts. and 9 rows to 1 inch.

The Front

USING No. 13 needles cast on 124 sts. K. into the back of cast-on sts. then work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and st.-st. and work for 10 inches more; shape armholes; cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row 3 times (a decrease of 18 sts. altogether). Now start yoke pattern.

Row 1: K. 4, * p. 2, k. 4, repeat from * to end of row.

Row 2: P. 4, * k. 2, p. 4, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat these 2 rows throughout yoke. Work until armholes measure 5 inches ending on wrong side, then work 35 sts. in pattern and leave on a spare needle, cast off next 36 sts. for neck, k. in pattern to end. Work on these sts. until armhole measures 6½ inches, then shape shoulder by casting off 9 sts. 3 times and 8 sts. once at armhole edge. Return to sts. on spare needle and work other side to correspond.

The Back

MAKE the same as for front up to yoke. Work yoke for 6½ inches, then shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows, then 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts. for back of neck.

The Sleeves (both alike)

WITH steel needles cast on 90 sts. K. into the back of cast-on sts., then rib k. 1, p. 1 for 1 inch. Change to st.-st. and No. 9 needles and knit for 4 inches more, increasing 1 st. at each end of the needle every 6 rows. Shape top by k. 2 tog. at beginning and end of every row for 2½ inches longer, then cast off remaining sts.

Press work on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, join shoulder seams. With a No. 13 needle pick up all sts. across front neck, knit one row knitting twice into every 2nd st., then rib k. 1, p. 1, decreasing 1 st. at each end of the needle every alternate row for 1 inch. Cast off. Repeat for back of neck, then each side.

Join the corners neatly and press; join underarm and sleeve seams; sew in sleeves, press seams.

Embroidering Motif

TO work the motif find centre-front of jumper below yoke and mark with a pin. Mark centre of motif on transfer. Thread a needle with colored thread or wool, and, taking a knitted stitch to represent a cross-stitch on the transfer, work the design, counting the stitches across and down; in this way you will be able to keep the design perfectly even.

Get Ready!

Knitted and crocheted accessories will play an important part in the new season.

GLOVES, either knitted or crocheted, in Mercer cotton or linen thread, are ideal for summer. They wash and wear well, and are certainly not difficult to make. Nowadays you can wear them in pastel colors to match your frock or suit. Use linen thread for the openwork crochet gloves, and the thicker cotton for the knitted gloves.

Have you ever made a pair of gloves in moss-stitch? Try them. The result is fascinating!

On a plain black frock, wear a Peter Pan collar with a lacy bow in dead-white linen thread; add cuffs and you will achieve a decided French air.

DON'T YOU LIKE IT? Light, smart, and yet it offers warm protection against any undue dropping of the thermometer on fresh, invigorating days of spring. Bertha Maxwell, who designed the chic and colorful linen suit presented on her page this week, considers this jumper the ideal type of garment to accompany her spring outfit . . . and you'll find it the easiest little affair to knit!

LOVELY LIPS

Men say so!

Men *are* attracted by lips that have the natural color of radiant health—but painted lips are repulsive. Don't you risk that painted look! Simply use Tangee—it isn't paint! This unusual lipstick contains a color-change principle which enables it to intensify your natural color. Permanent! Its cream base soothes and softens.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade.

Tangee Cosmetic beautifies eyelashes and eyebrows. Waterproof.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, and ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Sole Distributors for Australia: R. G. Turnley and Son, Melbourne.

Ribbon & Lace

Give Pretty Finish

. . . to this quickly-knitted vest . . . Work it in 3-ply pastel-pink, blue, or water-green wool.

THIS simple and easy-to-knit vest can be daintily finished off with a narrow edging of lace round the top as well as the crochet edge. A neat embroidery motif could be worked in the centre in pastel silks.

Materials: 4 skeins of pale pink 3-ply wool, pair of No. 10 bone needles, medium steel crochet hook, ribbon for straps.

Measurements: Top to lower edge 26 inches, round bust 31 inches unstretched.

Abbreviations: d.c., double crochet; ch., chain.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE.

START at lower edge and cast on 112 sts. Knit into the back of cast-on sts. (not tightly) and rib k. 2, p. 2, for 2 inches, change to stocking-stitch and knit until work measures 26 inches, cast off.

TO MAKE-UP.

PRESS work on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, join side seams, and work the following edge along top, 1 d.c. into a stitch, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, miss about 1-inch space along top of vest 1 d.c., repeat from * all round, join, fasten off.

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BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

THE defenders of Amaru are hard pressed by invading Yaca Indians under Inca Hasta and the white aviator, Gable Zane. Beautiful June Salisbury escapes from the latter, disguised as a warrior, and reaches Bradford, who leaves her in safe hands while, with Manco, ruler of Amaru, he sets off to capture Zane's plane. They succeed in taking off, Yaca guards clinging to the machine. Read on.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—

Here is a good experiment to try at home. Just fill three bowls with water—one with cold, one with tepid, and one with hot water. Now place these three bowls in a row, those containing the hot and cold water at the ends. Put a hand into each of these two bowls, and keep them there for a few minutes. Then put both hands into the middle or tepid bowl.

Introducing RUTH MULLENS, of Darling Point. —Falk.

Now you figure out the temperature of the water. You will find that, to the hand that has been in the hot water, the tepid water will seem very cold, while to the hand that has been in the cold water it will appear very hot!

The prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to REG. TINDALL, 55 Horatio St., Mudgee, N.S.W.

Good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

Silhouettes

Tack a large sheet of white paper on a wall, then place a big lamp on a table nearby, and ask a friend to stand between the lamp and the wall, with his shadow cast on the paper. Take a pencil, and outline the shadow, then blacken it in with crayon. You will then have a fine silhouette of your friend.

Prize Card to J. LAMB, 46 Rochester St., Homebush (N.S.W.).

Book Titles

"Gray's Hollow,"
"Rainbow Valley."

DEAR "Pollyanna,"

I saw your sister with "The Adopted Family" yesterday, and wondered where "Emily of New Moon" was. This morning I met "Brenda and the Babes" coming from "Laughing Waters", and they told me "Little Mother Meg" was going "From Billabong to London" past "Haunted Island" next week, and hoped "The Guardians of Tony" would look after "Helen's Babies" while she was away.

I wondered if you and "Jane Eyre" would stay with me over the week-end so that we could visit "Kilmeny of the Orchard" and "The Story Girl," and later "Lady Billie" and her son, "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Hoping you will spend the week-end with me.

I remain,
Yours Sincerely,
"Lorna Doone."

Two Prize Cards to GWEN TYLER, Eyre St., Buninyong, Vic.

Golden Wattle

By MICHAEL SEARBY

THE wattle trees are a mass of bloom,
And the air is heavy with sweet perfume;
And, borne on the wings of the gentle breeze,
Is the sound of the birds in the wattle trees.

'Tis dawn, and the golden sun shines through
The wattle trees, to the sparkling dew,
And the nectar sweet for the busy bees
That hum to and fro in the wattle trees.

The grass is crowned with a mantle gold,
And the stark tree stands in the wind and cold;
And gone, like the breath of the fragrant breeze,
Is the golden glow of the wattle trees.

Prize of 5/- to MICHAEL SEARBY, Jesmond Dene, Livingstone Avenue, Pymble, N.S.W.

FUN FOR ALL

Teacher: Why should we always be kind and give to our neighbors?

Johnny: Because some day they may have the luck to win a State Lottery.

Prize Card to WILFRED LAWRENCE, Gundy, N.S.W.

First Boy: My father is a fine artist. With one stroke he can turn a laughing face into a sorrowful one.

Second Boy: So can mine, but he uses a stick.

Prize Card to MURIEL MATHIESEN, Glen-Oak, Nikenbah, via Maryborough, Qld.

Father: How are you getting on at school, John?

John: Fine, Dad. Even the teacher says she can teach me nothing.

Prize Card to BETTY PHILLIPS, 107 James St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Johnny to Aunt: I've been working like a Zulu to-night.

Aunt (looking alarmed): How's that?

Johnny: Well, I've been drawing a rickshaw.

Prize Card to KEITH BOURKE, 36 Elizabeth St., South Yarra (Vic.).

The excited steward approached the captain nervously, but as he was flurried and addicted to stuttering could scarcely speak.

"P-p-p-please, sir," he began, "P-p-p-p——"

"Go away, man, and come back to me in half an hour, when you will be quieter," said the captain kindly.

As he was bidden, the man again came to the captain and vainly attempted several times to speak.

"For goodness' sake, man, sing it!" commanded the captain, whose patience was beginning to wane.

The steward did so, and this is what he sang:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' ne'er brought to mind,
The cook has fallen overboard,
And is fifteen miles behind."

Prize Card to SHEILA CHISHOLM, 23 Lancaster Rd., Rose Bay Heights, N.S.W.

Mick found Pat pulling a roller over the potato patch. Mick asked him what was he doing. Pat said:

"Saving work in the kitchen. I'm growing mashed potatoes."

Prize Card to ERIC HEYMES, Station House, Jericho (Qld.).

Just Chatter

INTRODUCING Ransom Murphy, of Hughenden, Qld.

ETHEL NANCE, of Winkie, River Murray (S.A.), does nice sketches; RUTH HURRY, of Leura (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter; VERA STEHN, of Oakey (Qld), lives on a farm of sixteen hundred acres.

FRANK HOWARD, of Lewisham (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal and can certainly deliver his own entries if he wishes; JEAN ROBINSON, of Ulan, via Mudgee, would like to correspond with a girl Pal about 14 years of age, living in Tasmania or any other State outside N.S.W.

JIMMIE CONNELLY, of Rockhampton (Qld.), celebrated his 14th birthday last week; GWEN BOWMAN, of Barmedman, is welcomed as a new Pal; DORIS MUDGE, of Tallwood, via Millthorpe, writes a very interesting letter.

EDWIN CHERRY, of Warner's Bay, via Newcastle (N.S.W.), always reads our happy section; MARGARET JEFFERIES, of Indooroopilly (Qld.), writes clever verse; NOREEN NEWELL, of Goolwa (S.A.), has six pet lambs.

EILEEN MORAN, of South Broken Hill (N.S.W.), has two kittens, "Smut" and "Smoky"; BETTY CREAN, of Wellington (N.S.W.), is studying quite a lot lately; GRAHAM INSON, of Cootamundra (N.S.W.), does nice sketches.

MARJORIE HAMILTON, of Cudgewa, is ten years of age, and is in 6th class at school; MARGERIE SMITH, of Tabulam, writes a delightful letter; JACK FOSTER, of Bendigo (Vic.), has a new dog called "Dingle."

ENID ROLES, of Oxley (Qld.), lives three miles from the Archerfield Aerodrome; JANET FROST, of Wyoming, via Mt. George, is fond of writing verse; BRUCE COOK, of Sutherland (N.S.W.), likes collecting stamps; MARGARET COLLIER, of Buxton, has been in Australia six years; DON ABBOTT, of Melbourne (Vic.), has a dog and a cat for his pets.

Painting Competition (July 30)

Prize of 5/- for the best painting goes to MICHAEL SPIES, 5 Campbell Street, Paddington, N.S.W.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By CONNIE MARSHALL.

"DID you see in the paper, Wunderlust, where Mrs. Adams lost her prize Scotch terrier dog?" asked Fred, as Wunderlust was preparing to have his breakfast.

"No," said Wunderlust. "When was that in the paper?"

"Yesterday, I think," went on Fred. "It was in that part called Lost and Found."

"I think that dog has been lost before," said Wunderlust, now pouring out his coffee. "Some time last year, I know she lost one dog, and I have an idea it was the Scotchy. She offered a £10 reward, and that Mr. James, who lives in La Court Road, found the dog and got the reward."

"Mr. James!" said Fred in surprise.

"Yes, Mr. James," repeated Wunderlust, "why, what is so amazing about that?"

"Last night," went on Fred, "as I was coming home from the pictures, I heard a dog whimpering in his place. He had his hall light on, and I could see the outline of a Scotch terrier against the big glass doors. I wonder if it could be Mrs. Adams' little dog?"

"I wouldn't be the least bit surprised," said Wunderlust, "that Mr. James is a nasty creature, and I suppose he wants another reward. Did Mrs. Adams offer a reward for the return of the Scotchy?"

"Yes; £5," said Fred. "I know that for a fact, for when I read it I thought if only I could find that dog, I could buy a new bicycle."

Wunderlust smiled. "It is about time you got a new one. Now, Fred, all you have to do is to find out whether the dog Mr. James has is Mrs. Adams' dog."

"Mrs. Adams' dog answers to the name of 'Muster,' so I'll go past Mr. James' place now and cry it out," said Fred decisively.

"Good idea, Fred," said Wunderlust, "only don't yell it out too loudly, or Mr. James will get suspicious."

"I won't do that," smiled Fred, "just leave it to me. I'll go off now, for he mightn't be up yet."

AWAY went Fred, and within half-an-hour returned with a black bundle of fluff in his arms.

"Good work, or should I say fast work," said Wunderlust, looking over his glasses. "I do hope you didn't go and snatch Mr. James' dog up, for you can never tell, he may have bought himself a Scotch terrier."

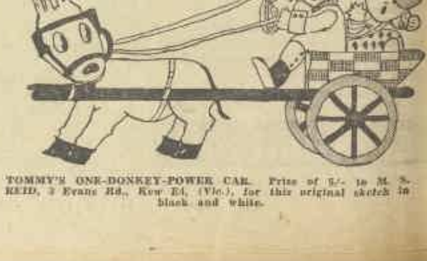
"No," answered Fred quickly, "I didn't even go near Mr. James' house. I found this little fellow wandering down the street. I just called 'Muster,' and he came running towards me as fast as his little legs would carry him."

Fred then took the dog to Mrs. Adams, who was only too pleased to give him the £5 reward.

That night, Fred and Wunderlust went their nightly walk, and on their way passed Mr. James' home. They didn't see any signs of a dog, so apparently "Muster" had managed to get away from him that morning, just before Fred found him.

Anyway, Mr. James got around with a nastier look on his face than usual for the next week, and Wunderlust and Fred are quite sure that he did take the dog just to get the reward, and was very annoyed because the dog had got away from him.

Fred got his new bicycle, and it certainly is a lovely one!



TOMMY'S ONE-DONKEY-POWER CAR. Prize of 5/- to M. S. REID, 3 Evans Rd., Kew E4, (Vic.), for this original sketch in black and white.

SYLVIA *is* FREED

Continued from Page 46

I WAS wondering why Cheleeman should so harp on that point. It was as though he were manoeuvring Guttle to say something. When Guttle burst out, "When I'm satisfied, I'll let you know all right." I saw that he had achieved his mysterious end, for he smiled his bland smile on us and said. "You heard that. He will tell us when he is satisfied in the matter of payment."

"What's behind that?" asked Guttle suspiciously.

"Why, nothing, my friend. Merely that on those terms we are ready to begin paying now."

Guttle was no less startled than the rest of us. Sylvia looked up with a quick light of hope in her lovely eyes. Old Pyne stirred in a sort of uncomfortable surprise. I was rigid with astonishment. As for Guttle, he just gaped and growled: "You're going to pay me—now?"

"In this very room."

"The whole of the ten thousand dollars?"

"In your own words, every copper cash of it—or as much as you care to take," smiled Cheleeman.

Old Pyne, being what he was, protested at another shouldering his burden. So did Sylvia. Guttle, with a cowering face, snarled:

"Where's the trick in it?"

"Why trick?" beamed the Chinese. "I mean all I say. The ten thousand dollars will be yours if you take it. Go to that desk. You will see that I have already prepared a receipt for you. All it needs is your signature—when you are satisfied."

Guttle went to the dragon desk. He stared down at a sheet of paper there. He started:

"My own letter paper?"

"And the typing was done with your own typewriter; note the defective 'e,' you see. I wished to make it absolutely in form, as it is, even down to the receipt stamp."

Guttle, still staring at the paper, snarled: "It doesn't name the sum?"

"No, it is just a final discharge of Mr. Pyne's debt to you. I thought that perhaps you might not feel called upon to take the entire sum, considering all the circumstances, including the way you won it."

"We'll see about that," said Guttle grilly.

"Yes, I think we'd better see," beamed Cheleeman. He made a sign. Guttle was at once sitting in the chair before the desk.

He was sitting there in a peculiar fashion and in a way he no doubt resented, but he had no say in the matter. Your sturdy Chinese had placed him in this queer pose. Queer it was. Arms had swung in from the big chair and clamped him tight. Bronze bands in some way clamped his left hand flat to the desk, palm upward. His right arm was free from the elbow, that is he could reach pen and ink and sign the receipt before him. In all other respects he was helpless. And the ferocious and frightened glare he flung at the bland Cheleeman, after a brief struggle, showed he knew he was helpless.

"If you cursed well think," he began. Then he let out a little squeal. "What's that?"

Something had fallen down from the ceiling, which was about sixteen feet above his head, and had landed in the middle of his pinioned palm. It rolled from there to the desk with a soft tap, as the bright light it revealed itself as a small coin with a square hole through it.

We all gasped at once, but it was Guttle's voice that shrilled above ours:

"A cash—a copper cash." It was that as ridiculous, small-value coin of Chinese commerce.

"It is polite to take a man at his word," said the bland Cheleeman. "Payment has now begun, and will go on till the last copper cash." Another coin fell through the air, landed on the palm with a minute thud, and rolled off. Another copper cash. Another followed. Another. Always hitting the centre of the palm, always rolling off. In a minute thirty had fallen, and there was a tendency for the small Chinese coins to heap about the hand. A grave servant brushed them away into a huge sack. And the coins went on falling, falling, falling steadily . . .

"You think you're mighty smart, don't you?" sneered Guttle presently.

Cheleeman shrugged. "How cruelly you wrong the natural politeness of my race," he smiled. "Are you not content with the courtesy that pays you in the coin you desired?"

"SHUT your sly mouth," snarled Guttle. "If you think you can beat me so childishly you're mistaken."

We were all deathly silent for—how long? I don't know. All that broke the stillness was the tiny thud of the coins on the outstretched palm; and the rap as they rolled to the desk. Only now and then a quiet servant stirred and swept the coins clinking into the vast bag. And always the coins were falling, falling, falling steadily, regularly, with an almost terrible monotony, from some hidden slot high up in that roof.

I don't think any of us quite realised what the unceasing falling from that height meant until abruptly Guttle gave a strangled gasp and tried, with a burst of violence, to tear his left hand free. We saw by his purple face, and the sweat that stood all over it, that he was beginning to suffer. He wrenched and struggled, and the coins fell steadily one by one on his outstretched palm even as he struggled. He could not win free by even an inch. He gave it up as suddenly as he had begun. He shouted in a shaking voice:

"Curse it, how long is this kid's game to go on?"

"My friend, surely you are not impatient so soon? You have barely received one half-dollar of the ten thousand owing to you."

"Half a dollar!" he gasped. "After all this time! How long do you keep up this fool joke?"

"Until you are paid to the last cash, surely," beamed Cheleeman. "Or until you decide that you are satisfied."

"The last cash? That means——?"

"But surely that is easy on paper," smiled Cheleeman. "I am giving you the current exchange, eleven copper cash to the cent. There being a hundred cents in the dollar, that means eleven hundred cash to the dollar. The debt being ten thousand dollars——"

"Eleven million cash!" cried Guttle, almost on a scream.

"Exactly, eleven million cash."

"You can't do it!" he yelled.

"I can," Cheleeman beamed. "But you——?"

"I'll see you damned!" Guttle snarled, and he fell silent and the copper cash came dropping, dropping, always dropping.

And now that constant, monotonous dropping had a terrible significance to us. We remembered how dropping water will wear away a stone, even from a short height. But these were metal cash falling through a height of at least sixteen feet, and most of them were striking that palm—not a rock of stone, but a palm of flesh and blood—edge on. Each impact on that soft restricted surface was a sharp blow. As blow followed monotonous blow the cumulative effect must be awful.

Please turn to Page 50

HOST HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the juice of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetiser.***

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SYLVIA *is* FREED

Continued from Page 49

WE could see that it was. The outstretched palm which the impassive servant kept so clear was beginning to swell up. It showed puffy and discolored, and as every coin hit the fingers jerked and writhed impotently against the bonds that held them firm. And Guttie's face showed the pain he was enduring also. It was moist, pallid, working. There was a wild agony in his eyes, his whole body was strained with pain—but quite helpless.

After an hour he swore in a cracked voice, demanded hoarsely:

"This has got to stop. Do you hear? It's got to stop—I can't stand it."

"You can stop it," said Cheleeman softly. "Your right hand is free. There is a pen, there is ink, and there is the receipt before you."

"I'll see you damned!" he snarled. And the coins went on dropping, dropping.

Ten minutes later: "You fiend, you devil out of hell! Stop this, I tell you. Stop it! I'll have you gaoled."

"I think not," said Cheleeman smoothly. "There are things in your past that would render your going into court dangerous—for you."

"Pah. I'm not frightened of your threats. What do you know?"

"We Chinese know a good deal more than we speak of aloud. The details of the Palamja Mine deal, for instance."

I could see that even the tortured shoulders of Guttie winced at that. But he tried to face it out.

"Pah—bluff! If you knew anything about that you would have used it instead of this torture of yours."

"Would sending you to gaol for the rest of your life absolve Mr. Pyne of his debt? No, you could still exact the uttermost copper cash from him. Also blackmail is distasteful to me—save in self-defence."

"You haven't proof. You haven't proof."

"I can get fifty Chinese to swear to the details of the Palamja Mine transaction, if needs be," said Cheleeman smoothly.

Guttie knew he was cornered. Whether those Chinese swore truly or falsely, the Yellow Girdle clan could certainly make them swear to one story. Guttie would go to gaol. He saw his defeat. He yelled:

"And even then, how does this help you? Obtaining a receipt under threat —violence——"

"Surely you are wrong. We have three witnesses here, to say nothing of my Chinese servants. We can all testify that all I did was to place the money in the palm of your hand. No more. That you signed of your own free will, since I am quite content for you to leave your signature over till you are paid to the last copper cash. You only sign when you want to, my friend; I—I only go on paying you. There are still over ten million cash to come to you."

"Shut your soft-sawdering mouth!" snarled Guttie, and he closed his eyes, as though not seeing his left hand, which was now blue and terrible in its puffiness, would help him endure the drop, drop, drop of the merciless coins.

Three minutes later he howled, stretched his hand to the receipt, clutched it for a minute then with another yell crumpled it into a ball and flung it away.

"I won't sign!" he screamed. "I won't sign!"

Nobody answered him. The coins went dropping, dropping. A grave Chinese, Cheleeman's secretary, came forward and placed another paper before Guttie. It was an identical receipt, on his own paper, typed with his own typewriter. He gulped as he saw it, saw the ruthless efficiency it implied. He glared with real fright at the smiling Cheleeman.

Two minutes later he began to howl and scream like a man unstrung. Sylvia could not bear it. With infinite courtesy, Cheleeman conducted her from the room. When he returned Guttie was limp and snivelling. He was wailing and pleading for mercy.

Old Pyne, his lips shaking, was for ending it then and there; he was willing to accept the crushing burden of his debt that Guttie would be released. Guttie listened, his eyes sly.

Cheleeman said softly: "Perhaps Mr. Guttie will meet you in magnanimity, Mr. Pyne. Seeing that you are touched by his sufferings, perhaps he will have a kindly thought for yours. He will sign that receipt from fellow-feeling."

"You don't get any of that darn sickly sentimentality from me!" snarled Guttie.

"You see—when you ride on a tiger it is not wise to dismount," said Cheleeman, quoting one of his race's proverbs. "With a man of that cruel and pitiless type you cannot exhibit pity. Have no compunction, Mr. Pyne. I treat him no worse than he treated you. He deliberately made you drunk so that he could trick you into that vast debt to him. He wanted to obtain this terrible hold over you and your daughter, and he was quite callous to the suffering both of you must endure in your souls. In the matter of suffering, is he worse off than you? His pain is merely physical. You and your daughter, and our good Alban here, were to be wrung to your hearts by him. Which suffering is worse?"

In a minute Guttie shouted savagely: "All right, curse you, you have won!"

He reached for the pen, stabbed it violently in the ink, sprawled his signature across the receipt stamp. Cheleeman looked at the paper. Went to his seat, sank back comfortably. The old secretary came forward, removed the receipt, dropped it into a waste-paper basket, and placed another typed and stamped sheet of Guttie's letter-paper before him.

"What's this?" snarled Guttie. "Haven't I signed?"

"You are childish, my friend," smiled Cheleeman. "Don't you think I know when you purposely falsify your writing? Don't you realise I know that your name is spelt 'Lewis' and not 'Louis' Guttie, and that there have to be two specific dots on the line following your signature before it will be honored? Perhaps you will try again."

Guttie tried again. Before twenty more coins had dropped on his unsightly and broken left palm he had signed a receipt in full discharge of the debt to old Pyne. The falling coins stopped as though by magic. Released, Guttie stood on his feet, glaring evilly at us.

"If you think you are going to get away with this," he began, snarling.

"Shhsss! my good friend," smiled Cheleeman. "There is still that matter of the Palamja Mine in the air. I am sure you will do nothing to open that."

Guttie made a gesture of rage and hopelessness, glared about the room, decided that there were too many strong men in the room to try and get back that receipt by violence, lurched beaten to the door.

The two big Chinese opened it for him and stood aside. Another big Chinese followed him—with a bag not a quarter full of copper cash. Cheleeman, like all high-bred Chinese, was scrupulous in his dealings.

I left him ushering Guttie out with the greatest courtesy, while I went to look for Sylvia. I knew that nothing would ever come between me and Sylvia now.

(Copyright)

CAUGHT *by the* CAMERA

Continued from Page 7

"BUT the frock? It was Ann's frock?"

"Oh, that. Grace came back to town without packing a thing—the whole affair was fixed up on the spur of the moment—and so she seized this dress of Ann's that had come back from the cleaners or something——"

Miraculously life had come back. Beauty wasn't broken after all; dreams were not ended.

"Martin," she said. "Martin——"

As Aunt Emmeline had thought the girl was Ann, Martin reflected, it had been decent of her. More than decent; heroic.

He thought of the terrific bumpings and expostulations on the line that had heralded her telephone call from the local post-office; visualised her gargantuan struggles with buttons A and B. She feared and loathed telephones.

"It's Aunt Emmeline. If you want to prevent Vicky running away, you'd better be here before the six-thirty train leaves. I stopped her catching the five-fifteen. She's seen a news film of you out with that posing Ann girl who stayed here. At some roadhouse."

There was a confused altercation between Aunt Emmeline and, presumably, the local exchange; then her voice rose again firm and clear:

"Considering I brought you up, Martin, you haven't much sense!"

Perhaps she was right.

Martin remembered the anguished run back from town; remembered the look on Vicky's little face as, just in time, he caught her at the door. He would never forget that look. Not for fifty provocative Anns would he risk hurting her again. Funny—— He hadn't thought Vicky minded Ann, even noticed her. It showed how none of us knew each other; how we were all separate; all alone sometimes.

Dear Aunt Emmeline. He couldn't repay her for what she'd done; but he could, and would, buy her a veritable cart-load of bulbs.

Smiling, rather humbly, Martin put the clock on the sitting-room mantelpiece back a quarter of an hour.

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GOLF WIDOWERS' *Sad Day* is COMING

Big Championships will Keep Wives on Links

English Team's Arrival

By RUTH PREDDEY

PAM BARTON, England's young golfing star, stands by, while across the page—

Interest is focused this week on the arrival of the English women's golf team, which comes with a reputation that will put our champions on their mettle.

The programme of events includes matches in every State except Tasmania, and an extra match in the form of an international match in Melbourne.

For a whole month while this golf feast is in progress, a big army of golf widowers will lament the fact that the kitchen sink has not a greater capacity for holding used crockery.

THE English visitors will probably start a new golf fashion in Australia, for it is quoted on good authority that each member of the team has packed a pair of mackintosh trousers for wear in wet weather. That information alone will swell the gate takings even if it does rain.

Interest will also be centred on the clubs that the average British champion carries in her bag. It was once said that a player carries so many clubs that, instead of being a help in cases of emergencies, they are a hindrance, because the player concentrates too much on finding out which club to use next.

Maybe, too, the outcome of this visit will mean that in time to come the Australian women at last will own a golf course which will be exclusively theirs.

Mrs. J. B. Hodson is captain-manager of the English team. On leaving England, she stated that she would be a non-playing member of the team of five.

Miss Pamela Barton, the eighteen-years-old member of the team, is one of the star attractions. Pam Barton, as she is commonly called, has had a rather meteoric career. She swung her first golf club at the early age of thirteen. Four years later, she annexed the French championship.

Crowds do not bother her, and huge galleries at important matches have no effect on her nerves.

During the first round in the finals of the British women's golf championship this year, when she fought out the match against Miss Wanda Morgan, the caddies tried to embarrass Pam Barton during the game by cheering every stroke of Miss Morgan's and keeping deadly silent when Miss Barton played a stroke.

This demonstration by the caddies was in the form of a protest because Miss Barton had decided to engage a new caddy. Even this unsportsmanlike demonstration left Miss Barton unperturbed.

Scottish Golfer

MISS JESSIE ANDERSON, another member of the team, is twenty years of age, and hails from Scotland. She has been a member of the Scottish international team during the last two years, and was runner-up in the Scottish championships. She also began her golfing career by winning the girls' championship in 193?.

Mrs. Walter Greenlees has a reputation of being just as outstanding as the other members of the team.

Mrs. J. B. Walker is an Irish champion, having won that event in 1930. Last year she filled the role of runner-up in this championship. She also has been a member of the Irish international team since 1928.

Our Hopes

IN these champions from England, Ireland, and Scotland, Australian players have very formidable opponents. Our champions will meet them in the Australian championships to be played at the Royal Melbourne course on August 28 and 29.

In the first round Mrs. Greenlees will start off with Miss Mona MacLeod. Miss Mona MacLeod is a member of the Royal Melbourne Golf Club, and was recently runner-up in the Victorian Associates' golf championship.

Miss Joan Hammond, the present N.S.W. champion, will start her round with Miss Phyllis Wade, and Mrs. Clive Robinson, the present holder of the Australian title and runner-up in the New South Wales championship, will meet Miss Jessie Anderson. Miss Robinson last year captained the Australian team in New Zealand, and is a most accomplished player.

Mrs. J. B. Walker will have another N.S.W. player with her on the first round in Mrs. T. S. McKay, and Mrs. Sloan Morpeth, the present holder of the Victorian championship, will play Miss Pam Barton.

Australian players will no doubt feel the strain of playing against opponents carrying such wonderful reputations, but after the first stage of nerves we expect our women to hold their own against the overseas visitors.

They will have one advantage over the visitors, inasmuch as they will all be familiar with the course on which they will be fighting out the championships.

After the Australian championships are played a team will be picked to represent Australia in a Test match against Britain. This match will probably be set down for play in Melbourne on September 5.

The English team will take part in a three days' programme arranged by the South Australian Ladies' Golf Union, and on the concluding day they will play a match against a South Australian-Victorian team.

The touring team will arrive in Melbourne on August 21, just five days prior to the Australian championship meeting.

The team will arrive in Sydney on September 13, having played in the Federal Territory open championship at Canberra, en route.

Brisbane will be visited on September 21, where they will take part in a programme arranged by the Queensland Ladies' Golf Union.

They will return to Sydney on September 26, and will leave that day for New Zealand.

—MRS. SLOAN MORPETH, holder of the Victorian championship, and Pam's opponent in the coming international event, demonstrates her style.

Squash Racquets Championship

THE New South Wales Squash Racquets Association will hold their State championships at the Royal Sydney Golf Club courts from September 16 to 21.

Women from affiliated clubs and from other States are eligible to compete.

Squash racquets members are increasing in numbers, and this championship should bring forth many entries.

Mrs. L. Gibson is the honorary secretary.

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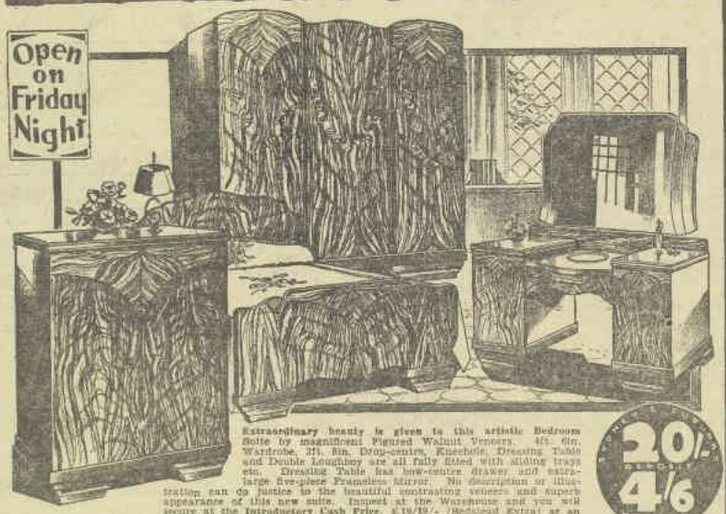

Extraordinary beauty is given to this artistic Bedroom Suite by magnificent Figured Walnut Veneers. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 8in. Drop-centre, Kneehole, Dressing Table and Double Loughboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays etc. Dressing Table has low-centre drawer and extra-large five-piece Frameless Mirror. No description or illustration can do justice to the beautiful contrasting veneers and superb appearance of this new suite. Inspect at the Warehouse and you will secure at the Introductory Cash Price, £19/19/- (Bedstead Extra) or on Easy Terms.

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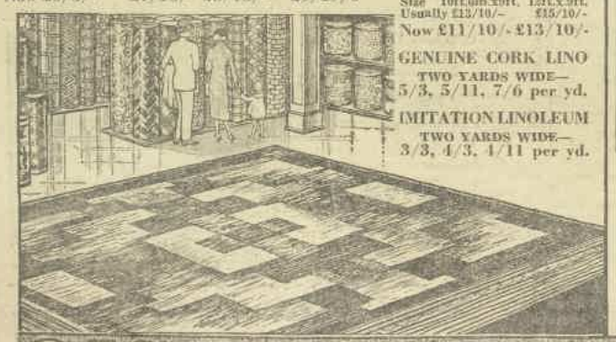

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A Complete Book-length Novel

By JAMES TEMPEST

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CHAPTER 1

THE BEACHCOMBER

OVER the little town of Port Sugan, on the tiny island of Matarua, a round, white moon was rising. The tropic splendor of its rays lit up the white beach brilliantly, and turned the tumbling surf of the combers into glistening silver.

Back from the beach, on the fringe of the jungle, a ramshackle shanty stood among the dozen or two grass huts which formed the "town" of Port Sugan. Its doors and windows were wide to the cool night, and the flaring paraffin-lamps shone out through a haze of tobacco-smoke, striking yellow beams across the flimsy verandah and making crazy patterns on the sand.

From out the doors came a discordant blare of raucous voices, some roaring ranting songs, some raised in drunken greeting, some fiercely in quarrel.

Down the steep steps leading from the verandah to the beach came a short, stocky figure, and began walking towards the line of surf, near which a ship's dinghy lay beached. Under his arm he carried a bundle. The sand crunched softly under his feet. Reaching the dinghy, he laid his bundle in the stern seat; then, before pushing the boat out into the surf, straightened for a moment and stared out across the lagoon to where two vessels—a fair-sized lugger and a small schooner — rode at anchor. It was at the schooner that he directed his gaze, which dwelt lovingly on her trim, flying lines and the lovely picture she made rocking gently on the moon-lit face of the lagoon.

Then, abruptly, a voice just behind him cut across the boom of the surf, and the murmur of the distant singing:

"Two boats in the lagoon. . . . That's a queer thing to see in Port Sugan."

The stocky man swung round sharply to find a tall figure at his side. The newcomer's eyes were staring across the water. His well-knit body was covered in tattered white duck trousers and a reefer jacket; on his head was a seaman's peaked cap, and on his feet he wore rope-soled sandals. All these details the first man took in during a second or two, in the clear light of the moon and the blazing Southern Cross.

"You're from the schooner, aren't you?" the taller suggested. "Don't know if there's a berth going, do you?"

"Maybe I do," answered the first man slowly. "But, if there is one it'll be for a mate. There's nothing for a—beachcomber aboard."

At the word "beachcomber" the tall man jerked round sharply. Then he said quietly:

"I've a master's ticket in my pocket now. If there's a mate's berth going, I think I could fill it all right."

"A master's ticket, eh? Then what the hell are you hanging about the beach for —can't you get away on one of Freedmans' boats? They call in here regularly, don't they?"

"I reckon I could get on almost any other boat, except one of Freedmans'," the other answered bitterly. "It was Freedmans' I was with——"

"And now they won't touch you? That's not much of a testimonial. . . ."

The beachcomber said seriously, emphasising each word:

"You can believe me or not. If you know Freedmans', maybe you will believe me. . . . It's not my own fault I'm on the beach like this. They wanted me to take as my first command a boat that wasn't fit to cross the Thames at Wapping, far less trade round the Islands. I saw right away, of course, that it was the old game of losing unseaworthy boats at sea for the sake of the insurance. . . . I told the crooked hounds just what they could do with their boat!" He smiled sardonically. "I guess it just doesn't work, getting all heroic like that. They had the money and the power, and they saw to it that I'd be sorry. . . . I've been on the beach now for three months. . . ."

FOR a long moment the stocky man eyed the speaker keenly and critically. The other met his regard steadily. Abruptly he thrust out his hand.

"Right, son, I believe you. You see, there ain't many things go on around the Tongas I don't know about—and Freedmans' is one of 'em. . . And I reckon we can give you a passage all right. We put out on the tide in three hours——"

"You mean you——! Here, who are you!"

"I'm the skipper of the little old hooker, the Swallow out there," was the answer, accompanied by a jerk of the thumb across the lagoon in the direction of the schooner. "I don't carry a mate at the moment, but I wouldn't make a passage with a master in the fo'c'sle. . . ." He paused and looked the other up and down, his eyes twinkling. "I reckon I have enough spare duds in my dunny-box to fix you up," he said dryly.

"Come on, lad," he added briskly. "You'll want a shave and a change before the crew come aboard. Give me a hand to push the dinghy out."

STIFLING the words of gratitude, the tall man sprang to obey . . .

When they had climbed aboard the schooner, the skipper motioned the new mate to follow him to the cabin, and gave him some shaving-tackle, and, while the mate was engaged in removing the obstinate growth of over a week, he searched among his lockers for some clothes to do the newcomer's turn for the voyage.

In the cabin-light, the skipper was revealed as a burly man of rather less than medium height, with a great breadth of shoulder, signalling immense physical strength, despite his lack of inches. His face was square and ruddy, with short, pugnacious features, expressing humor as well as determination.

While the mate was finishing shaving and getting into the fresh set of clothes, the skipper produced a makeshift meal of bully and ship's biscuits. Hungrily, the mate sat down to eat, and, as he did so, the skipper looked him over, unobtrusively but none the less comprehensively.

The shave and the change of garments had worked a transformation. In place of the disreputable and ragged beachcomber was a husky, fit-looking young fellow, who looked to be still short of thirty. His skin was clear and tanned, his mouth and jaw were strong and well-formed, and his blue eyes had a steady and self-contained look. The skipper nodded, without knowing he did so. . . . If looks meant anything, he had made no great mistake in lending this young chap a helping hand.

"Well, Mister," he announced jovially, "maybe it 'ud be as well to get acquainted afore we weigh anchor."

The mate turned from his food and smiled.

"Dick Lennon's my name, Cap'n—and here's my papers." He brought out a wallet and passed it to the skipper.

The latter took the papers, but did not

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so much as glance at them. He was staring at the other in delighted amazement.

"Lennon! . . . Was Cap'n Frank Lennon your father?" Dick nodded. "Why, son, I knew your dad as well as anybody on the Seven Seas. . . . He was a fine man, your dad—and never a thing did he do till the day he died that wasn't a fine one. . . ." For a moment he was silent, and a softened expression touched his eyes and lips. Then, as if ashamed of his momentary concession to tender meditation, he went on briskly: "My name's Dan Steele—maybe you've heard tell of me from your dad?"

NOW it was Dick's turn to stare in astonishment.

"Steele—Captain Dan Steele. . . . You mean the Steele—the one that owns 'Steele's Bank'?"

The Skipper nodded cheerfully.

"Ay, that same Steele. . . . And now," he added, getting up and moving towards the door, "I'd best be getting on deck to see the hands aboard. You, Mister, polish off what's left of that grub before you come out after me."

Dick sat watching the sturdy back until the door closed behind it. In his mind was running all he had ever heard of his benefactor.

. . . Dan Steele was a famous and much-discussed figure, in all the great and small ports of the South Seas where sailors meet and talk. And that on which his fame rested was known as "Steele's Bank." Steele's Bank was a pearl-fishery of which every island-trader knew, but whose location no one knew but Dan Steele himself.

Dan was a wise man. Instead of stripping his fishery of every shell and taking all the pearls, it was his custom to take merely as many as would suffice to keep him in comfort for the moment; then, when this moderate quantity of pearls was exhausted, he would return to his secret fishery and take another load. As a widower, he needed very little at a time, but there was word through the Islands of a young daughter upon whom he was said to lavish most of the proceeds of his pearls.

Upon these expeditions to the tiny island where the fishery was situated, he was careful never to take anybody with a mate's ticket, as a man with a knowledge of navigation would be able to work out the position. . . . And so it was that the crew, although they had visited the island with him and helped in getting the pearls, had not the knowledge which might allow them to fix the position, or to tell it to another pearling-skipper; probably this was the reason why the Swallow had no mate at the moment.

Dan Steele's good-heartedness and generosity were bywords—and were often taken advantage of, for Dan could never deny a tale of hard-luck, or refrain from helping a lame dog over a stile.

. . . It was this last characteristic which was sticking most obstinately in Dick Lennon's mind. He was wondering what would have happened to him—a lame dog, if ever there was one—if he hadn't had the amazing luck to encounter the renowned Dan on the God-forgotten island of Matarou.

Dan Steele, squarest skipper on the Pacific—and he, Dick Lennon, had more to be thankful for than he could ever repay. . . .

Having now finished his meal, he rose and went on deck, and was just in time to reach Dan's side as the crew came aboard.

ONE by one, the hands climbed on deck; then, at the very last, came two men supporting between them the unconscious figure of a third. As they deposited their inert burden aboard, Dan stepped forward, and his ruddy face was stern in the glow of the binnacle-lights.

"Well . . ." he demanded, "what has happened this time?"

One of the two hands shrugged hopelessly.

"Couldn't do a thing with 'im, sir. Picked a quarrel with one of the men from the Flying Fox . . ."—jerking his thumb in the direction of the lugger lying in the lagoon— ". . . Before one of 'em laid 'im out with a bottle, 'e'd flattened three of 'em, and we had a devil of a job to get 'im away at all."

The skipper nodded, his face cloudy. Dick looked down at the figure on the deck, and saw a tall, gaunt man whose powerful figure age had stooped a little. Blood from a gash on the base of his skull dabbled his dark hair and lean face.

"Give him a souse in cold water and wash his wound," Dan ordered. "The minute he's sober enough, bring him to the cabin."

When the casualty had been taken away, Dick said to Dan:

"That seems a pretty tough customer, sir. Who is he?"

"Mike Flannigan, the cook. He's been with me longer than any other man aboard—which is saying a good deal. I'd trust him with my life . . . but not with a bottle of whisky. He'd be a fine man if he could only keep off the drink—but he can't." Dan sighed heavily. "Poor Mike, I'm afraid he's a hopeless case. If I didn't know how devoted he is to me I think I'd kick him out . . ."

He was silent for a moment, and then, as if waking out of his abstraction, he turned to Dick: "There's nothing to prevent us pushing off by dawn. We picked up no cargo in this port, so there's no need to stow anything, or batten any hatches . . . Your friends Freedmans have cornered all the trade about these parts all right."

"They have that, sir," Dick agreed feelingly. "Where are we bound for now?"

"Sourabaya. I've heard word of a cargo there . . . Not that we're likely to pick one up, really—craft under sail ain't very popular these days. I've been pestered for years to put in an auxiliary engine, or else to sell the Swallow to the shipbreakers; but I'm doing neither. Over thirty years I've sailed her about the world, and I'll sail her to the end, if we never get another cargo!"

"She's a fine ship, sir, and any man who owns her has a right to be proud of her," said Dick.

"She's as good as when she left Clydebank," Dan declared stoutly. "She'll make the passage through the reef like an eel, and she'll slip over to Sourabaya like a bird . . . Come, mister, it's nearly time we weighed anchor . . ."

IT was half-way through the afternoon and they were well to sea before Mike Flannigan, the wayward cook, was able to present himself in the captain's cabin, and as Dick happened to be seeing Dan Steele about some details of his new duties he was a witness of the interview.

The long, lean body of the cook entered sheepishly. His head was bandaged, and his mild blue eyes were bleared and piteous. Dan examined him coldly and disapprovingly.

"In trouble again, eh, Mike? Fighting drunk? If it had been in any half-civilised place you'd be in gaol at this minute."

"It's sorry I am, Cap'n, and that's the truth," Mike answered miserably. "Shure I couldn's help it at all. I told wan iv thim farmers from the Flying Fox that the Swallow could whack thim any day—engine an' all. He called me a liar at that, and still I didn't stroke him. Thin I see what the Fox needed was a sailor for a skipper. 'The hooker already has,' sez he—and still I didn't stroke him. Thin I told him our skipper was the boy for thim. At that, wid a lot of coarse language, he says somethin' which means he doesn't agree wid me at all. And 'twas thin, sor, I lost my temper, and I clattered the blackguard! . . . And thin the foight started!"

"If it's all the same to you, Mike, I'd prefer not to have my name used as an excuse for starting fights when you're drunk," Dan retorted, looking very stern indeed.

"Och, I didn't mean that at all, at all!" Mike protested hotly. "It was just that . . . Och, Cap'n, ye know I'd do anything in the wurrld for ye—or inny iv yours!"

Abruptly Dan went across and put a hand on Mike's bowed shoulder.

"You know it's not the fighting I worry so much about," he said earnestly. "It's the drink. I've asked you time and time again, Mike. You promise you'll never touch another drop—and you're just as bad, the first port we touch."

"Shure, Cap'n Dan, I've troid and troid like the divil, an' it's never been a bit of good," he said humbly; then abruptly he raised his head again: ". . . But this is the last toime, I promise you! I'll give ye my oath—"

"Swear no oaths, Mike. You might as well not make 'em as break 'em. . . . Now get back to your galley and see if you're able to rouse up a decent hot meal for the hands. They've waited long enough for you to cook it."

And, with this curt dismissal from his beloved skipper in his ears, Mike slouched out miserably. Immediately the door had shut, Dan shook his head and smiled helplessly.

"Come along, Mister," he said. "Let's get on deck and have a squint at the weather."

They went out and stood together on the poop. Dick was conscious of a close fellowship with this bluff, open-handed old salt who loved his craft and all her hands like a father, and with the Swallow herself, this lovely thing, throbbing with the ecstasy of her own flying speed over the blue water.

The skipper raised his head and sniffed judicially.

"Wind's dropping," he announced.

"Dropping fast," Dick agreed.

"I don't like it," said Dan curtly. "It's dropping too fast altogether."

AND now the wind, so brave and gusty only a few minutes before, was coming only in weak, sporadic puffs. The sails, which had been tight and bellying, clung slackly.

"I don't like the smell of this at all," Dan declared, and looked about him with his face set and intent.

Suddenly Dick grasped the skipper's arm.

"Look there!" he shouted, and pointed towards the north-east.

With straining eyes they both looked. Far out across the water, on the horizon itself, was a long black streak which would have been invisible to the eye of a landsman. At the sight of it Dan's face grew grimmer and his fighter's jaw jutted.

"Tornado . . ." he said tersely and quietly.

Swinging round, he bellowed thunderously through cupped hands:

"All hands on deck! Rouse out all hands there!"

The steersman was looking anxiously over his shoulder at the ominous dark smudge on the horizon. The wind by now had dropped so much that the schooner lay in almost a dead calm. Without a word, Dan pushed aside the man at the wheel and grasped the spokes himself.

As the men came tumbling out of the fo'c'sle, Dick roared madly at them:

"Lively now, boys! Get these sails furled! Spring to it . . . There's a tornado on us!"

A dull moan in the distance grew louder

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and louder, rising to a more piercing wail. The tornado was sweeping down on them like a wind of bullets . . .

With a howl and a deafening shriek, it hit them. The schooner heeled over like a stricken deer, with a mountain of water piling up on her windward quarter. Over and over she heeled, till it seemed as if nothing could ever right her again . . . But the finest seaman in the Pacific was at the wheel . . . Slowly, miraculously, her leeward quarter rose, the wind tearing madly at her rigging . . .

Laboriously she righted herself, answering wearily to the guidance of the skipper . . . The danger seemed past when the tragedy happened.

The top-spars went, snapping like matchwood . . . A tangle of rigging and spars crashed to the deck . . . But the crash was almost unheard, so deafening was the roar and screech of the wind . . . Now there was no sturdy, bow-legged figure at the wheel. Under the wreckage of the spars lay the crushed body of Dan Steele.

With no hand to curb it, the wheel spun round like a mad thing, at terrific speed. The tornado screamed through the rigging, and its voice was like a dirge. . . .

CHAPTER 2

THE TORNADO

AT such a moment there was no need for words of command. Every man knew his job; already the hands were attacking the jumble of tackle on the slanting deck . . . axes were rising and falling.

Already the schooner was swinging off. Dick Lennon, also, knew his job. The old skipper, his benefactor, to whom he owed so much, lay there, dead or dying, under the wreckage; but it was not for him to attend to Dan Steele yet. The wheel still spun madly—and Dick knew his job . . .

One leap carried him to the wheel. Risking a broken arm, he snatched at the whirring spokes . . . The first jerk nearly tugged him off his feet . . . Heaving till the sinews of his neck stood out like whipcord, he swung it over backwards . . . Slowly the boat began to right itself again . . .

From head to foot he was soaked in spray. Every now and again his tortured gaze returned to where Dan lay stricken down . . . His wet, glistening face was contorted with realisation of the peculiar horror of his position; before he could see whether Dan was living or dead, his job must be done . . .

But now the schooner's head was straight again; instead of passively taking the pile-driving waves on her quarter, her bows were cutting them more or less cleanly . . . The wind and the sea were still terrifying in their ferocity. With every roll she was shipping it green, and a long feather of spindrift floated from her bowsprit.

Slipping a half-turn round the wheel-spokes, Dick sprang, in a fury of impatience, to extricate the skipper's body . . . The men had almost got Dan clear . . . Dick dug his hands into the pile of wreckage and, with one fierce pull of his powerful arms, succeeded in getting it completely clear of the body.

Immediately the crew fell on the tangled mass with their axes, hacking at it like demons, until at last with a shout of "Stand clear!" the wreckage slid over the side.

Dick had dragged the skipper into a more comfortable position. The old sea-dog lay with his head resting on Dick's knee. His eyes were closed, and a thin trickle of blood ran down from one corner of his mouth. There was something awkward in the angle of his body that filled the mate with uneasy trepidation . . . As he lay there, the sea washed his body, and the flying spume lashed his unconscious face.

As for Dick, the salty wetness of his face was not all due to the buffets of the spray. As he looked down upon Dan's broken body there was a suspicious tightness about his mouth . . . He was hardly conscious of another body throwing itself down on bent knees beside him: it was Mike Flannigan, the cook. He was dressed in nothing but a shirt and trousers; his lips were shaking and his eyes wild and agonised.

The cook shook Dan by the shoulders and shouted into his insensible face:

"Skipper . . .! Cap'n Dan! It's Mike, Skipper—Mike Flannigan!"

The injured man still giving no signs of life, Mike dropped his hands slowly, in horror, from his shoulders; then abruptly buried his own face in them.

"Oh, God! He's dead . . ." he moaned. "He's dead . . . and the last I heard from his lips were the hard wurrds, because I was drunk—loike the drunken baste I am . . ."

Dick still knelt, stunned with grief, the captain's head supported on his arm . . . Suddenly he seemed to see a faint sign of animation in the unresponsive features—the almost imperceptible flicker of an eyelid . . . He waited eagerly . . .

The eyes half-opened . . . dazed and only half-seeing. The mouth opened a little, then closed again . . . Then the eyes opened wide; the jaw set, as if in fierce determination to make the last effort—a fighter's one. The familiar voice of the skipper spoke—weakly, but clearly . . .

"That you, Dick Lennon . . .? Good boy . . . your father was a fine man." For a moment the eyes closed; when they opened again there was in them the mark of the hardness of the battle the old seafarer was fighting. ". . . I'm a goner, lad—finished . . . Back's—gone . . ." With an effort he forced a smile. "Sorry I got to pass out—so soon . . . Like to've seen more of you. You'd 've been a credit to me—and the Swallow . . ."

Mike's tortured eyes were fixed upon the laboring lips of his beloved master, hoping for a last word of kindness; but the skipper's dimmed eyes seemed to see no one but Dick.

"My pearls—they're my girl's now by rights . . . But now I'm going, there's nobody to look after her . . . Dick—will you give me your word you'll protect my girl?—and see she gets her rights? Will you sail the old Swallow for her—after I'm gone? Swear you will . . . take your oath . . . now."

Dick bit his lip to crush back his rising emotion. He nodded.

"I swear to do as you say," he replied in a strangled voice. "And may God strike me dead if I fail!"

DAN smiled again.

"Good boy. You—won't fail me, I know . . . Your dad was the best man that . . ." His weak voice tailed away into silence; he seemed to be gathering strength for another utterance. At length he managed to say: "My daughter'll trust you—if you give her this message . . . '21-31-42 South, 159-52-12 West' . . . Repeat it after me, son."

Dick did as he was directed.

"That's—all right now . . . Don't write it down—remember it . . . Only say it—to Mary . . ." His face contorted in a sudden spasm of pain; when the spasm had passed, he lay limp. Mike looked down at him through dazed eyes . . .

Again the lips moved; but this time Dick had to put his ear close beside them to hear the words.

"Lash me to the mast. I'll die on deck—and I must—sit up . . . something to do . . . Bring the—logbook. I'll leave everything—shipshape . . . No trouble for—hands, after . . ."

Standing up, Dick roared out an order to one of the men to bring the logbook from the cabin; then, gently and reverently, he and Mike moved the skipper's battered body to the mizzen-mast and lashed it there.

"That's—better . . ." Dan whispered. "Wanted—feel my back against mast . . . Can't feel—anything—in my legs now . . ." He looked towards Dick again; his eyes had glazed and the muscles of his face were slack. "You'll take care—Mary . . . Pearls are hers—and she . . ."

He relapsed into silence again. This time he was so immobile that Dick thought he was already dead. The hand came running up with the logbook—and at that the skipper seemed to literally drag himself out of the jaws of death.

Acting upon instinct, Dick fumbled in the old man's inside pockets and found a fountain-pen. The deck-hand and Mike propped up the book, and Dick supported the limp right hand holding the pen.

Dan Steele was far past the power of speech now, yet he forced himself, with gritted teeth, to put his house in order before he answered the call, now shrilling so loud. He was "leaving everything shipshape . . ." With trembling fingers, in long, straggling characters, he recorded his last entry . . .

Only when that was done did his fingers go loose about the pen . . . His jaw grew heavy . . . The Swallow crashed her way through the bucketing seas, the spume flying; and carried, lashed to her mizzen, a square, stocky figure that hung slackly from its lashings.

The three men about the stocky figure bowed their heads; as the schooner heeled, the squealing wind sent a cloud of spray showering over them. Mike Flannigan stood staring at his master's body, like a man in a trance. His lips were moving, as if in prayer.

But the words that the stricken Mike was muttering, over and over again like the refrain of a song, were no part of any prayer. His eyes and face were blank, but his tongue still repeated:

"21-31-42 South, 159-52-12 West . . . 21-31-42 South, 159-52-12 West . . ."

IT was many weeks before the Swallow under her own sail covered the long run from the Tonga Islands to the Thames and docked safely in Limehouse Reach.

The death of the captain during the voyage necessitated the usual Board of Trade inquiry; but the inquiry was a mere matter of form, owing to Dan's dying determination to leave everything in order behind him. For this reason, Dick Lennon needed to waste no time in going to Dan's little house in Richmond to interview Mary Steele.

The day after reaching port, he set off for 8 Kilnedy Rd., Richmond, the address he had found among the dead captain's papers.

The door was opened by a stout, cheerful-looking young woman of about thirty-five, who cocked her head at him in pleasant inquiry.

"Miss Mary Steele . . .?" Dick suggested. "My name's Lennon. I——"

"Oh, yes—from the Swallow!" answered the stout young woman brightly. "Won't you come in?"

He had expected Mary Steele to be younger, and had pictured her—as one is liable before meeting one of the opposite sex—as having good looks. Suddenly realising that he was disappointed, he smiled rather cynically; pretty or plain, there

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weren't going to be any more women with a place in his life, except in the way of business. Long ago he had had his lesson . . .

His guide energetically threw open a door, and ushered him into a tiny sitting-room. Before he could take in any of its details, however, his attention was drawn to the figure of a girl standing before one of the windows.

"Mary, this is Mr. Lennon, from the Swallow," announced his guide. "This is my cousin, Mary Steele."

The girl came to meet him, holding out her hand.

"How do you do," she said. Her voice was quiet and low-pitched. "You've already met Mrs. Hedley at the door, haven't you? She's been staying with me for the last few weeks . . ."

"I'm not staying any longer at the moment," answered Mrs. Hedley cheerfully. "It's you Mr. Lennon's come to see, and I know you've a lot to talk about. I'll go and make some tea." She went breezily out of the room, closing the door. The girl smiled affectionately at her as she went.

Dick found himself studying Mary Steele closely. She was of medium height, and there was a certain lithe strength about her body which showed itself in her every movement. Her hair was a soft brown, with copper glints in it. Her face was square, rather than oval, and there was too much power about it to merit the adjective "pretty"; there was a squareness about the jaw and nose; the lips were full and firm; the hazel eyes were wide set and steady; the teeth, as she smiled, were white and strong. The bright contrast of red lips and white teeth, clear, healthy skin and soft hair, more than balanced the lack of conventional prettiness.

He was at a loss to know what to say to her—how to introduce the melancholy topic of her father; for, to speak of Dan Steele's affairs, he must first speak of Dan.

"I got your cable about my father, Mr. Lennon," she said in her quiet, strong voice. "It was thoughtful of you to say so much in it . . . And now you mustn't feel uncomfortable about saying things. The first shock's over, and I can stand anything you have to say about Dad . . . Sit down and smoke, won't you?"

DICK lit up, taking his time. The inherent strength in the girl was clearer than ever now. He knew that, however grieved she might be, she would find the endurance not to lower her pride by showing her grief.

"Your father only knew me for a few hours, you might say," he began slowly, "but it was long enough to do more for me than I could ever pay back. He died as he lived, and his last thoughts were about you . . ."

Haltingly, he told her of Dan's end. She sat listening intently, watching him steadily; through all the recital, her firm-set lips did not quiver, nor her quiet eyes waver.

"Before he died," Dick finished, "he made me promise two things—that I would sail the Swallow for you and look after you . . ."

A brief silence fell over the little room. Her eyes did not move from his face.

"Thank you for not leaving anything out," she said quietly. "I wanted so much to hear how he—died . . . You see, I think our love for each other was so much more than that between a father and daughter. We . . ."

She broke off short, leaving the sentence unfinished. Getting up, she walked to the window and looked out. Speaking with her back turned to him, she went on:

"I knew he wanted me to go on sailing the Swallow after he went," she said. "He loved his boat like a second daughter. I've known that from the first, but . . ." She hesitated, then turned and faced him . . ." But I know that he never had any doubts about whether I could take care of myself or not. I wonder what he meant when he asked you to look after me . . ."

Dick said haltingly:

"He said that you must trust me. He said you'd understand when I told you this . . . '31-31-42 South, 159-52-12 West' . . ."

She nodded slowly.

"You know what that means?"

"I've a pretty good idea," Dick answered.

"Yes," she said. "That is where the pearls are . . ."

There was a pause, and an air of suppressed excitement seemed to flutter into the room. Dick said slowly, stressing each word:

"I think I know what he meant when he told me to look after you and sail the Swallow for you . . . He meant that wherever there are pearls, there's greed—and danger . . ."

CHAPTER 3

TREACHERY

IT was barely eight o'clock in the evening yet, and the Shipman's Rest in Limehouse was still barely half-full. Within half-an-hour, the place would be jammed with sailormen, but now there were under a score in the bar, and only one in the parlor.

Joe Riley, swabbing the sloppy counter with a soaking cloth, lent over towards the attentive ear of one of his particular cronies among the customers, and confidentially whispered:

"We got an ole pal o' yours here tonight, Charlie . . ." He nodded with his head in the direction of the bar-parlor.

Charlie questioned him with a glance.

"Who's that, Joe?"

The potman grinned. "Pete Dante," he said.

"Cap'n Pete Dante, eh . . .? said the sailor slowly. "So his dirty hooker's in port, is it . . ."

"Don't feel like makin' a voyage in it, do yer, Charlie?" inquired the potman facetiously. "I hear he's lookin' for hands."

"Take another voyage on that!" the sailor exclaimed. "What d'yer take me for—a cursed fool . . .! One's enough for me, mate—the hooker's lousy an' so's the grub, the mate's such a hard case they begged 'im to leave Dartmoor—and there's only a crew aboard at all 'cos they're all runnin' away from the hangman!"

"An' wot about Dante hisself?" Joe inquired slyly.

"'Im . . .!" growled the sailor, spitting expressively. "There's a whole lot o' bad turns I'd like to do 'im. Whaska the lot of 'em, 'e does—mate, crew 'n all . . . If 'is was the only boat left in the river, I'd run a mile afore I'd sign on for the Hamburg run in it . . . That Vulture of 'is is just hell in timber-form, an' he's the devil in charge . . .!"

"Yes," said the potman reflectively. "There's plenty comes in here as 'ud bust their sides laughin', if somebody was to do 'im in. They'd do it 'emselves—only they ain't got the nerve. 'E's a tough nut, all right."

"You wait," said the sailor darkly. "Some feller will swing for 'im, one o' them days . . . I'd do it myself like a shot, if the chance came my way."

The potman grinned derisively.

"Plenty chances, Charlie—if yer likes to take 'em . . . Bin in 'ere every night since 'e docked a week ago . . . Matter o' fact, I was wonderin' wot 'e was up to—this ain't one of 'is reg'lar 'ouses at all. Generally goes to the Kaffir's Head in Pennyfields . . ."

"'E ain't up to no good, you mark my words. If that dirty——"

The fat proprietor came bustling up importantly.

"Lively there, Joe!" he said sharply to the potman. "Gen'leman in the parlor wants the same again."

The potman flung his crony an expressive grimace and went to measure out a large glass of rum. Coming round the end of the counter, he crossed the sawdusted floor and disappeared into the open door of the bar-parlor.

Pete Dante sat on the horsehair bench that encircled the walls of the parlor, in such a place that he was afforded a clear view of the bar.

"Hell of a time they take to serve yer in this rotten pub," he growled at Joe, flinging a coin on to the tin tray on which the latter had brought his drink.

He stood up to fumble in his pockets for a plug of tobacco, and was revealed as a very giant of a man—standing some six-feet-four, and with a chest like a barrel, and tremendous shoulders, from which hung his long, beefy arms and great hands.

Finding the plug, he sat down again, tearing a chew from it with his strong, yellow teeth. Sipping his tot slowly, he kept his evil eyes fixed intently upon the street-entrance of the bar, as if watching eagerly for someone to enter there . . .

The Shipman's Rest began to fill up. From the outer apartment that Dante was eyeing so eagerly, came the deep growl of many voices, thickened by liquor. The air was choking-thick with the acrid fumes of coarse tobacco.

PRESENTLY a tall sailor lurched in. He entered alone, but was immediately hailed by more than one group among the press of customers already there. Immediately, Pete Dante got to his feet and moved to the door of the parlor, where he stood, eyeing the newcomer consideringly, an unpleasant smile on his thick lips.

One of the groups hauled the drunken new arrival into its midst, and a member of it hastened to the bar to bring back an extra pint of ale, while the others shouted their welcomes.

"Well, Mike," observed one. "An' how's the Swallow now——? 'Ave they stuck new hinges on the broken ole cigar-box yet?"

"The Swallow's good as ever she was!" retorted the drunken man fiercely. "It's something more than a tornado it'll be takin' to break her up . . . She'll be ready for sea again in two days' time."

"Don't forget to take the glue with yer, when yer sail, Mike," said another of the group. "She'll need it afore the voyage is over."

Mike accepted the glass handed to him and eyed it disparagingly.

"Yes," he declared with drunken seriousness, "they'll niver build another loike the Swallow. There wasn't a schooner in the China Sea had the heels of her . . . An' they'll niver find men loike thim that sailed her . . ."

"Gettin' sentimental over the ole hooker, are yer, Mike?" one of them rallied him.

"More than anny of you'll ever be over your stinking sardine-tins, anyway . . .!" the Irishman retorted scornfully. Then lapsed into maudlin reflectiveness again. "No, they'll niver find men loike thim that sailed her—loike Dan Steele . . . God rest his soul—and, God forgive me, but it's drunk loike a baste I was when he died, and hard the last wurrds he spoke to me . . ."

"Lor' love us! 'E's startin' again!" ex-

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claimed the man who had brought the pint of ale. "Same thing every night since 'e made port. Can't do nothin' but drink hisself cock-eyed, 'cos 'e'd a packet o' booze in 'im when ole man Steele kicked the bucket . . . 'Ere, Mike, it wasn't the Salvation Army ole Steele was a captain in, was it?"

Mike's fiery blue eyes turned on the man with bleary ferocity.

"You sew up your dirthy mouth," he growled. "There wasn't a skipper on the Seven Seas could look the way he was on . . . ! Thirty years I sailed wid him, God rest him, an' niver the hard wurrd did he give me, as long's the booze wasn't in me—but it's dhrunk I was the day he died, an' ——"

"Thirty years yer sailed with 'im, did yer, Mike?" interrupted one of the men, not wishing to undergo the tedium of hearing once more Mike's maudlin description of Dan Steele's passing; for the conscience-stricken Mike, unable to banish the tragedy from his own mind, had talked of nothing else since the Swallow had docked in Limehouse two weeks before. "Reckon you an' the Ole Man was pretty good pals, if you was under sail together all that time . . .?"

"Pals!" the Irishman repeated combatively, and with tipsy boastfulness. "Sure, whin I was off the booze, it was loike brothers we were. There wasn't a thing Dan Steele wouldn't tell Mike Flannigan, an' that's the Bible truth—for all that he was the master an' me the cook . . ."

"Maybe 'e told yer about 'is bank . . .?" suggested one slyly.

Mike winked owlishly.

"Maybe he did at that. There wasn't a thing——"

"There wasn't even a blamed bank!" interrupted one of the men impatiently, finishing Mike's sentence for him; the speaker was growing tired of baiting the drink-soused cook. "'Im and 'is bank——! Just a lot o' poppycock . . . There never was no bank . . . D'yer think Dan Steele'd still run that ole hoss-box lookin' fer cargoes, if 'e'd a bank o' pearls up 'is sleeve . . . Bank——! It's all me eye 'n Betty Martin!"

MIKE glared at him, his maudlin conceit stung by the man's derisive incredulity.

"So there's no such bank at all, is there?" he demanded. "Suppose I said there was—would ye be riskin' a broken jaw to call me a loier, ye tin-can sailor!"

"How d'yer know there is?" retorted the other. "Maybe your pal, Dan Steele, told yer where it was an' showed yer round the property, eh?"

Mick stood, rocking gently on his feet, and fixed the man with a knowing, blood-shot eye.

"I said the Old Man—God rest his soul—told me everything, didn't I?" he said slowly. ". . . Well, maybe I could say something that would take the breath of ye away—if I felt inclined . . ."

His audience gave vent to a shout of derisive laughter.

"Ay, ye can laugh . . ." Mike said thickly. "But I know something some of ye'd give yer ears to hear . . . Maybe ye'd loike me to tell ye all about it, would ye—? just to prove I'm no loier . . . Well, it's a downy bird Mike Flannigan is—ye don't catch him opening his thrap. Toight as a clam itself—that's what I am . . ."

The others laughed at him jeeringly. When he first came in it had amused them to bait him; but now they found that he had already drunk himself past the amusing stage of intoxication, and was growing tiresome with his mysterious air and continual repetitions.

It was just at this moment that the Irishman felt a hand on his sleeve. Turning his head, he found himself looking into the face of Pete Dante, who had been standing behind him, unnoticed, for several minutes. Despite the slight stoop of Mike's lean body, their eyes were level. The pair of them stood high above everybody else in the bar.

"'Lo, Mike," Dante greeted him. "Back in port again?"

The Irishman eyed him suspiciously through bloodshot eyes. He knew Captain Pete Dante of old. There were but few sailormen in Limehouse that night who would not have distrusted a greeting from that worthy . . .

"That's plain to see, isn't ut?" he grunted. "I'm wid me friends here."

"Friends!" repeated Dante, with affected heartiness. "I didn't know yer had friends sailin' in them steam-waggons . . . If they're friends, why don't they buy yer a real drink, instead o' that pigwash ye're pourin' down yer throat!"

With an oily expression of good-fellowship on his face, he leaned forward and whispered in Mike's ear:

"I'd like a little talk wi' yer, Mike. Come on into the back parlor an' have a glass or two o' stuff that's fit fer a man's stomach."

Mike emptied his tumbler and looked down into the dirty glass consideringly. He was undeceived by the other's show of heartiness, but his tongue grew moist at the prospect of something more potent than beer to blot out the melancholy memories that were hunting his conscience down. For two weeks he had been drinking steadily, and now even the money he had borrowed for to-night's carousal had gone.

"Thanks, Cap'n Dante. It's a koindly, dacent man ye are," he replied, with a servile smoothness in his voice . . . With Dante coming behind, his lips twisted in a contemptuous smile, Mike lurched into the bar parlor, with as much thirsty alacrity as any fly entered the retreat of any waiting spider.

Dante ordered rum, and they sat facing one another across the table-top. Dante contrived an expression of sober melancholy.

"I heard the news about poor old Dan, Mike . . . By God, I'm sorry to see him go. As square a man he was as ever walked timber . . ."

THE rum arrived, and Dante, while paying for it, ordered two more tots. Mike swilled his at one appreciative draft.

"It's the truth, ye're talkin', Cap'n Dante," he answered, setting down his glass. "An' who'd be knowin' it better than meself that's sailed the seas wid him over thirty years . . ."

"That's a long time, Mike. Yer can find out a lot about a man over a spell like that . . ." Dante sipped his rum slowly, and added softly: "What made me so sorry when ole Dan went, was that he never stripped that bank o' his, an' had one real bust an' a bit o' decent comfort, afore he died . . ."

Mike shook his head knowingly.

"Sure, ye didn't know Cap'n Dan well, if ye thought he'd be doin' a think loike that. 'Twasn't his style at all. It pleased him to take just what he wanted from his fishery, an' no more than that . . ."

He broke off to acknowledge the advent of the second round of rum by drinking his portion in a gulp. As he did so, Dante beckoned the potman to bend towards him.

"Bring a bottle," he whispered in the man's ear.

When the potman had departed to fulfil his commission, he turned slyly to Mike again.

"I've heard that tale before about Dan only takin' a few shells out at a time—but I never believed such talk," he said slowly, watching the other's twitching face narrowly. "Don't seem natural for a man to go on like that, somehow . . . What I think happened, is that Dan had already stripped the lot an' was livin' on the money he'd sold 'em for."

The bottle arrived. Dante poured a glass for the Irishman, but omitted to fill his own. As Mike was drinking, he said cunningly:

"Course he'd tell you the bed was still full o' pearls—but I reckon his friends got the real story . . ."

The Irishman banged down his empty glass indignantly.

"Friends, did ye say! Sure, Dan Steele hadn't a better friend than me in the wurrld—and knew ut . . . He told me nothing that wasn't the gospel truth—an' 'twas nothing he didn't tell me!"

His speech was slurring thickly, and his face was red and puffy. Plainly, he was in the last stages of drunkenness.

Dante shot out like a flash:

"Maybe he told yer where the bed was, then . . . Maybe he gave yer the latitude and longitude?"

Mike leaned insecurely across the table and glared fiercely into Dante's face.

"And, begad, that's just what he did . . .!"

Dante smiled, and lifted the bottle again.

"Have another drink, Mike," he said . . .

CHAPTER 4

TRAPPED

DEAD sober, and without a penny-piece in his pockets, Mike Flannigan stood in the entrance of the Shipman's Rest, his long body slouched up in the doorway, and watched hungrily through hollow eyes for the approach of anybody he knew.

Two days had passed since that evening upon which he had been so unexpectedly treated to such lavish quantities of liquor by Pete Dante . . . Since that evening on which his glass had been refilled as soon as he emptied it, to such an extent that he had collapsed, insensibly drunk, across the table.

. . . There were many things which had happened on that night that were unknown to Mike. He remembered vaguely having had some kind of discussion on the subject of Dan Steele's "Bank," and of boasting to Dante that its position was known to him—but he did not remember the manner in which the Vulture's skipper had pressed him to divulge the latitude and longitude of the fishery as proof of his assertion, while he was in the last stages of drunkenness before collapsing . . .

Mike did not know how near he had come to divulging the secret of his dead master. He was aware of the evil reputation of Dante, and of the fear in which he was held by even the most hard-boiled of sailormen; and yet, had Pete Dante invited him once more this evening to drink with him, Mike would have eagerly accepted, so far was he gone in the terrible craving of a drunkard deprived suddenly of alcohol.

It was well after nine in the evening, and the public-house outside which he stood was crowded with sailors, ringing with their shouting voices, its atmosphere thickening every second with their tobacco and beery breathing . . . He was ill, and in the lowest deeps of black misery, and he would have sold his immortal soul to be among the roaring crowd within the lighted bar, drowning with strong liquor the torture that was tearing both his mind and body.

A few yards distant, a street-lamp shed a feeble yellow glow upon the narrow stretch of uneven pavement and a bleak

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expanse of blank wall. It was by the pale gleam of this lamp that Mike was searching the faces of those approaching along the pavement. Presently, a burly figure came within this circle of weak radiance, walking in the direction of the Shipman's Rest with the typical sailor's lurch and roll in his gait.

With a terrible eagerness, Mike's straining eyes examined his face. He was revealed fleetingly as a man of a good height, but whose tremendous breadth and thickness gave him the appearance of being very much shorter than he really was. The head, set on the fleshy neck, between the great spread of shoulders, was over-small; and the face was the opposite of prepossessing, with its great overhanging brows, the huge, wry slab of a mouth and the long, sly nose.

Coming abreast with Mike, he paused, as if debating with himself whether or not he should enter the bar; and, in the more direct light shining through its windows, his eyes, small and pig-like, and glowing dully with a kind of stupid cunning, could be seen to be examining the hunched-up figure of Mike with interest.

"Hullo . . .! Ain't that Mike Flannigan?"

FOR a little, Mike was silent, instinctive distrust of this stranger running side by side in his mind with half-awakened hope that here was someone who might help to assuage the maddening craving that was racking him. Then he said, slowly:

"Yes, me name's Mike Flannigan . . ."

"There wasn't no need to tell me that," retorted the stranger. "Knew yer the minute I saw yer there . . . Goodness only knows how long it is since we 'ad a night out last—in China, wasn't it?—or was it that spree up Grant Road in Bombay? Guess I've changed a bit since them days—just a kid, I was."

"Sure, it's changed ye must be," answered Mike, wary not to upset the man's friendly manner towards him, the hope of an unexpected treat still at the back of his mind. "I wouldn't have know yez at all, an' that's the truth."

"Guess that's no wonder. . . . Well, maybe a glass or two o' rum'll help to brisk up yer memory—we gotta celebrate after all them years. . . ."

"That's roight!" Mike agreed eagerly. "It's meself could be doin' wid a dhrink. . . . I've a mouth on me loike sandpaper."

"Come on then," said the newcomer, taking Mike by the elbow. They entered the bar together.

"Still stuck to the Swallow are yer . . .?" he said, as the Irishman drained his fourth glass. "An' how's old Dan Steele—still mum as ever about that there fishery of his, eh?"

"Faith, he'll go on bein' mum now—about his fishery an' everythin' else," replied Mike slowly, staring blankly in front of him. "He's dead—God rest his soul . . ."

"Dead . . .!" The man spat in astonishment. "'Struth, I never knew the ole twister'd kicked the bucket——"

"Twisther, is it!" demanded Mike fiercely, jerking upright and fixing the speaker with a hot blue eye. "What is it ye're sayin'—twisther?"

"Just a way o' speakin'—just a way o' speakin', that's all," answered the other hurriedly. "Yer don't want to get so hot under the collar 'cos a pal makes a little joke . . . Why, I wouldn't hear a word against Dan Steele, ole feller—honestly, I wouldn't . . . . Here, have another, an' forget about it."

Mike accepted another loweringly. The other man stood shaking his head, as if lost in melancholy.

"Pore old Dan. Decent ole scout . . . Reckon the secret o' that Bank of his died with him, too . . .?"

Mike's eyes were watching him warily, suspicion suddenly blossoming in his mind at the mention of the "Bank."

"By the way," he said, slowly and distinctly, "Ye know all about me, an' Dan Steele, an' the Swallow—but 'tis more than I can do to remember what your name is . . ."

His interlocutor looked to be completely taken aback. He stared at Mike in amazement.

"What! Mean'ter say yer don't remember Joe Crum! We've been on the binge enough together—out East—an', here, what about that time we beat up Snowy Fred's in 'Frisco?"

Mike's suspicions were unallayed. It was quite possible that he had met the man while in his cups and rioted out an evening with him, drunkenness wiping it out of his mind afterwards; but he seemed to notice something fishy in Joe Crum's manner, and, for the life of him, he could remember neither Crum's name nor looks. He was on the point of denying all knowledge of the acquaintanceship, when a shrill voice rang out, piercing the rumble of deep sailormen's voices.

"Last orders, gents . . .! Last orders, please!"

Mike's craving to drown the devil wrenching his body was torturing him. The publican's shrill announcement meant that here was his last chance of having another drink that night; then, on the heels of the announcement, came Crum's voice, artificially hearty:

"'Struth, we'd better hurry, Mike! Same again . . .?"

"Thanks, Joe. I'll have another."

As they were in the act of swallowing the final brace of drinks the publican's voice howled out again—

"Time, gen'leman! Gents, please—ta-oime!"

Customers were milling round the bar, begging and roaring for just one more. But the publican was adamant. Almost immediately, he was announcing that it was now past time, and that everyone had better finish off the drinks they already had. By ones and twos the place was beginning to empty. Mike and Crum pushed their way outside, and paused among the still arguing groups on the pavement.

"Blast my eyes—but I could do with another!" Crum observed.

Mike was sunk again in wretchedness, the blank prospect of going thirsty till the following morning—and perhaps longer than that in his present penniless state—before him. He was altogether too miserable even to reply.

"How about yerself?" Crum added, with apparent carelessness.

"Begorra, 'tis John Jameson's distillery I could be dhrinkin' dhry as a bone!" said Mike, his interest abruptly reviving again at a note in the other's voice which suggested vaguely that the procuring of an extra drink that night was not beyond his powers.

"Come on, then," said Crum. "I'll take you where we can get all we want." Without waiting for an answer, he set off across the road. Mike fell into step beside him.

THE wharves were buried in deep gloom, but there was a white reflected glow about the warehouses, marking the existence of a lighted street behind the buildings' tall blackness, and here and there along the river front the lights of a boat twinkled, mirrored in a gleaming, oily patch on the dark swell of the stream.

"Here we are," said Crum. "We'll get a drop aboard."

Mike peered uncertainly through the darkness.

"Isn't this the Vulture—Pete Dante's schooner?" he inquired.

"Sure," Crum answered. "I'm her mate . . . Come on, there's always a bottle or two Dante an' me brings aboard." He had pulled up for a second, and now something loomed out of the dimness beside him, which was barely discernible after a second or two as a vessel's gangway. Up this Crum led the way.

Only for a second did Mike hesitate. His suspicions were now crowding thicker than ever at the discovery of Pete Dante's connection with this too-generous and hearty stranger—but, at that moment, Mike Flannigan would cheerfully have plunged into hell itself for a drink. Moistening his dry mouth, he followed his guide aboard the Vulture.

A thin mist lay over the river, and a tug puffing past, hauling huge black shadows that were coal barges, was blowing her siren. The schooner's deck was shrouded in grey-black opaque wreaths.

Crum guided the Irishman aft, without a word. Their footsteps echoed hollowly on the planks. Crum stretched out his hand, and there were faint sounds of it fumbling with a door-handle. Yellow light flooded out, striking solidly on the drifting mist.

"Come on in," Crum invited, holding open the door. Mike stepped inside, to find himself within the schooner's cabin. Sitting at the table, facing the door and with his close-set black eyes narrowed in a slow smile, was Pete Dante.

"Here's Mike Flannigan, skipper," announced Crum, closing the door. "Mind me bringin' him in fer a snifter?"

"Sure, bring him along. Glad to see yer, Mike," Dante answered genially; but there was a glitter in the beady eyes which were at variance with the friendly words.

MIKE advanced towards the table.

"Got over yer jag o' the day afore yesterday?" Dante inquired, and gave a short laugh.

"Faith, I've a head on me loike a cartload iv church-bells in an earthquake," Mike replied, with eager friendliness at the immediate prospect of liquor. There was a brandy bottle on the table. Towards this Dante stretched his hand. Lifting a tumbler which stood beside the bottle, he poured out a stiff peg.

Then he looked up at Mike, smiling crookedly, an enigmatic, faintly scornful expression in his considering eyes.

"Joe'll fix you up fine, Mike," he said slowly. Mike frowned in puzzlement, not getting the meaning of the strange words, and put out his hand to accept the glass Dante had poured.

Just as he did so, Dante unhurriedly lifted the tumbler to his own lips and drained it. Then, looking straight into the Irishman's face, he said distinctly and contemptuously:

"It's not drink you'll get aboard my craft, yer dirty, yellow skunk—! Not a damn drop, yer crawlin', whinin', drunken rat!"

For a split second Mike stood immovable; then he took one step forward, his eyes blazing, his huge fists clenched . . . He took no more than one step, for, at that instant, there was a tiny, furtive movement behind him; then Joe Crum, with the neat precision of an expert, hit him a shattering blow behind the ear with a short length of lead piping.

Without as much as a murmur, the Irishman toppled forward, crashing on his face half across the table, then sliding to the floor, where he lay still as a log.

Across his inert body the eyes of Pete Dante met those of his mate. Both men smiled unpleasantly.

"D'ye reckon he'll talk all right?" Crum inquired.

Dante's eyes narrowed evilly.

"Somehow or other, I reckon he will," he said.

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CHAPTER 5

THE FLOGGING

WHEN Mike awoke it was broad daylight, but no sooner did he open his eyes than he shut them tight again, his face twisting in pain.

He would have lifted his hands to his splitting brow; but his hands were tied behind his back with brutal tightness. He would have rolled over on his face and pressed his head against the floor upon which he lay; but he was lying on his back, and the effort of rolling over was too much even to contemplate.

At painful cost to his throbbing head, he forced himself to half-open his eyes and look about him. At the same moment he realised that the floor on which he lay was not steady; his body was being rolled gently, at regular intervals, by a measured lilting of the floor. Then he saw where he was, and he understood the cause of the moving floor . . . He was still in the cabin of the Vulture, and the schooner was under way . . .

He seemed dimly to remember having made some boasting hints that the exact position of Steele's "Bank" was known to him. Many had laughed at what he said, knowing the careful discretion of Dan Steele—but Pete Dante had seen some truth in his reckless words, and meant to screw the precious information out of him somehow . . .

He had just arrived at this unreassuring conclusion when he heard a slight sound on his left. He managed, not without difficulty, to twist his head in that direction, and saw that Dante himself had entered.

"So you've come to, have yer? About time, too . . . 'Struth, I thought ye'd croaked on us!"

The Vulture's skipper advanced slowly into the low apartment, looking down with a twist to his thick lips at the man on the floor. Without warning, he lashed out with his heavy boot landing heavily on Mike's side.

"Answer——! Can't yer speak, yer dumb swine!"

Mike's tortured eyes glared upwards out of a face now contorted with utter hate. His mouth set grimly.

"So yer want to play the oyster, do yer . . .?" his tormentor went on. "Well, maybe we'll open that tight trap o' yours yet, and get the pearl out! Know what I mean by pearl—don't yer . . .? I mean the location of Dan Steele's "Bank"—an' that's just what ye're goin' to tell me . . . an' before ye've many more grey hairs on that booze-rotted head o' yours."

In a sudden uncontrolled fury, Dante lashed out again at Mike's face, gashing his cheek. Across the Irishman's greying temple a thin stream of blood began to run.

As if pulling himself together, Dante smiled again.

"Right," he said. "No talkin'—that's it, eh? Well, we know how to make folks do what we want aboard the Vulture . . . This old hooker's got a pretty black name, Flannigan—an' by God, it deserves it. We got our own little ways here, an' we'll see how yer like 'em!"

HIS black eyes, as they leered down at Mike, held an infinite menace. When Peter Dante's crew saw that glitter in his eyes, they jumped to obey his orders, for they knew, by bitter experience, what that look signified.

"Yer ain't never met Jean-Jacques, our bos'un, have yer, Mike?" he inquired, his voice silky, and as cruelly soft as the hiss of a snake. "Never mind, ye'll meet him right away . . . A handy man to have aboard a craft like this, is Jean-Jacques, so we carry a bos'un just to have him with us. Used to be a guard on Devil's Island, where they treats convicts in a nice kind way all their own. They understands scientific floggin' on Devil's Island, Mike—and Jean-Jacques was the champion flogger o' the whole dump. He knows the job from A to Z, he does.

Mike's face was white, but he answered with the forced lightness of bravado:

"Sure, he sounds loike a great feller. I'd loike to meet the gintleman!"

"Don't worry," Dante grinned. "Yer will . . ." With which grim promise, he went to the cabin door, opened it and stuck his head out. The order he bellowed was indistinguishable, but it was answered by three tough-looking seamen, who came running in answer to the shout.

Dante jerked his head in Mike's direction.

"Take him out on deck . . . Strip the swine, an' peg him out on his belly. An' tell Jean-Jacques I want him—with his whip!"

Before they rent the clothes from his back, and pegged him out on his face on the deck, Mike had time only to observe that the Vulture was already far down the river; exactly where they were he could not determine.

Their job done for the moment, the three hands stepped back from Mike's spreadeagled body, leaving him with his face pressed against the deck, naked except for his trousers. Pete Dante took a long, thin cheroot from his pocket and lit it carefully, then settled himself comfortably on a hatch to watch the fun.

A squat, burly member of the crew came sidling up to him, carrying in his right hand a long whip of knotted rawhide. This was the bo'sun, Jean-Jacques Dubois, of whom his skipper had spoken so commendingly. His swart, evil face wore an expectant grin as he looked inquiringly at Dante.

"We got a tough feller here—or he thinks he is," announced Dante. "Show him how we tame tough fellers aboard the Vulture . . ."

Jean-Jacques winked knowingly.

"I get eet, skeeper . . . I show heem!"

He moved towards the prostrate Mike and grinned down at him. "How you like zees tough feller, hein?" He jeered, and brought his whip down. Again and again his arm rose and fell with the jerking, wristy action of an expert in giving pain. Each time the rending rawhide flailed across Mike's naked back, curling round it, viciously tugged back across it to lacerate the flesh.

MIKE'S face was pressed tight against the deck. His eyes were closed, and his teeth were bared, and clenched to stifle the screams of agony bursting in his throat.

"That's enough, Jean!" Dante jerked out suddenly, and, crossing to Mike's side, knelt down.

"Eet's all right, skeeper—he stand a lot more yet," the Frenchman said hurriedly.

Dante grabbed Mike's head by the hair, and lifted it. The Irishman's face was grinning horribly in pain.

"Feel like talkin' yet, eh, Mike?"

Mike's eyes opened dazedly. His lips struggled to speak.

"Be damned to ye, ye black swine!" he whispered.

With a brutal movement, Dante flung the Irishman's head back on the planks.

"Carry on, yer French swine!" he growled, with a contemptuous smile at Jean-Jacques.

Mike bit his lip till the blood came, crushing back his moans . . . Still the lash rose and fell . . . The torture was more than human flesh could bear . . . His face contorted in a frightful spasm—then scream upon scream tore the clean air of the lower river—the awful scream of a strong man in unbearable agony, so much more dreadful than a woman's to hear.

Dante was kneeling beside him again, bending close over him. His body gave a frightful twitch every time the blow of the whip landed. The Vulture's skipper was whispering fiercely:

"Talk now, will yer . . .? Talk now!"

Half-crazed with pain, Mike twisted his head upwards and shrieked:

"Let me hands free . . .! Just let me hands free for two seconds, an' I'll tear the heart an' throat out o' ye!"

Dante's evil face twisted in fury at the Irishman's words. Noticing that the lashes of the whip were slackening, he shouted at the bos'un:

"Go on, yer creepin' French toad . . .! Get on with it!"

But the whip was already hanging inactively at the Frenchman's side. Jean-Jacques extended the palms of his hands deprecatingly.

"No good now, skeeper. He pass out . . ." He pointed at Mike, and there was no need to say more; his eyes were closed and his body limply insensible.

"Fainted, has he—the yeller dog . . .!" Dante swung round and roared at the seamen standing about, watching the proceedings with leering appreciation. "Lively there, one of yer flamin' images—! Give 'im a pail o' seawater to bring 'im round!"

Many hands shot out eagerly towards the water-bucket that Jean-Jacques, with the foresight acquired through much practice in his loathsome art, had caused to be placed in readiness. The shower of water arched through the sunny air, shining like silver, and splashed over Mike's exposed head and back. It was the furious pain of the stinging salt on his mutilated back more than anything else that brought him to his senses—with a maddened scream that sent the onlookers off into shouts of laughter.

NO sooner was he fully conscious again that Jean-Jacques was plying his whip with dreadful competence . . . Mike's moans were unceasing, rising sharply to a scream each time the lash descended on his raw back . . . After another dozen lashes, he fainted again, and was once more brought round with brutal thoroughness by emptying a second bucket over him.

All the time Dante knelt by him constantly repeating:

"Mike, come on now an' tell me where them pearls are . . . Don't be a fool, Mike—the minute yer talk, the whippin' 'll stop . . ."

Mike, by now, was more dead than alive . . . The only coherent thought in his spinning brain was the knowledge that he had reached the end of his tether, that, come what might, he could bear no more . . . He screamed hoarsely:

"Stop . . .! Stop an' I'll tell ye what ye want!"

Dante smiled. Turning his head, he nodded to Jean-Jacques, and the Frenchman immediately checked the stroke he was in the act of delivering.

"Well . . .?" inquired Dante slowly, bending close to Mike's face.

"Loose me first," the Irishman demanded weakly.

Dante nodded again, this time to the two hands standing nearest. Without a word, they untied Mike's arms and legs . . . He

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lay on his face unable to sit up or move in any way. Dante leaned over him eagerly.

"Come on, Mike—tell me where Dan's Bank is!"

The Irishman's whisper was so low and labored that the words could hardly be heard.

"It's 21-31-42 South, 159-52-12 West—that's what ut is, Dante . . . 21-31-42 South, 159-52-12 West . . . I swear that's the truth . . ." he babbled and sobbed. Then the arms supporting the body suddenly bent, and he collapsed like a sack.

"Another bucket for his back?" inquired Joe Crum, who was now standing by the skipper's side. "He's passed out."

Dante did not answer for a moment, looking thoughtful.

"No, I want no more floggin' . . ." he said slowly.

"Think ye've got what yee wanted?"

"I damn well know I have. He's too far gone to risk another tickle from Jean-Jacques by tellin' lies . . ."

"What'll we do with him now, then?" Crum asked.

Dante smiled unpleasantly, coming with a start out of his evil abstraction. He grinned leeringly at the mate.

"That back o' his is pretty bad . . . Like a lump o' raw steak, ain't it? Yer know what we ought to do, Joe? We ought to attend to that back for him . . ."

Crum twisted his face inquiringly.

"Nothin' like salt water for raw wounds," said Dante in answer to the unspoken question. "Stings a bit, but it cures 'em all right . . . I think Mister Yeller Flannigan deserves a saltwater-bath!"

The suggestion was evidently popular with both mate and hands. Amid a chorus of brutal jests and laughter, the end of a long piece of rope was fastened round under the arms of Mike's senseless body. Then the unconscious cook of the Swallow was hauled aft and flung overboard like a sack of refuse.

By now the Vulture was sailing fast. The crew held fast to the loose end of the rope and trailed Mike astern, bobbing like a cork in the foaming wake the schooner was churning, more often submerged under the hissing whiteness than not.

Then suddenly a shout went up from the hands. Not even momentarily did Mike reappear above the surface, after an immersion, and the rope was no longer taut but hung limply.

"It's come undone round him!" exclaimed one.

Dante opened his mouth to curse them for their clumsiness, then he closed it again with a snap.

"It's the best way out . . ." he muttered to himself; then, raising his voice, bellowed the order to cram on more sail.

By nightfall of that day the Vulture, with all sails set and bellying in the rising wind, was beating it down the North Sea coast of Kent towards the Channel.

CHAPTER 6

PURSUIT

THE bare masts of the Swallow made a criss-cross pattern against the red glow with which the setting sun was flooding the sky. On the schooner's poop Dick Lennon and Mary Steele leaned over the side and watched the sunset turning Limehouse Reach into a pool of molten gold.

"Completely repaired and reconditioned," announced Dick, breaking the silence. "She's as good as new, and fit to sail three times round the globe to-morrow."

Mary's eyes were fixed dreamily on the delicate design the masts and rigging etched in black against the brightness to the west.

"She's a beauty, isn't she . . .? I only wish I could sail with you when you put out of port," she observed wistfully.

Dick made no answer to that. No change of expression showed in his face, but, in his mind, was a comforting, secret sense of satisfaction that the Swallow's young owner would not be accompanying him. Women and the sea did not go together in his opinion.

Over a fortnight had passed since the schooner's return to port, and now all Dan Steele's affairs were straightened out and the Swallow's reconditioning finished. She was ready for sea again, and Dick Lennon, passionately a wanderer at heart, was burning with impatience to be sailing southward once more.

"We can put out as soon as you give the word," he said. "I've seen to it that I can get hold of all the hands at a few hours' notice."

"All except Mike Flannigan . . ." Mary responded slowly.

"Oh, he'll turn up all right," he answered carelessly. "He's only gone off on a drunk somewhere."

She still looked worried.

"I'm not so sure. He's absolutely disappeared for three days, and I do hope he's all right. He used always to come and see me, when my father was home, and this time he hasn't been near me."

"Well, even if he doesn't turn up, I can't see that it'll be much loss," he retorted. "He's a drunken old rascal, and we can easily find another cook."

"If you don't mind, I'd rather you didn't talk about Mike like that," she said earnestly. "I know all his shortcomings, but I've always been fond of him. I only hope he's not come to any harm."

Dick did not reply. He was thinking cynically of the sentimentalism of women, that forced them to forgive a rogue his faults, simply because the same rogue had a certain charm about him . . .

TO stop the flicker of his features betraying his thoughts, he turned his face to landward, and, as he did so, he gave vent to a whistle of astonishment.

"Well, talk of the devil . . .!" he exclaimed. "Just take a look at who's coming down the gangplank now . . ."

Mary swung round and followed the direction of his eyes.

"You're right," she said. "It's Mike . . ."

The tall figure of the cook paused for a second on deck, and scanned the length of the ship with his eyes, before he sighted them.

He came ambling for the poop, and they waited in silence for his arrival. As he came near, it could be seen that he was dressed only in his boots, trousers, and a jacket that was much too small for his great frame and had obviously been borrowed from someone else. He was bareheaded, and no shirt covered his naked chest.

Coming up to them, he paused, standing stock-still and wordless. His eyes, staring unwinkingly at Mary, were hollow and tragic.

"So you've turned up, have you, Mike? About time, too," Dick observed; then, after a second's silence: ". . . Well, what's bothering you? You look as if the end of the world had come."

Mike turned his tragic eyes on the young skipper.

"Maybe it has, at that," he answered, his voice harsh and jerky. ". . . My wurrid, at any rate . . ."

Mary made a little impulsive movement forward, and laid her hand on the Irishman's worn sleeve.

"Mike . . ." she said earnestly. "Won't you tell me what's happened?"

He glanced at her again through his burning eyes, then the eyes dropped in shame and wretchedness.

"I'll tell ye what's happened . . . I've broken my faith wid me ould masther. I've given away the secret iv where Dan got his pearls to Pete Dante . . ."

He spoke as if forcing the words out of his throat with a great effort. Upon them followed a portentous silence. Then Mary said slowly:

"So you knew that and have given it away, have you . . . Were you drunk?"

Mike raised imploring eyes to her.

"Sure an' I was . . . But t'wasn't that made me talk . . ." He appeared to hesitate for a second, then abruptly slipped out of the pea-jacket he wore, so that he was standing stripped to the waist. Slowly he turned and showed them the raw, red flesh of his back.

Mary gave a little strangled cry of horror. The sight of the terrible condition of that lacerated back was enough to turn the stomach. Turning, Mike put the coat on again, not without an involuntary grimace or two as the rough serge rubbed the bared flesh.

And then, avoiding their gaze, he gave a broken, disjointed account of all that had taken place since his first meeting with the Vulture's skipper in the Shipman's Rest. At the end of his recital, there was a brief pause, then Mary said decisively:

"The first thing to be done is to have that awful back attended to by a doctor."

"I'd rather keep it as it is, an' bear the pain av it as punishment for me—and a reminder iv what I owe Cap'n Pete Dante next toime we meet!" Mike answered, a sudden spasm of utter hate crossing his face.

"It's pretty clear what Dante's first move is," Dick interrupted slowly. "That mob of his is already well on its way to rob Dan Steele's Bank . . ."

"They're not going to get away with it—if we can do anything about it!" Mary replied spiritedly. "The minute we can get the crew together, the Swallow's going after them."

"That's the talk," said Dick approvingly. "We'll gum up their little game yet."

". . . And I'm going with you," said Mary quietly.

"This is no job for women," Dick retorted shortly. "There's going to be some pretty rough and dangerous stuff flying about."

"That's exactly why I'm going. If there's danger to be faced, the whole ship's company'll be facing it in my interests."

"Facing danger is a full-time job with these fellows. I think your presence would be more of a hindrance than a help." Her declaration of going with them upon this of all trips was irritating him intensely. As a result he spoke with, perhaps, more sharpness than he had meant.

She drew herself up coldly.

"I have said I'm going, Captain Lennon, and that is settled. Please don't say any more about it."

FOR a moment, chagrin almost succeeded in forcing him to tell her that he refused to take her: that, if she insisted, he was willing to get out of her employ there and then. And then he remembered his debt to her dead father and his promise to the dying skipper. He shrugged with affected carelessness, and answered indifferently:

"You're the boss, Miss Steele. I've got to obey your order."

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"Good," she said. "How soon can we sail?"

"I'll round up the hands right away. I think we should catch the next tide."

"I'll be ready. And now I'm going to take Mike to a doctor . . ." She glanced at Mike, who had been watching them in wistful silence, like a dog afraid to move until his master gave the word.

"If ye want me to, I'll go wid ye," he said; then added hesitantly: ". . . Maybe ye'd be wantin' me to show the new cook ye sign on the ins-and-outs iv the galley . . .? That baste iv a stove needs more than a bit iv explainin' . . ."

His burning eyes were searching Mary's face entreateningly; but she gave no sign that she understood the question behind the look. Abruptly his huge hands clenched, and he snarled with a sudden passion of ferocious hate:

"The curse o' Crummle on Pete Dante! I'd give me roight arm, or the rest iv me loife for the chance to pay him out for bringin' Mike Flannigan lower than the mangiest dog that iver crawled."

Then, as abruptly as his ferocity had arisen, it died again. He muttered hopelessly:

"But niver a chance I'll be gettin' now . . . Sure, afther what I've done, how could ye be takin' me wid ye, when ye sail afther him . . .?"

Mary spoke, slowly and distinctly:

"Suppose I did take you with us, Mike? Suppose I . . ."

The Irishman's face was alight with a fire of sudden hope that was almost painful to witness.

"Take me wid ye, Miss Mary . . .! If ye did that, I'd—I'd—" The words seemed to stick in his throat. He managed to jerk out brokenly: "I swear to God I'll niver touch another dhrop iv liquor till the day I died . . ." Then he turned away hurriedly to hide the tears rolling down his weather-beaten cheeks. The whole of his long body was shaking with the racking sobs he was trying vainly to stifle.

Mary turned to Dick and appealed to him.

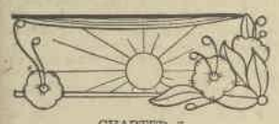
"You'll sign Mike on again as cook, won't you?"

Dick shrugged again.

"You're the boss, Miss Steele," he said for the second time.

An expression flickered across her face that had a hint of impatience in it.

"That's settled then. And now let's waste no more time." Into her eyes there came a light which showed that the old fighting spirit of Dan Steele had been passed on to his daughter in good measure. "Will you see about getting the hands together right away, Captain Lennon? Dante's got a good start, but we're going to see whether it's quite good enough . . . It's a race now between him and us for the island."



CHAPTER 7

OUT OF THE PAST

OVER the sunny waters of the South Atlantic, the Swallow skimmed before a spanking breeze. With the wind tingling her cheeks, Mary came down the companionway into the cabin, and found Dick Lennon deeply engaged with charts spread all over the table.

He did not trouble to look up or acknowledge her entrance in any way.

He should be taught to be at least polite, she decided, as with a little grimace at his bent head, and with the deliberate intention of interrupting him, she said gaily:

"It's a credit to you, Captain Lennon, that you can concentrate so hard on your work on such a lovely morning."

HE finished his notes and laid down the fountain pen he had been using before replying, at which she grimaced at him again. He looked up and smiled pleasantly.

"The morning doesn't make any difference to the routine of running a ship. Some things have got to be done."

"Maybe," she answered tersely, and walked towards the door of the spare cabin, which had been hers since the start of the voyage. In a moment or two she came out again, carrying a small black japanned box.

"Old Davey has given his hand a nasty gash," she announced. "I'm going to fix it for him."

"Davey's lucky," he said, and watched her go out.

Left alone in the cabin, he lit a pipe moodily, and, getting up, walked up and down thoughtfully. . . . Although the winds had been favorable and the Swallow had made an excellent passage so far, Pete Dante's schooner had not been sighted yet. Dick had been cramming on sail, taking chances since the start, pushing furiously across the broad waste of both Atlantics, and yet there was no sign of his quarry. He began to wonder if the Vulture's skipper had any inkling of pursuit . . .

Upon leaving it, Mary had left the door of her cabin ajar, and with the roll of the ship it swung slowly open. Being suddenly given a view of its interior, Dick pulled up short in his perambulations, and stared.

He stared in silence. It was the first time he had looked into her quarters aboard the schooner, and it was the first time for many years that he had seen inside the private room of a woman. The sight of it, and the faint perfume hanging on the air of it, affected him queerly, tightening his throat.

He turned away abruptly, then, as an afterthought, went back and closed the door. The slam of the door brought him out of his abstraction abruptly, although, as he instantly realised, nothing would ever make him forget the subtle appeal of that unequivocably womanly apartment.

Pulling fiercely at his pipe, he found with surprise that it had gone out. Stuffing it impatiently in his pocket, he went up on deck.

Shaw, the new mate, who had been hastily signed on just before sailing, was at the wheel.

"Well, Mister, how's she steering?"

"Like a bird, Cap'n."

"Hold her as she goes," said Dick, and, strolling to the poop-rail, looked idly along the decks forward.

Abruptly the expression of his face changed. He bit his lip. Seated against the galley-hatch was Davey, the old ship's carpenter; kneeling beside him, absorbed in binding up his horny hand, was Mary Steele. In the bows, nearly the whole of the crew stood clustered, watching the bandaging operations with much suppressed laughter and whisperings among themselves.

Dick frowned at them. By now Mary had finished her ministrations, and, with a final laughing word to Davey, jumped lightly to her feet and came walking aft. Irritably, Dick noticed the grinning eyes of the hands following her departure from their vicinity.

She came running up the companion-ladder and came to a halt by his side.

"Well, I've tended the wounded," she announced. "Don't you think I'm a handy person to have on board?"

"You seem to be handy enough at keeping the fo'c'stle amused!" he snapped.

Gaiety went out of her face, as if a shutter had been closed down, to be replaced with flashing anger.

"Do you know you're being very rude for the second time to-day, Captain Lennon!" she demanded.

"I mean to keep discipline aboard this craft—even at the expense of politeness," he retorted, the anger engendered by the knowledge that he had indeed behaved like a boorish fool being diverted from himself to the object of his rudeness.

"If you're thinking of discipline, you needn't distress yourself," she said. "I've travelled on this boat enough times with my father—many more times than you—and I don't think the discipline was much affected."

"You think you've done Davey a fine turn, don't you?" he replied sharply. "Well, you're badly out. They'll chip that old shellback, till they make his life a misery ——"

"Oh, talk about navigation, and not about things you don't understand!" she interrupted impatiently. "You're so wrapped up in your charts and figures that you've forgotten the way human beings think and act. You've turned yourself into a piece of steering-gear! As if chaff means anything to a man like Davey . . .! Of course, they'll chip him—as if sailors ever did anything else but chaff! It's an old sailor you're talking about—not a bad-tempered schoolboy!"

SHE had turned away, as if to leave him, but at the rail of the companion-way she swung round and faced him a moment before descending the ladder.

"It might be as well for you to remember that I'm not the kind of person who enjoys being spoken to like a half-witted child," she said. "And I hope you're not too much of a baby to apologise!" And, with that parting shot, she ran lightly down the ladder to the main deck, leaving him staring blankly after her.

After that, he would have avoided her had he been able; but, aboard a small schooner, it is impossible especially when sharing the same quarters. During their several meetings of that day, they both preserved a stony silence, and his irritability, which by now was principally directed against himself, did not diminish. Rather, it increased, for in the late afternoon, the wind dropped to such an extent that the progress of the Swallow was reduced to a mere crawl.

Before turning in that night, he left the stuffy cabin, and settled himself in an angle of the side on the after part of the main deck.

The night was shrouded in peace and soft beauty with a great moon riding a clear sky and the Southern Cross blazing.

Peace hung heavy on the southern night, ripe with misty warmth and softness which soothes all troubled spirits. Despite himself, and the knowledge that it was this peacefulness that was keeping his boat here, practically becalmed and far in Dante's rear, he felt himself responding to the insinuating tranquillity of all this dim radiance . . . He had almost abandoned himself to the urge, when something happened that sent his spirit dropping back into its former morose state . . .

This was the appearance on deck of Mary Steele, the cause, along with the falling-off in the wind and his self-irritation, of his present black mood. At the head of the companion-way, she paused and lifted her face to the sky. He could hear the deep breath of delight she made. Apart from themselves, there was no sign of life on the decks, save where the steersman made a black silhouette against the clustering stars.

Turning to gaze out across the gleaming water, she saw him. Plainly to his ears

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came her quick surprised intake of breath. She came slowly to his side and leaned on the rail. She said no word.

He felt as if the silence was forging a queer chain of intimacy between the two of them, an intimacy from which all his set ideas and prejudices revolted. Resolving to break this chain of dreamy silence, he said curtly, his voice grating harshly:

"Are you waiting for that apology?"

SLOWLY she turned to him.

"I had forgotten about it," she said, her voice low and vibrant, mingling somehow with the hushed lapping of the water on the schooner's side. "Somehow all that sort of thing seems small and petty on a night like this."

"I've got to apologise," he answered shortly. "I know darned well I owe you it—and I'd be letting myself down if I didn't."

"Thank you. I'm glad you've done it," she acknowledged. There was a kind of enigmatic quality in her slow voice, that seemed in some indefinable way a part of the magic of the starlit moment. "If you hadn't, I'd have felt uncomfortable for the rest of the trip—for the moment it was forgotten; such a little thing as that couldn't live in—this"—she moved her head, indicating the wide space of night and sky and sea—" for me."

She seated herself on the rail, and looked out over the water again. The vagrant wind gave a light puff, stirring her hair, making the blocks rattle and the slack sails shiver.

"Funny, isn't it, how much more impressive a hush is than dead silence," she murmured. "The wind and the water and the boat itself—they all seem afraid to disturb it . . ."

He answered hoarsely, fighting against all the misty, softening influences about him:

"I wish the wind would disturb things a bit. That hound, Dante's, got an auxiliary engine, and he'll be making a bigger gap still, between us . . . We've hardly even way on her just now."

She said in a voice of wonder:

"Of course we've got to catch them up—but it doesn't make to-night any less beautiful. I've sailed about quite a lot, and I've never met a sailor yet who didn't like the sea in all its moods even in storm . . ."

"Perhaps you've not sailed about enough yet. When you have, maybe you'll like the sea less, when you're aboard a windjammer and half-becalmed like this."

"I think I've sailed enough," she said calmly.

"Wait till you've been round the Horn. You know the old proverb of the shellbacks—'No man's a real sailor, till he's been round the Horn.'"

She was silent for a moment, detecting the unspoken disparagement of her sex which was the half-concealed meaning behind his words. For a second, she was tempted to tell him that she had already rounded Cape Horn—and in the Swallow itself—on a wild night of sleet and storm and biting cold, with the hands manning the yards almost continuously for three days and nights; but she resisted the impulse as childish on a night such as this, when the heart seemed to be striving upwards from such petty retaliations.

Instead, she looked at him out of her quiet eyes, wondering what was going on in his mind. She said thoughtfully:

"You don't think very much of women, do you? I wonder why you feel like that . . ."

For some moments he did not speak, struggling against the urge to sink into the detached intimacy of the beauty all around him. When the words did come, they sounded as if they were catching in his throat and only with difficulty struggling out at all.

"I've got my private reasons—but maybe you wouldn't understand them . . .

Looking forward and upward, he fixed his eyes on where the mainmast thrust its black spearheads of topspars against the twinkling sky, and then, after a long pause, assumed his old briskness of manner again. He raised his head and sniffed the air.

Looking at him then, with his head thrown back to reveal the strong throat and the moonlight catching the firm moulding of his face, she seemed to see something queerly boyish about him—in spite of harsh lines in the set features that told of some great hurt the owner had suffered—the hurt whose cold hand had set its icy fingers on the warm upspringing of his youth, freezing it in his young body. She did not notice the powerful lines of his body now, only the harsh one in his young face, and her own heart beat with the urge to sympathise. But she knew that he wanted no sympathy at this moment. Perhaps he was already regretting having disclosed his feelings. She waited for him to say the first word . . .

She felt a light breeze fanning her face—a breeze with a sharpness in it. He still sniffed the air, head back and nostrils wide. Then he spoke tersely:

"Wind's rising . . ."

She looked quickly at the sails. They were trembling violently. Then, suddenly, they bellied as a gust took them. Beneath her, she could feel the boat spring forward to the thrust of the freshening wind.

CHAPTER 8

IN SIGHT

IT had been his greed for the pearls in Dan Steele's Bank, and not fear of any pursuit, that had driven Dante at top speed from London half-way across the world. Sitting in his cabin, he smoked one of his long, thin cheroots, and carefully worked out his position. From where he was now, he judged that no more than thirty-six hours' sailing would bring him to the island.

It was a pleasant, exciting thought. Already, in anticipation, he was stowing away an enormous hoard of pearls from Steele's fabulous bed. He had given the order for the crew to be paraded on deck, but he was loath to break the pleasurable trend of his thoughts yet awhile for the purpose of addressing his men.

The opening of the cabin door recalled him from his daydreams. It was Joe Crum who had entered.

"Hands all lined up an' waitin', Cap'n Dante."

"Right y'are, Mister . . ." Dante threw the butt of his cheroot on the floor, stamping it out with his foot, and lit another. Then he rose from the table and climbed up on deck.

The grumbling mutter of the hands drifted into silence as, one by one, they noticed the advent of their skipper. There were eight of them, along with a cook, and the latter's boy, a thin creature with large brown, frightened eyes, who looked no more than eleven or twelve years of age.

Looking them up and down, Dante's lip curled contemptuously. They were about as villainous a collection of rogues and dock-rats as one could hope to encounter, and none knew better than Dante that any one of them would cheerfully murder him for the price of a bottle of rum—given the chance, and given the courage. But Dante had three good reasons why they should be faithful to him: their reliance on his brains, their reliance on his leadership, and their greed. He was now about to make his appeal to this last quality in them.

"Well, yer cock-eyed crowd o' farmers," he began pleasantly, "any o' yer got any idea what cargo we're chasin' on this trip . . .?"

He looked along the row of faces. Each was ostentatiously blank and politely questioning. He grinned sarcastically.

"Sure. 'Course none of yer have. We might be after copra or cockle-shells, eh? You're all green, ain't yer—? Not an idea in yer 'eads—eh?" He roared with laughter. ". . . Well, I'll tell yer. It's pearls. . ."

In every one of the hard faces, not a muscle moved. The announcement was obviously not unexpected. Rumor had already been busy among them. Watching these faces, Dante grinned.

" . . . An' t'ain't nobody's pearls in particular we're goin' after—it's Dan Steele's Bank!" he added, and this time he saw that he had shaken their phlegm.

"That's somethin' to think about, eh?" Dante demanded. "Dan Steele's Bank—the island he got his pearls from for all them years—an' kept tight as a clam about all *them* years . . . Well, it's still a secret—only I'm in on it this time . . . Dan Steele's pearls—that ain't no tuppenny-ha'-penny affair. There's real dough in this for you poor mugs, if you're willin' to go through with it an' keep yer mouths shut afterwards . . . Well, any of yer want to stay out? All you're asked to do is just what I tell yer, with no questions asked, an' no squealin' when it's over . . ."

"What-a mouce we get out of thees, capitano?" It was a young Italian who spoke.

Dante stared hard at the speaker for a long moment before answering, during which lowering inspection the Italian dropped his bold black eyes and shuffled his feet awkwardly.

"Half to me, an' the other half split among the rest of yer, with a double-share for Mister Crum," Dante growled.

A German seaman put in hardily:

"Vot half doss Mister Crum's share gome oud off—yours or ours?"

"Yours," said Dante curtly. "Satisfied?"

His eyes swept their faces, glittering. There was a low mutter of assent. He nodded, and smiled grimly.

"Yes, and yer darn well ought to be. I'm the feller with the information, ain't I? All right then—hook it . . . and don't forget, Do everythin' yer told, and you'll be all right. Get that?—everythin'!"

AS the hands, amid a stifled and agitated whispering, returned forrard, the mate sidled up beside Dante. Together they watched the bickering crew, and, meeting one another's eyes, they smiled slowly.

"All fixed now, eh, Cap'n?" Crum observed.

"I guess so, Mister. That scum 'ud go from here to Hell an' back again for a pearl apiece."

"Well, it won't be long to wait now for the share-out. With that dredger we'll strip the bed in a brace of shakes. . . Great idea that o' yours, Cap'n, to order the dredger in Valparaiso by cable, an' pick it up on the way up the coast to catch the 'trades.' Saved us a heap o' time."

Dante smiled knowingly.

"In jobs like this, mister, it's brains that counts. It's lookin' ahead, an' gettin' ready for what you've worked out's goin' to happen . . . That dredger ain't the only thing that came aboard at Valparaiso. There was a dozen magazine rifles as well,

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an' enough ammunition to wipe out all the penguins in the Antarctic."

"Yer ain't expecting trouble, are yer. . .? Yer don't think any o' Dan's old crowd's found out about us being on this lay?"

"I don't think any such thing. Mike Flannigan's where he won't bother us any more, an' it was only through him that they could find out about us. But I'm takin' no chances on a trip like this. When there's pearls about there's always plenty people lookin' for 'em—" He broke off abruptly, turning his head sideways sharply as the thin sing-song hail of the look-out man rang out.

"S-a-l-l ho! . . ."

"Down to the cabin an' get my telescope," Dante snapped.

Crum hastily disappeared down the companionway.

" . . . S-a-l-l astern . . ." the look-out man was calling.

There was a clatter of feet, and Crum stood at Dante's side, holding the telescope. The Vulture's skipper put it to his eye.

A moment's pause—then a terrible flood of profanity poured from his twisted lips.

" . . . An' may they rot!" he finished the flood. "It's them!"

"Who?" Crum demanded.

"The Swallow . .! An' comin' after us like the dogs o' Hell . . .!" He swung round, roaring: "Man the braces!" Then he turned to Crum again, and gritted through his teeth:

"We've got to pile on sail till we crack the masts . . . It's a race now—and, by Heavens, we're goin' to reach that damned island first!"

EXCITEMENT aboard the Swallow upon sighting the Vulture was no less than upon Dante's vessel at the same moment. In Dick's case, however, it was impossible to cram on any more sail, for the schooner was already carrying her full complement. For over two hours, the two boats skimmed the blue water under their white canvases, without the space between them either lengthening or decreasing appreciably. Then at the end of this time the wind began to drop, its blustering grew gradually weaker and weaker until the pace was reduced by half.

Dick walked up and down the deck, cursing his luck, for now the craft in front would be able to make use of her auxiliary engine to pull well away from the pursuing Swallow. Knowing that he would have to make the best of it, however, he swallowed his chagrin, and decided unconsciously to follow Dante's example, by calling the crew together and revealing their destination and what they would have to face.

They lined up: seven seamen, and Mike Flannigan towering over them. Mister Shaw, to whom Dick had already given an inkling of the object of the voyage, stood with Mary by the young skipper's side.

There were no young men among the crew. Indeed, only two were comparative newcomers, but even these had sailed upon many trips under Dan Steele. The rest had been with Dan for years, and, despite their slight middle-aged stiffness, were hardy enough old salts. Of one thing Dick felt certain regarding them: and that was their faithfulness to the memory of their dead master.

"I expect most of you men have been wondering where we're heading, and what you were all hauled aboard at a minute's notice for," he said quietly. "Maybe some of you've already been trying to guess what we're up to. . . . Well, maybe some of your guesses aren't so far out. We're going to Cap'n Steele's 'Bank.'"

He paused for a moment to watch their faces; but the faces were expressionless, intent, and waiting.

"I think you'll all agree with me about one thing," he went on; "and that's who Dan Steele's pearls ought to go to, now he's dead."

"I know for a fact that he meant that bed of pearls to pass on to Miss Mary here. . . . And now—well, are you going to help me see she isn't cheated out of it?"

He held up his hand to still the rising murmur of voices.

"Wait a minute, before you say yes. I've got to warn you that it means danger for all of us—that's practically a dead cert. We've been racing another boat for the island, and that boat's almost sure to get there first. It's the Vulture; and it's Pete Dante who's beating us to that island—well, I think you all know the kind of tough specimen Dante is, and the kind of tough crew he ships. . . . Are you still willing to have a go at it for Dan Steele's daughter?"

The answer was decisive enough. So eager were the hands to a man, that the words of affirmation were lost in the warring shout of voices. It was something like a cheer that went up.

Dick grinned broadly.

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" he cried. "We'll show these dirty hounds that they can't get away with it! They may reach that island first, but we're not going to be far behind. . . . We're going to get these pearls, and there'll be a share-out at the end of it—so you can all start making up your minds now how you're going to spend your whack!"

CHAPTER 9

THE FIRST ROUND

THE island on whose shore was situated the bed of pearl-oysters known as Steele's "Bank" was roughly pear-shaped, lying with the large bulge to the west and the narrow end to the east. It was of volcanic origin, and the large bulge was a high mound of rock centring round an extinct crater. Indeed, the whole island was a mere hump of rock sticking out of the sea, save for one spot where a sharp declivity took a long bite out of the high ground, forming a valley running from the shore at the narrower extremity of the island well towards the centre. The indentation of the valley running out to sea formed a fair-sized cove, and it was in the waters of this cove that the pearl-bed lay.

It was in the first peep of dawn that Pete Dante sighted the hump of land rising above the rolling seas. A thin mist was hanging over it, obscuring its outlines. Keeping outside the reef, he sailed a mile or two along the northern coast, and was met by nothing but the sight of black rocks gleaming through the grey light, flecked with the white foam kicked up by the long swell of the rollers beating upon them.

Going about, he again passed the cove, and not daring to attempt the opening through the reef until the mists of the dawn had risen, went a little way along the southern shore, which was revealed as having much the same features as the bleak coast he had seen on the north side of the island.

Having now roughly acquainted himself with the structure of the coast with its threatening rocks and lack of harbors, he put about again, and, with the morning sun revealing the churning foam which marked the gap in the teeth of the reef, he shortened sail and the Vulture lurched through the opening into a lagoon.

Knowing that the hunt was up now, he wasted no time. The dredger was brought out in readiness, and the rifles he had brought aboard along with the former at Valparaiso were served out among the crew. Realising that the Swallow must be hard on his heels, he did not attempt to start work right away, but contented himself with making everything ship-shape and fixing stations for his armed crew. For the moment he must wait.

Finally satisfied with his preparations for the other schooner's reception, he turned, grinning, to Crum.

"If they're so hellish keen to come after us, let 'em come," he said meaningly. "An', when they do, we'll give the scuts a salute all to 'emselves . . ."

MEANWHILE, the slight lull which had delayed the Swallow had passed, and the schooner's bows were cutting the water bravely again, in answer to the thrust and bluster of the trades.

The sun was already well up in the sky before they raised the island. Mary and Dick stood in the bows and eagerly watched the distant blur of it across the blue sea that the wind was lashing into hissing white caps.

"When will we get there?" Mary called above the whistle of the wind and the thresh of the spray. Her hair was being blown back from her face, and her cheeks were glowing.

"By noon, I reckon," Dick shouted back.

For some twenty minutes they watched the faint blur on the horizon gradually assuming solidity, then Dick said abruptly:

"Time I made up the log . . ."

Without replying, she watched him go aft. Then she wandered idly along the length of the boat, reeling against the rail every now and again, as the schooner heeled over, and made her way down the companion-way into the cabin.

Dick was sitting, smoking his pipe and staring in front of him, so lost in his brown study that he did not notice her entrance. The log-book, with the last entry still wet, lay open on the table. As she was making her way towards the door of her own quarters, he glanced up, saw her, and jerked out:

"I'd like to talk to you for a minute."

"Well . . .?" she said quietly, and waited for him to go on.

"I've been thinking," he said slowly. "And it seems to me that the best thing I can do is to turn off our course and run for Savage Island."

He went on haltingly: "Dante and his crowd are in possession of the 'Bank.' There's bound to be rough work ahead and a woman aboard would hinder our fellows. We couldn't go all out and take chances while you're with us . . . You see, the only thing we can do is to sail right in on them and take possession by force—and I guess a woman just doesn't fit into that programme anywhere . . ."

"But that's exactly what I expected! I knew from the first that I wasn't on a pleasure trip . . . If you think I'm going to get hysterical, when there's any danger, well you don't know me very well yet!"

He looked worried and ill-at-ease.

"It's not what you're willing to face. It's the effect you'd have on the hands . . . Whether you're ready to meet danger or not, the crew's not going to run any risks of harm coming to you."

His face was half-turned away. Watching it, a light of determination shone in her eyes.

"And may I ask how long it would take

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to go to Savage Island and come back?" she demanded.

"Oh—a few days——"

"A few days! And all that time, Dante's men will be stripping the bed . . . No, I don't agree with you, we cannot afford to waste so much time. We've got to go right on now as we are—and you'll just have to put up with me!"

A bitter look crossed his face. His mouth tightened. Before he could speak, however, she burst in quickly:

"There's just one favor I'd like to ask you—don't say to me, 'All right, you're the boss'!" And, with that, she turned and walked out of the cabin.

He watched her go, smothering his own frustrated annoyance by clenching his teeth. Somehow or other, this girl seemed to have a knack of making him feel in the wrong over matters in which, his intelligence told him, his behaviour had been absolutely right. He scowled, and closed the log-book with a snap.

As he had expected, it was close on noon, when they bore down on the island. Under the blazing sun, the line of the reef was plainly picked out in dazzling foam, with the calmer lagoon deep-blue beyond, and, past that again, the scorching white of the beach, across which the fringe of tall palms cast a shade that was black as night in contrast.

THERE, in the cove, the Vulture lay at anchor, with the twin headlands flanking her, and her mast lost among the green background of the valley running from the cove in a gentle incline up towards the centre of the island. On either side of the valley, the two sides which terminated in the twin headlands stood out as bare rocky ridges, with the dark scrub between, as they ran up until they met at the summit of the island, where the dead crater lay.

In a flurry of high-flung spray, the Swallow crashed through the gap in the reef into the lagoon, and, heeling violently to starboard, swept across the stretch of blue in a wide arc that would bring her within a couple of score of yards and broadside-on to the Vulture.

As Dick swung his craft round, showing Dante his port bow, he heard a succession of sharp, cracking sounds, coming from the direction of the other schooner. He was, however, too intent on heaving the Swallow to, to pay much attention to anything else; but no sooner were the two craft broadside on than a veritable volley rang out.

It was then that he realised that what he could hear was rifle-fire. In amazement he looked across the narrow space of water between and saw the rails and rigging of the Vulture manned with sharpshooters. Every detail of the ugly, grinning faces behind the rifle-barrels was cleatly picked out in the clear bright air.

As the Swallow sailed slowly past the Vulture, she was raked from stem to stern.

And then Dick saw that Mary was standing by his side. His heart gave a great leap to his throat, as if it would choke him. Roughly he seized her in his arms and pulled her close to him, shielding her with his body from the flying bullets. Holding her thus, he roared out the command to 'bout ship and make through the gap again for the open sea beyond the reef.

As they gathered pace again and made for the reef, he could feel his heart pounding. Not until they were out of the lagoon and in safety again did he release her. When he did so, he stepped back, and said roughly:

"Why did you come on deck? Dante's seen you now and knows you're aboard—it's the very last thing I wanted to happen!"

"Why shouldn't I come on deck?"

"You might have been killed!" he answered furiously.

"Surely you wouldn't have objected so much to that," she said smiling. "It would have made everything so simple for you, wouldn't it?"

Speechless with anger, he turned away from her, and stalked off to where Shaw and the crew clustered amidships, waiting for further orders. Realising abruptly what might be the effects of the shooting from the Vulture, anxiety momentarily drove out anger.

"Anybody hurt, Mister?" he asked eagerly.

"Only Ramsay, Capt'n—a flesh-wound in his arm. They're seeing to it now. He'll be all right," Shaw answered.

"We got off lucky not to have most of us laid out," Dick answered grimly. "God knows where the swine got their rifles. They must have been expecting trouble."

"What's our next move, sir?" the mate inquired.

"First of all, I think I'd like to have a little talk with Mister Pete Dante," said Dick thoughtfully. I'd like to tell him just what I think of him and what he may expect from now on."

He looked round at the expectant hands. "Who'll row me across to the Vulture?"

There was an eager chorus. Every man was keen as mustard to take as big a part in the game as possible.

"Fine. You'll do, Benson," said Dick, nodding to a big, gnarled seaman of about fifty. "The rest of you look slippy about lowering the dinghy."

When the small boat had been lowered, they set off, a square of white canvas hoisted to do duty as a flag of truce.

SITTING in the stern, Dick eyed the Vulture watchfully, as Benson pulled him nearer and nearer. The grinning faces of the crew lined the deck, and he could make out the gigantic figure of Pete Dante towering over his followers. The men held their rifles at the ready, but none attempted to fire. When he was barely within hailing distance, however, Dick saw Dante raise his rifle and send a shot into the water close by the dinghy's bow.

At the same moment the deep voice of the Vulture's skipper boomed out:

"Stay where yer are, Mister . . .! Come any nearer an' the next shot won't be fired to miss!"

Dick spoke under his breath to Benson: "Back-water . . ." Then he looked up at the schooner's deck again.

"That's better!" Dante roared sarcastically. There was a shout of laughter from the unshaven lips of his crew.

"And now," Dante went on derisively, "yer can aling yer hook, just as quick's yer can. If yer don't clear off, I'll blow the whole lot o' yer blasted heads off . . . ! Get that, Mister!"

Dick stood up in the boat and shouted between cupped hands:

"You can cut out the funny stuff for a minute, Dante. It leaves me cold."

"An' you can cut yer stick, that's what you can do!" was the bellowed answer. "Ye'd better run along home an' not start any more trouble, sonny — else yer might get hurt!"

Dick shaped his lips for another shout, but, even as he cupped his hands, Dante put his rifle to his shoulder and fired again; the bullet splashed into the water within a foot of the boat.

"Hop it, sonny, afore I get annoyed with yer!" he jeered. "Clear off now, like a good little boy, 'cos I'm gettin' fed up talkin' to yer already!"

Dick sat down abruptly. His face was white and his eyes blazing furiously.

"No good, Benson," he whispered to the seaman at the oars. "They've got us beat at the moment—— Best get back."

"Ay, ay, sir," Benson answered composedly, and set about turning the boat.

This manoeuvre was greeted by a howl of jeering laughter from the Vulture, and, followed by shouts and screams of derision, the dinghy started on its way back to the Swallow.

Aboard his own craft, Dick found the hands eagerly waiting to hear the outcome of his attempt at parley.

"No good," he announced curtly. "They've got these damn rifles—which means the whip-hand at the moment—and they know it. . . ."

He walked up and down restlessly, seeking in his mind for a way of turning the tables. Remembering his ignominious retreat, his jaw set grimly, and his eyes narrowed wickedly in anger.

"Damn it, we've got to beat the scum now!" he said between his teeth. Then abruptly he looked up and faced the crew. "Here, most of you have been here before with Capt'n Steele, haven't you. I reckon you know the island pretty well . . . ?"

He looked round at them. Heads were nodded in agreement.

"Well, could we take Dante in the rear, . . . Any of you know of an anchorage round the other side of either of these headlands?"

There was an eager chorus of affirmation.

"Wait a minute," Dick interrupted, smiling. "One at a time."

After a glance at his mates, an elderly seaman said briefly:

"There's a little inlet round on the south coast that Cap'n Steele put into once, when a Japanese gunboat was cruisin' hereabouts. It's kind o' hidden, Cap'n—reckon yer couldn't spot it from the sea nohow, unless yer knew about it. . . ."

Dick brought his clenched fist down with a smack upon the palm of his left hand.

"That's the place for us!" he exclaimed "Come on, boys, we'll go find this inlet. . . ."

They were under way again and picking their way along the southern coast of the island, when one of the crew came in haste to Dick.

"Cap'n! Something happened to Mike Flannigan . . . !"

"What?" Dick demanded.

"That's what we don't know. Nobody can find him. . . . We think he must've gone overboard!"

"Impossible! Search the ship properly. You'll probably find him lying drunk somewhere."

"We've searched already—everywhere—and there ain't a solitary sign of him."

"Well, you'll have to search again, that's all. Get the hands together, and we'll have one that's organised this time. . . ."

THE search was made, but gloom gradually descended on the crew as they were forced to accept the fact that Mike must have gone overboard, probably with a bullet in him.

"He ain't been like hisself since this trip started," observed one despondently. "Wouldn't be surprised if he did it a purpose——"

"Nor me," another agreed. This trip he hardly had a word for yer. Just sat mumpin' by hisself all the time——"

The morose discussion was interrupted by the voice of the old sailor who had told Dick of the anchorage they were now seeking. He was leaning on the rail watching the coast as it slipped past them.

"Here yer are, Cap'n!" he called out, and pointed to a certain spot on the rugged coastline. "Here's the inlet. . . ."

Dick's eyes followed the pointing finger. "I can't see any inlet. . . ."

"No, ye'll have to go closer inshore for that," the sailor assured him.

At the spot indicated, Dick could make out nothing different from the rest of that unfriendly coastline, but he nevertheless gave the order to move a few points to

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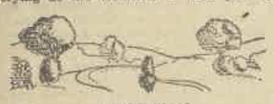
starboard. Then, as they came nearer the spot, he saw that what he had taken to be a continuous squat cliff of rugged rocks was just here broken by a narrow inlet.

The Swallow made her way slowly round the low headland and through the cramped entrance into the tiny harbor itself. . . .

The long-drawn clanking of her anchor-chain awoke the echoes of the drowsing afternoon, sending the birds circling and crying at the violation of their privacy.



CHAPTER 10

A LUCKY CHANCE

EVEN as the crew of the Swallow conjectured, Mike Flannigan had gone overboard, and the time of his doing so was quite soon after the entry of the craft into the lagoon.

Mike, however, was very far from being a corpse. Indeed, could they have seen him now, his messmates would have been very surprised. . . . Soaked to the skin, he was in the act of crawling cautiously along the jagged ridge of the more southerly of the two headlands guarding the cove. His hands were cut and bleeding. The knee of one of his trouser-legs was decorated with a rent a foot long. In his eyes, as they stared watchfully down into the cove, was a wild look.

The events leading him into his present situation had been brief and hectic in their happening. . . .

Since his terrible flogging at the hands of the Vulture's bo'sun, Mike had been a changed man. No liquor of any sort had passed his lips, but along with his weakness for drink had disappeared his whimsical, happy-go-lucky demeanor. The various little trifles that usually had pleasantly engaged his attention aboard ship he had lost interest in completely. He did not respond, save with dourness, to the joking remarks of his shipmates. . . . All his thoughts, all his feelings, were wrapped up in one eternal subject—Peter Dante, and how he might be revenged on the man who had degraded him to the bottom-most depths. . . .

When the Swallow had swept into the lagoon, Mike had been standing by the companion leading to the poop. In his heart was a fierce and terrible exultation at the prospect of meeting Dante face to face again. It was not till the moment when the first rifle-shots had broken out from the Vulture, however, that he had caught sight of his enemy. . .

At that time, the Swallow was swinging past the south headland towards the other schooner, and as her stem swung round, Mike caught a glimpse of that huge frame and dark, sneering face among those ranged along the Vulture's decks.

It was not according to any pre-arranged plan that he acted. It was a sudden impulse to get at his enemy, an impulse so strong that he could not resist it. . . . Long before they had come broadside-on to the other vessel, he had scrambled up on the rail and dived cleanly.

In the flurry of the moment, nobody had noticed him take this header, nor the splash, half-hidden in the Swallow's wash, as he hit the water.

. . . He came up, breathless and half-drowned in the foaming wake of the schooner. Pausing only to get his breath and shake the water from his eyes, he struck out strongly for the shore, the nearest point of which was the headland. But the tide was running fiercely, and, strong swimmer though he was, it carried him round the end of the point and out of sight of anyone in the cove.

Here the rocky shore shelved less steeply to the water. Buffeted by the tide, he scrambled through shallow water over a rocky bed, and stumbled upwards until he reached a dry cranny, where he flung himself down, panting just in time to see the Swallow make its hurried exit from the cove.

Having recovered his breath again, he set about the remainder of his climb, and, within a few minutes, had attained the spine of the headland.

From here he was accorded a splendid view. Directly below lay the cove, with the Vulture at anchor. Further inland, the hollow of the cove ran across the white beach, with its line of stately sago and betel palms, and was continued upwards in the valley between the two rocky ridges, which rose in a long slope, its bed thick with scrub and fig-tree thicket, and blazing in the sunshine with myriad tropical flowers of every conceivable color, and even at that distance he could hear faintly the strange, piercing call of the cicada.

By now, the Swallow lay hove-to outside the reef.

"So they've driven our fellows off, have they . . .?" Mike thought to himself.

Suddenly he saw clearly what an advantage it was to Mary Steele's party that he should have managed to slip ashore unobserved and establish himself in a position from which he could spy upon Dante's movements. He quickly made up his mind to lie low for a while and watch events, before surrendering himself blindly to mad impulses of vengeance.

Lying well-hidden he saw Dick's dinghy lowered from the Swallow, and the young skipper make his abortive attempt to parley with his armed antagonists. He saw the return of the little boat, and, almost immediately afterwards, the sails of the Swallow itself being hoisted.

Almost before he realised what was happening, the Swallow was gone, and he was left alone in the enemy's country. But he observed, from his point of vantage, the course the schooner was taking, and it promptly leapt to his mind that his companions were probably making for the inlet Dan Steele had used once before as an anchorage—for Mike, of course, had been with his old skipper on that occasion.

He moved about cautiously on hands and knees till he found a spot from where he could observe the happenings in the cove below, without himself being seen. Having done so to his satisfaction, he settled himself down comfortably—and waited. . . .

PETE DANTE was not a man to waste precious time. Almost as soon as the Swallow had disappeared from view he had the dredger over the side, and in next to no time it was being worked, hauled laboriously by the long-boat, in which a crew of four toiled, cursing, at the oars.

All this was noted by Mike in his hiding-place. It was the south angle of the cove that was being dragged, and he could hear plainly from beneath him the unremitting grumbling of the sweating boat-crew as it mingled with the faint cry of the cicada and the thresh of the breakers on the beach.

The first haul to be emptied out of the net was satisfactory enough. A great heap of shells was piled up on the beach, where other members of the Vulture's crew spread them out to rot.

Meanwhile the shadows under the tall palms were growing steadily longer.

At last the darkness, which Mike had awaited with eager anticipation, was at hand. His intention was to come down from his eerie and do some spying a little closer at hand, under cover of the night. In the red flame of the sunset he watched with redoubled concentration to see what dispositions were to be made for the night. . . .

The last load having been deposited, the hands were all sent back aboard the schooner, only Dante himself and Crum, the mate, remaining ashore. A dinghy, however, lay beached near to where they were standing. Moving like a long, dark shadow, but with the swiftness of a snake, Mike crept along the ridge and down the rocks towards the beach. . . .

Behind the cover of a palm trunk he waited again. Now he was no more than a score of yards from Crum and Dante. Their voices came clearly to his straining ears.

". . . Not likely, Mister. I'm mounting no guard. Think I'm goin' to leave a couple o' hands ashore here, where they can help themselves all night . . .? Listen, Mister, I don't trust any of the crew farther than I could throw 'em. Any one of 'em 'ud sell his sister for the price of a night out . . . No, every one's stickin' aboard the Vulture to-night, where they can't do no harm. . . ."

At the sound of Dante's voice, a sound that had haunted his dreams for many nights, Mike's hands clenched and his breath came fast, and the urge to leap out of concealment at the throat of his enemy became so strong that it seemed impossible to deny. But now the mate was speaking, and somehow his deprecating tones seemed to have a cooling effect on Mike's blazing hatred.

"That's all very well, Cap'n—and I reckon you're right not to trust the swabs we got aboard—but is it safe to leave them shells here all night without a guard? What about the Swallow crowd? They might come back at any time."

Dante laughed mockingly.

"Come back . . .! Not likely—not yet awhile, anyhow. I bet they're goin' hell-bent for Valparaiso this minute, an' by the time they can get back, there won't be any Vulture an' there won't be any pearls—just a lot o' stinkin' weeds and muck. . . . They tried arguin' with us once, an' they ran quick enough, didn't they . . .? Well, yer won't find 'em tryin' arguin' again—not till they can do it with guns."

"That sounds right enough, too," Crum agreed slowly. "All the same, it's takin' a big chance, ain't it . . . What d'yer say to you an' me splittin' watches over the shells—then we could make sure——?"

THE suggestion evoked a sudden peal of jibing laughter from Dante.

"Yer mean I ought ter leave you here to see the hands behave themselves like good boys!" he roared. "'Struth, that's a good one . . .!" As abruptly as it had come, his laughter ceased. His voice became quiet and harsh—infinitely menacing: "Listen, Mister, I said I didn't trust none of the crew, didn't I? Well, that goes for you, too! You're a great feller, Mister, an' a useful man to have around—but, by God, I wouldn't trust yer with a pawn-ticket!"

"Here, wait a minute!" the mate protested indignantly. "Yer ain't tryin' to say——!"

"I ain't tryin'—I'm saying it," Dante interrupted with a sneer. "There's no need to try any soft-stuff over it. You know, an' I know, that yer just like the rest. You'll play fair with me just as long's it suits yer—an' no longer. This ain't a brotherly-love outing we're on—it's a money-makin' show, an' it just don't pay to start cheatin' each other—yet."

Crum mumbled something sullenly that Mike could not catch. The rest of the conversation was lost to the listener for now Dante was walking down to the surf where the dinghy was beached, with Crum slouching in his rear.

Mike waited till the boat was nearly alongside the Vulture before he left his place of concealment. For a little he stood,

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watching it being rowed across the lagoon, then he set off across the beach towards the dark mass of the scrub and thicket covering the valley.

He had visited the island upon many of Dan Steele's visits to it, and he was fairly well acquainted with its geography. An hour's hard walking through the jungle brought him to the higher ground surrounding the extinct crater which was the central point of the place. Having already deduced that the Swallow had made for the concealed inlet in which Steele had found a harbor on a previous occasion, he also was heading in that direction, the way to which from the cove was well known to him. Having attained the base of the crater, he skirted it, moving southward, and struck down into a second and smaller valley leading to the rocky southern shore. No more than half-way down this, his guess about the destination of the Swallow was proved to be right, for there below him she lay in the tiny anchorage, sheltered by rocks.

Scrambling down to the shore, he found himself within easy hailing distance. Waving his arms he sent a great shout echoing across the enclosed space. In a little his hail was answered, and eventually a boat was lowered from the schooner. Before it could be beached, he had splashed through the shallow water to meet it.

The boatman was staring at him in blank amazement.

"Well . . . Mike Flannigan!" he exclaimed helplessly. "'Struth, I might have known yer couldn't drown!"

"Niver you mind that just now!" Mike answered. "You get me aboard just as quick as you can. 'Tis meself has news for the skipper . . ."

Once aboard the Swallow again, he wasted no time in taking his information to the cabin. When they had got over their first shock of surprise at his reappearance, Dick and Mary listened intently to his tale. In a few brief words, he told them how he had slipped overboard, of the dredging of the cove, and of the conversation he had overheard between the Vulture's skipper and mate.

". . . They're both dead sure ye've skipped it, Cap'n," he finished. "An' there lie all them shells, widout as much as a dog to watch over thim. Faith, they're as good as askin' us to go over there an' help ourselves!"

Dick jumped to his feet.

"You're right, Mike," he said decisively. "And the sooner the better . . We'll get a party together right away and raid the cove . . ."

CHAPTER 11

OUTWITTED

THE raiding of the oysters that the Vulture's crew had dredged so laboriously was carried out silently and thoroughly. Leaving only old Davey, the carpenter, and Mary on the schooner, Dick led the rest of the hands, each laden with a sack, over the ridge and down the valley to the cove, where they filled the sacks with shells and returned as speedily as possible to the Swallow.

Until right on the edge of dawn they toiled like niggers, making repeated trips backwards and forwards with their loot. By the end of the night everyone was practically all-in with the physical labor of journey after journey.

Before setting off on the last return trip, Dick looked along the beach, now practically bare of shells that had strewn it, and grinned.

"This'll give Dante something to think about in the morning," he observed.

And, when the morning came, Dante was indeed given to think furiously. . . .

At first he raved against his crew and against Crum, but then, reason coming back to him, he realised that it would have been impossible for his own men to have accomplished the plundering. Somehow or other, he concluded, people from the Swallow must have sneaked into the lagoon, lifted the spoil, and disappeared unobserved.

He was in something of a quandary. Not trusting any of his accomplices an inch it was necessary for him to watch them whenever they were in the neighborhood of the shells, but of course it was impossible for him to keep them under his eye by night as well as day, unless they were all safely aboard ship. But, now that his shells had been so completely looted, he realised the necessity of placing a shore guard over the spoil. To do this, however, would mean placing Crum over the guard—and he did not trust Crum . . . He cursed the human dependence on sleep that made it impossible for him to spy on his underlings for the whole twenty-four hours of the day.

Throughout the day, while the work of dredging went on to the accompaniment of the boat-crew's curses, his vile mood persisted. It was not until the approach of evening that Crum thought he noticed a change in his skipper's manner.

They were standing together on the beach, watching the men spreading out the oysters to rot, when Dante said reflectively:

"Now them swabs from the Swallow have got away with it once, it's ten to one they'll try the same to-night again. . . . God knows where they are, but they must've found an anchorage somewhere round the island. . . . Well, they surprised us last night—but this time we'll be ready for 'em."

"Ay—with a shower o' lead," Crum put in, grinning.

But Dante shook his head.

"That's where you're wrong. We'll do better than that. . . . Listen, Mister, an' get this straight. I'm not setting a guard ashore here, unless I'm bossing it—so yer needn't think I am. The only need for setting a guard at all is that the blasted Swallow's still here—well, after to-night, there ain't goin' to be no Swallow!"

"What's the game, Cap'n?"

"I ain't properly made up my mind yet—but you'll see how it'll work . . . When the swine make their raid again to-night we'll have men posted ashore where they can't be seen—but they won't fire a shot. They'll lie doggo till the other scuts 've collected their first load, an' then follow them. We can't do anythin' till we find where the Swallow's lyin'—but, when we find her . . ."

He broke off, eyeing the mate enigmatically, leaving the rest to the other's imagination.

"But they'll get away with the shells, won't they?" Crum objected.

"Maybe they will—maybe they won't," Dante answered grimly. "But, in any case, they won't get away with more than one load. . . ."

TRYING to make up his mind whether a second raid should be attempted or not, Dick Lennon attempted to put himself in Dante's place and see things from the latter's point of view. Dante could not know that his conversation with Crum had been overheard by Mike, and so he did not know that Dick was aware of his reluctance to set a shore guard. He would be sure that Dick would expect opposition to a second attempt at looting, and he might think that, for this reason, no second attempt would be made. As Dick saw it, he might quite possibly be able to make another raid that night without opposition, Dante preferring chancing it to placing a guard—or, on the other hand, it was just as likely that the Vulture's skipper would be on the alert and meet the raid with violent resistance.

Deciding, in the end, that it was six of one and half a dozen of another, Dick decided that his best course would be to scout around the neighborhood of the cove and discover whether or not a successful attempt on the shells might be again made, and act accordingly.

And so it was that the Swallow's crew, each man bearing an empty sack, again made their trip over the ridge of the high ground and down the valley.

Before they emerged from the shelter of the jungle Dick halted them and sent Shaw, the mate, and another man forward to reconnoitre. The rest waited in silence.

Dick's heart was beating painfully. He could hear the quickened breathing of the men about him coming in unison. Presently he heard furtive movements in front.

He advanced towards the two scouts.

"Well . . .?" he inquired.

"All clear, Cap'n," Shaw answered. "Not a soul about, and all to-day's takings laid out and waiting for us. Will we go ahead now and help ourselves?"

Dick shook his head dubiously.

"I don't like the look of it. There's something fishy about the way the oysters have been left like that—apart from the unholy stink of them!"

Shaw shrugged.

"Seems plain enough that they don't expect us to dare try raiding their swag a second time."

Still Dick looked worried.

"Sorry, but it still seems fishy to me. . . . Tell you what I'll do: I'll leave it to the men." He turned and looked round at them. "Well, what d'you say, boys—are we going to chance them having laid a trap for us?"

Without an instant's hesitation there was a low grumble of agreement from every throat.

"Right, that settles it," he snapped. "Let's get going on these shells. . . ."

THE pungent aroma of Davey's plug-tobacco drifted across the night, mingling with the myriad scents of exotic night-flowers wafting to the schooner from the shore on the light breeze. The old carpenter sat comfortably smoking on the port bulwark, with Mary by his side.

His eyes were fixed serenely on the space of water, visible through the neck of the inlet, that was dancing and glittering in the starlight. Hers were turned anxiously towards the dark loom of the land.

"There's something moving," she breathed.

"Where?"

"Over there . . ." She pointed towards the shadowy shore.

Davey peered into the gloom.

"Blowed if I can see anything . . ."

She shook her head impatiently.

"No, there—where I'm pointing. Can't you see it? Look, it moved again!"

In astonishment, the old carpenter took his pipe from his lips and whistled.

"Somethin' did move . . . Ye're right enough, Miss!"

"There it is again—! It's a man, I'm sure of it. . . . It's D!—Captain Lennon and the men back already. Something must have gone wrong . . ."

Now the vague shapes on the dark shore were revealed undeniably as blurred human forms, and the shadowy figures were in the

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act of pushing out the longboat which lay beached in readiness for the return of the oyster looters.

Mary grasped the old sailor's arm in painful excitement.

"What do you suppose has gone wrong? They're much too early back. They should have been over half an hour yet——"

He patted her hand comfortingly.

"Don't you worry now. Ye won't have long to wait till yet hear all about it—an' that's somethin', anyway."

By this time the boat was being rowed towards the schooner, and the splash of the oars was plainly audible. The two aboard waited in silence till they heard the smaller craft bump on the Swallow's side.

Distinctly were heard the brushing sounds of a man climbing aboard. In haste, Mary ran to meet him.

Behind the first man others were clambering up the ladder. For a reason she could not have named, her heart was thumping violently. Her mouth was dry, and her words strangely faltering, as she called out:

"Is—is it all right?"

The man was no more than a yard from her now, and yet he gave no indication whatever of having heard her; and, when she saw this, a cold fear suddenly clutched at her, and, at the same time, the realisation came to her that this was not Dick . . .

The man pulled himself up, swung a leg over, and stood on deck. She drew back in horror. It was not Dick, nor was it any of the Swallow's company. The newcomer was a complete stranger. . . .

His vast bulk towered above her. Now he stood full in the starlight, and she could see clearly the evil glitter of his black eyes, the unshaven stubble on his dark face—even the fang-like teeth revealed by the leering smile twisting his brutal mouth.

He, in turn, was devouring her with his eyes, and there was that in their black gleam that struck cold to her heart.

"Maybe yer wer'n't expectin' visitors—eh?"

The effect of his deep voice breaking the tense silence was startling. He laughed abruptly, eyeing her insolently from head to feet, as a farmer might a filly at a fair.

"'Struth, an' I expected somethin' different myself—but don't yer worry, sweetheart, I ain't disappointed . . ."

Again she felt the coldness at her heart. In a flood of revelation she drew back, putting her hand to her mouth, and, in that instant, found her voice.

"I know who you are——! You're Pete Dante!"

Again he grinned evilly.

"Right first time, honey—but there ain't no need for the 'Dante'. Ye'd best start callin' me Pete from the start, cos' you an' me's goin' to get to know each other well . . ."

WITHOUT warning he took a step forward, grabbing her arm. She tried to tug herself free, but he only laughed, holding her easily.

Mary turned her head, looking round wildly for Davey, her only possible aid. She saw the old man, his face twisted and white with fury, being held by a couple of Dante's men. He was struggling violently to release himself and to fight his way to her side, but his wasted muscles were helpless against the lusty ones of his assailants.

Dante jerked his head at the three other men who accompanied him.

"Search the boat, an' make sure nobody's aboard, barring this pair . . ."

The trio hurried to obey. Dante looked at one of the men holding Davey.

"Well, Mister, reckon we needn't look much further for the best way o' puttin' a spoke in their wheel . . ." He gave Mary's arm a sudden squeeze, drawing her close against him. "We got somethin' here they'd rather we hadn't—and we ain't got much time just now to do more than collect this"—squeezing her arm again—"in exchange for them shells they pinched."

Crum grinned.

"Sounds all right to me, Cap'n."

"Not only that—but I ain't sure that we need to do anythin' else hereabouts afore they come back. . . . We can meet 'em on the way to the Vulture and discuss a couple o' little matters with 'em. . . ."

There was a sudden interruption to his speech. While the conversation had been going on, Davey's two captors had unwittingly loosened their grip on him. Without warning, the old man summoned all his strength, and, with a violent heave, got his arms free.

He did not speak a word. With teeth clenched, he hurled himself at Dante.

It was a gallant action, but pathetically futile. Davey's quickest movements were slow and labored in comparison with those of his captors. Dante's great fist came slashing upwards with a vicious flicking movement as of a whip striking, and smashed brutally full in the old man's face.

With a low groan, Davey flung out his arms and crashed on his back, where he lay twitching, his eyes closed and a thin streak of blood showing at the corner of his twisted mouth.

HEAVY feet sounded on the deck, and the three men who had been despatched to search the schooner appeared. Dante turned his fury-darkened face on them.

"Well, yer scuts . . .!"

"Not a sign of anybody, Cap'n."

"That's what I thought. They're all ashore—an', by God, it won't be my fault if any of 'em gets aboard again. Come on, let's get goin'!"

He moved to the side, dragging the struggling Mary after him. As he was preparing to descend to the longboat again he was given to pause by a short laugh from Crum.

"Have a look at the old feller," said the mate. "He's comin' round again . . ."

Dante looked in Davey's direction. As Crum had said, the old man was indeed returning to consciousness. He sat up dazedly, holding his head and moaning. Then, looking about him, he appeared to realise what was happening, and, with a terrific effort, dragged himself erect.

As Davey came lurching towards him, the lowering face of Dante was creased by a horrible grin of intermingled wrath and spite and triumph.

With his left arm he pulled Mary close to him. His right hand went to his pocket and, when he brought it out again, the stars shone bluely on the barrel of a revolver.

As Davey came close to him, he growled through his teeth:

"Comin' to have another crack at me, are yer . . .!"

Then he fired three times, point-blank into the old man's body. Without a sound, Davey crumpled and slid to the deck, his hands clutching at his stomach.

The men stood about like figures of stone. Hard-bitten rogues as they were, they were stricken into silence by the stark brutality of the deed. With his great strength to match against the pathetically hopeless assault of the old man, there was something so utterly wanton and unnecessary about Dante's action in shooting Davey out of hand that even they were appalled by it.

"What are yer waitin' for?" snarled the skipper. "This ain't the first stiff yer seen, is it . . .! Come on, yer scum—get movin'!"

They climbed down into the longboat, Dante and Crum between them carrying the fiercely struggling Mary, and rowed towards the dark shore.

In a little while the bright reflected light of the stars on the water dripping from their oars was put out. Their feet made tiny sounds, brushing the undergrowth. The starlight shining down on the masterless Swallow was caught, gleaming like silver, in the white hair of the dead man on the deck. . . .

CHAPTER 12

RESCUED

"IF Dante wants to know where the Swallow's lying, he's no more to do than follow his nose! I guess we've left a regular trail of stink right from the one harbor to the other," observed Shaw hoarsely.

"An' small trouble it'd be to thim," Mike agreed. "Sure, I could foind me way straight back to that cove blindfolded, by the sinse iv smell alone!"

It was little over ten minutes since they had left the schooner, after dumping the night's first haul of shells, on the second trip. Here, up at the head of the valley, there was no need for the cautious silence in which they must move down on the beach of the cove, within hailing distance of the enemy. Here, it seemed, they were safe, being so close to their own base of operations; and yet had they but known it, it was just here that Dante, with five of his men, lay concealed, listening to their passing, and it was to precisely this point that the Vulture's men had followed them on their return from the first raiding trip of the night.

Laughing and joking, they pushed down the valley, out of earshot of the unsuspected enemy, down towards the cove where the precious shells awaited them.

They had proceeded about half-way down the long slope, when Dick suddenly pulled up short, clutching at the man beside him.

"Quiet there!" he jerked out, between his teeth.

They came unevenly to a halt, and stood stock-still, listening hard, their breathing loud on the darkness.

"What is it, Cap'n?" whispered one.

"I don't know. Something moved down there—something big . . ."

"A man, d'ye think?"

"I think so . . . Listen— There he comes . . ." Dick breathed, and pointed. Down among the heavy shadows ahead, a heavier and deeper shadow was moving.

Among the Swallow's company were exactly two firearms—a couple of ancient revolvers, of which Dick had one, and the mate the other. Dick poised himself, gripping his revolver. Now the moving thing was little more than a dozen yards away. The Swallow's men, unmoving as stones, must have been invisible in the woolly darkness.

"Stay where you are there, or I'll blow your head off!" Dick's voice cracked out, cutting the sighing hush of the blowing leaves, and he leaped forward, ready to fire.

That the moving piece of gloom was human was proved quickly enough by the quick, fearful intake of breath that followed and the very human grunt of fear, half-stifled.

"Don't shoot, mister—! I won't try to run away!" a high-pitched voice quavered.

Some quality in the voice made Dick frown in puzzlement. For a moment the

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ridiculous thought was in his head that it was a woman they had encountered. Moving forward, he growled:

"Who the hell are you?"

He snatched at a thin arm and looked down into a small face. It was a small boy he was holding captive.

"I'm Johnny . . ." the same fearful voice answered.

"You're the skipper o' the Swallow, ain't yer?" The voice was earnest and entreating now. "Well, I came to warn yer, mister . . . Whatever yer do, don't make a second trip down to the cove!"

Dick gasped in astonishment.

"Here, wait a minute! You seem to know far too much about what we're doing . . .! Who are you—besides just Johnny?"

"I'm the Vulture's boy—or rather, I was, 'cos I don't see how I can go back after tonight . . . But, honest, mister, there ain't no time for talkin' now. Yer got ter get back to the Swallow right now. Dante let yer get away with the first raid just so's he could find where yer was anchored, an' he's gonna board yer boat, soon as ye've gone off on your second trip!"

"What!" Dick's fingers tightened round the thin arm. "How d'you find all this out, sonny?"

"I heard 'im tellin' the mate about it . . ."

"God!" Dick exclaimed in sudden comprehension. "She—she's there . . . with only old Davey to help her . . ."

For an instant he stood dead still, stunned by the news. Then the boy's voice broke in on his state of dazedness:

"What about, me, mister? Will yer take me along with yer?"

"YES, sure. Come along with us, sonny," said Dick sharply, like a man wakening out of a dream. "Come on!" he flung over his shoulder at the others, and, leading the way, went tearing recklessly, at top speed, back through the bushes. The rest came running behind, crashing madly through the scrub.

There was no slackening of the gruelling pace until they had swung to the left over the ridge and reached the point from which they were afforded a view down into the inlet in which the Swallow lay; and here it was something more dramatic than mere exhaustion that pulled them up short . . .

It was the sound, floating up to them from the schooner, of a revolver cracking three times . . .

For an instant, they paused, looking at each other. Then, with one accord, they started, tearing madly down the rocky hillside. It was Dick's voice this time, harsh with strain, that halted them again.

"Wait! Look there! They're coming ashore . . ."

Looking down they saw the starlight glittering on the oars of the long-boat—and something else: the dull, menacing glint of rifle-barrels.

Dick snapped:

"We'll wait for 'em. . . . Not here, but back in the bush. . . . By God, if one of them's as much as laid a hand on her, I'll shoot the whole lot down like dogs!"

The rest were too breathless to make any response. In hard-breathing silence they climbed upwards again and over the ridge into the valley. Here was a place where the natural path into the declivity ran bare between twin ranks of low shrubs.

"This is where we'll wait for them," Dick gritted between his teeth. "Into that thicket there—and on one side only. The mate and I are the only ones with guns, but we don't want to be blazing away at our own men. . . . You, Benson, take the boy up on the high ground out of harm's way—and be quick about it, the lot of you! We've damn little time."

The men needed no second bidding. In haste, they scrambled into hiding among the growth skirting the left and higher side of the path that would be followed, as a matter of course, by anyone crossing the ridge and descending into the valley. Lying concealed, each man seized the blessed opportunity to recover his spent breath.

As Dick had observed, there was little enough time. Already the mutter of voices was drifting up from the shore and over the ridge to them. Dick felt strangely cool, now that he was face to face with the realisation of his worst fears. His brain was cold and clear as ice.

The voices of the Vulture's men were close at hand now. . . . All at once, with an abruptness that was startling, a head showed over the ridge—then another. At the sight the cold smile on Dick's face widened, and his eyes blazed frostily, with the ferocious glitter of fighting-lust.

The enemy were coming in twos, and it was the pair who came last who interested him most, for in the huge bulk of one of them he had recognised the leader of his foes.

Now the first two were directly opposite the hidden watchers. Now was the time to give the order to loose their firearms—now, before it was too late. . . . But that order Dick never gave, for, at that second, he saw that the man walking by Dante's side was bearing a burden slung across one shoulder—and that burden was a woman.

He raised his voice in a great shout:

"They've got Mary! At 'em, boys . . . !" Simultaneously he clapped a restraining hand on the mate's arm. "No shooting, Mister . . . !"

THERE was neither time nor need to say more. Next moment they were on the enemy, smashing and clawing at them with bare hands in the dimness, before a single rifle could be levelled or discharged. The Vulture's hands, taken completely by surprise, were swamped almost in the first rush.

Dick went flying clean through the air at the nearest man. Together they crashed to the ground, Dick on top. Then down came the revolver, smashing with terrific force on the man's head. His body went suddenly limp, and he lay groaning. . . .

Without wasting time, Dick sprang to his feet again and plunged straight into the thick of the growling, twisting bodies all about him in the darkness. . . His brain was burning, clogged with the madness of hate and fury and the terrible urge of fear for Mary's safety. In the red mist of his driving ferocity, only one thought was clear and only one goal stood out: the lust to reach Dante, to get his rending fingers about the throat of his arch-enemy. All his faculties were concentrated on that one great figure.

Now struggling forms impeded his progress. In the floodtide of his mad anger he crashed through them, like a battering-ram through matchwood. A hand clutched at his throat and held like a leech. Once again his weapon smashed into a half-seen face. . . . The arms of a fallen man encircled his ankles. Stumbling, he kicked out brutally — the arms dropped, freeing him. . . .

Now he was almost on his objective. No more than a couple of yards away, he could see the great arms of Dante flailing, and a man dropping from a fearful blow of his massive fist. He was already poised, ready to spring over the rolling bodies on the ground between, when another figure sprang first—a long, lean figure that launched itself at Dante like a steel spring. Instinctively he knew that the man who had forestalled him was Mike. . . .

Even as the spring was made, he saw the arms of the Vulture's skipper swing back again. Behind the huge figure was a tiny space of clear sky, and, across this, Dick saw plainly for the merest fraction of a second the stock of a rifle silhouetted. Then the rifle swung forward. Mike's leap seemed to falter in mid-air; then the Irishman thudded on his face, like a pole-axed ox.

Dick was in the act of making his interrupted assault, when he saw something that checked him abruptly, setting a still more blinding fire of fury alight in his brain. This was the vision, half-defined in the gloom, of the man with the burden on his shoulder, stealing off on the outskirts of the fight. His fears for Mary returned with a rush, redoubled in intensity, clutching at him icily. With all thoughts of Dante clean out of his head, he made for this new objective, automatically pushing his revolver into his pocket, knowing that he could not use it for fear of hitting Mary.

Although he could not know it, the man carrying Mary was Crum, the mate. Immediately after recovering from the first shock of surprise, he had retreated hastily with his captive, who had been gagged and bound while still in the longboat, and he was now in the act of edging round the combatants with the intention of sneaking off towards the Vulture under cover of darkness.

Dick came at him like a tiger, his teeth bared, his fingers spread out like claws to tear. Just in time, Crum dropped his human bundle and sprang back . . . But it was too late. Dick was already on him, bearing him back, his hands fastening on the thick neck.

Crum was a big and powerful man, but he was helpless as a child in the grip of the fight-maddened Dick. He was borne to the ground with a crash, and fists were pounding terribly at his face. Then Dick transferred his hands to the other's throat and shook him as a terrier does a rat. Rising, he lifted Crum clear off the ground by the grip on his throat and flung him like a sack of chaff into the undergrowth. Crum was nearly beaten into unconsciousness, but as he saw Dick hurling himself at him again fear gave him the power to scramble to his feet and dive off through the brush in panic.

DICK did not pursue his fleeing adversary, for his attention was drawn, in a rush that cooled the fire of his wrath like a sudden shower, to the inert body of Mary lying at his feet. He knelt beside her and, with trembling fingers, undid the gag and the ropes binding her hands. She lay still as stone, her eyes closed. Propping her head on his knee, he held her close to him. Unaware that he was doing so, he muttered broken, imploring phrases to her deaf ears:

"Mary! Are you all right——?" Can't you speak? This is Dick—Dick Lennon. Don't you know me——?"

He was dimly conscious of a dark form kneeling by his side. Had it been that of an enemy, he was so absorbed in the insensible face against his breast that he could hardly have roused himself to the extent of defending himself. It was Shaw. He said breathlessly:

"So you've found her—that's good . . ."

Dick did not even hear the words. All his faculties were directed to Mary's lips, which now were moving slowly. Indistinctly, he made out:

"Davey——! Oh, my God, he's not dead, is he——? Oh, why don't they come back! They'll be too late——"

The slow muttering seemed to strike a chord in Dick's memory. With a shock, the need for urgency impressed itself on his mind. He turned to Shaw.

"Something pretty bad's happened on the

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Swallow . . . Those three shots we heard—I think they've potted Davey. We ought to waste no time in getting back . . ."

"No need to," Shaw answered. "It's all over here. One of our fellows with a broken arm, and three of theirs flat out on their backs. . . . The rest have run for it."

"Take care of her," Dick answered, surrendering Mary gently to the mate's supporting arms. "I'll go and look things over."

Returning to the scene of the ambush, he found all the details lost in the haze of the darkness; but the three dark lumps that were the unconscious men could be made out, and the figure of the Swallow's man nursing an injured arm. Just as he arrived, so did Benson and the boy, Johnny.

"We've got to get back to the schooner as quick as we can," Dick announced. "Something's happened to Davey, and I think it's serious . . . You, Benson, and you, Miles, stay here and guard these three we've laid out. The rest come with me."

Himself, he took Mary in his arms and carried her at the head of the procession towards the schooner. The sailors coming behind nodded their heads at him and his burden, and winked at one another knowingly . . .

Two of the unconscious men lay close together, the other some way apart. Phlegmatically the two sailors left to guard the prisoners filled their pipes and lit up. Miles said reflectively:

"Reckon we'd best take this feller"—pointing to him who lay a little apart from the other two fallen—"an dump him beside the others, else we won't be able to keep an eye on the lot."

Benson nodded silently, and the pair lumbered across to the thick patch of undergrowth in whose deeper shadow the third figure lay. Roughly they grabbed the man, and were in the act of hauling him towards the other two when a sudden groan and a vigorous protest from the body they were handling with so little gentleness made them pause in astonishment.

"For the love iv glory!" the voice said aggrievedly. "Can ye not be lavin' a man in peace for two minutts on end—an mesilf wid a bump on me head the soize iv a turnip!"

"What the devil was yer doin' lyin' there, Mike?" Benson demanded. "We thought yer was one o' Dante's scum."

"An' why shouldn't I be lyin' there? Maybe you'd be dancin' a jig all through the woods after a crack over the skull from Pete Dante himself wid a rifle double the soize iv anny cannon ye ever saw!"

THE Irishman got groggily to his feet, leaning heavily on Benson's shoulder. He looked about him, blinking his eyes.

"Faith! Where's everybody gone?"

"Back to the schooner. They left Miles an' me here to guard the prisoners . . . Wait a minute—ain't that somebody comin' back from that way now?"

They listened in silence, and what they heard confirmed Benson's surmise. In a little while, one of their shipmates topped the rise and came down to them.

"Come on, you fellers," announced the newcomer. "We gotta grease it back to the Swallow. We're sailin' right away, an' we only got about half-an-hour to catch the tide."

"What's the idea?"

The other sailor shrugged.

"The old man was talkin' about goin' right over to the cove an' wipin' up the rest o' Dante's fellers good an' proper—but young Johnny, the kid we picked up in the bush, he let on that Dante's got a blasted machine-gun aboard his hooker, all ready an' waitin' to blow our lights out if we try any monkey-business. The old man reckons that, because o' that, it ain't safe for old Dan's daughter to hang around here waitin' for Dante to come and try machine-gun practice on us, so he's cuttin' his stick on the first tide an' goin' out to find a gun-runner. Then he reckons he can talk to Dante on level terms."

"We'd best look slippery an' get them prisoners aboard, then," observed Miles, and, with one accord, all four turned to look at the two casualties from the Vulture's party.

"That's funny!" Benson exclaimed. "Where's the other bloke gone?"

"Well, it looks to me as you fellers have mucked it up proper," observed the man who had just arrived from the Swallow. "He's hooked it."

"Must have been when we was seein' to Mike here," suggested Miles glumly.

The other seaman was bending over the body of the remaining member of the enemy party, turning him over on his back and examining him. In the dim light, a fearful gash was visible across the forehead.

The sailor whistled.

"'Struth, we leave you two with three men to watch an' then we brings none back to the schooner. This bloke's dead."

The others joined him over the body. The most perfunctory examination was enough to prove the truth of his assertion.

"Come on," said Benson tersely. "We've no time to waste . . ."

Leaving the dead man where he lay, they set off for the schooner.

CHAPTER 13

A FORLORN HOPE

MARY STEELE lay on the lockers in the Swallow's cabin, her face white, and her eyes closed. Beside her sat Dick, gazing into her face. Upon his own the marks of the inward strain he had undergone that night were plain to see. There was a hungry look about his eyes, and a nervous twist to his firm lips.

In a little her breast began to heave with deep breaths, her full lips moved, and the lashes of her eyes were lifted. She looked straight into his face.

"Mary!" he said hoarsely. "Mary, are you all right? These swine haven't harmed you—by God, if they have——!"

She smiled into his eyes, a quiet placid smile. He felt as if his heart was turning over. Her gently smiling lips spoke softly, reassuringly:

"Of course, I'm all right—how silly of you to think I wasn't . . . And how silly of me to go off in a faint like that. I can't think why—" She broke off abruptly, and a spasm of pain crossed her face. ". . . Now I remember! It was because of Davey . . ."

She raised her hands and covered her face, giving a sudden little gasp of horror.

"Oh, it was so dreadful! That old man they could have brushed aside—and Dante shot him like a dog . . . It was so reasonless . . ."

She began to sob, taking great painful breaths in her frantic efforts to crush back the sobs.

Her face was no more than a foot from Dick's. He could feel the trembling of her body against his breast. Without thinking before he could check the impulse, he moved to put his other arm about her body and crush her fiercely to him.

And then a foot sounded by the door. Dick swung round and found himself facing Mike Flannigan.

"Well, what do you want?"

Mike advanced into the cabin, and it was immediately noticeable that his feet were unsteady. He spoke hesitantly, his voice thick:

"Beggin' your pardon, sor, 'tis a favor I've come to ask ye . . . We'll be under way in two whisks iv a donkey's tail—is that roight?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"And 'tis yerself is goin' afther a gun-runner—which'll be takin' ye over a week—is that roight?"

"Yes, that's right," Dick answered shortly, growing impatient. "But I wish you'd get on with it."

"An' that I will, Cap'n. I came to ask ye if ut wouldn't be the foine idea to be lavin' a careful, steady man on the island whin ye went, to keep an eye on Pete Dante an' his crew iv blackguards, an'—well, to come to the point, sor, 'twas mesilf I was makin' bold to suggest for the job!"

DICK looked at the cook reflectively. The latter was swaying ever so gently on his feet.

"Yes," he said slowly. . "It's not a bad idea to leave a man ashore—but, frankly, Mike, I don't see why it should be you. The man we left would need to be one we could trust—and do you remember, Mike a promise you made once? It was about never touching a drop of liquor in your life again?"

"I do that, sor—an', begorra, 'tis mesilf has kept to ut!"

"What about to-night?"

Mike was evasive. There was something tortured about his mouth.

"Och, sure, Cap'n, 'twas the divil himsilf tempted me, an' that's the truth. I'd been livin' to meet Pete Dante face to face—and to-night, whin I do, what happens? 'Tis himsilf gets away widout a scratch, an' me wid a lump on me head the loike iv a prize potato at a fair. Sure, now, wasn't ut enough to make anny man take to the bottle!"

Dick shook his head.

"It's no good, Mike. You let us down before, and here you've done it again. You've had one chance after another—from us and from others—and you've always let people down. I'm sorry, Mike, but I think anybody would say the same thing—you can't be trusted in anything . . . not even to keep your word."

He turned sharply on the tail of his words, for Mary had risen from her couch and now stood on her feet. Her face was dyed deep with the blush on it, but her eyes were resolutely challenging.

"No, you mustn't say that. You must give him another chance. It means so much to him—and really very little to you if he fails . . . he has done us one good turn already." She turned to Mike. "I believe in you. I'm sorry to see you've been drinking again to-night, but I'm sure it was just a slip . . . I know that if Captain Lennon gives you your chance you'll redeem yourself."

Mary's eyes sought Dick's again appealingly.

"You must do this for me. You know it'll take you over a week to get these guns, and everything depends on getting back here again before Dante can get away with the pearls. To do that you must have a man here to see to it that, somehow or other, Dante can't sail away before we come back . . . Well, here's your man!"

Dick scratched his head.

"I know all that, but—" He broke off helplessly, then added desperately at a rush: "But who's going to cook for us!"

"I am!" Mary answered coolly.

Dick held out his hands hopelessly.

"All right then. Have it your own way. Don't blame me if Mike lets you down."

"He won't. Will you, Mike?"

"I swear to God I won't," the Irishman answered passionately, lifting his head.

Mary held out her hand.

Good luck, Mike. Don't forget, everything depends on you. By hook or by

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crook, you've got to see that Dante doesn't leave the island until the Swallow anchors here again . . ."

. . . Ten minutes later, with a blanket under his arm, and a parcel of 'baccy and food, Mike was rowed ashore.

THE secrets of the strange, out-of-the-way islands towards which the Swallow was now heading were well known to Dick Lennon. This knowledge he had gained at the cost of much sweat and misery in the course of his travels in these parts, when he had wandered through them, a beachcomber and an outcast. And with this knowledge went that of many queer ships plying these waters at the direction of many queer specimens of mankind, and of the weird trades, spoken of only in whispers, upon which the ships' courses were bent.

Among such dark trades, though not by any means the darkest, one of the chief was that of gun-running, and most of the skippers engaged in this practice were well known to Dick. And so he set his course in the direction of the wild island of Karua, a strange, hidden place, little known to reputable traders. In its waters, or in those close by, he was convinced he would raise a gun-runner.

Thinking of all this, Dick, his watch finished, took his ease in the cabin, postponing the smoking of his pipe because of the immediate promise of the mid-day meal. They had been at sea some days now, but as yet had not sighted any craft that would fall into this category.

Immediately the silent meal was over, he hurried up on deck, anxiously to scan the smiling waters for the least sign of a sail.

"Nothing doing," he said to Shaw, shaking his head. "We should have sighted something days ago . . ."

His eyes went restlessly out across the water again.

"To-morrow will be the eleventh day since we left the island. It's getting serious. If we don't strike something soon we might just as well chuck the whole thing up. A day or two more and it'll be too late . . . we've got a long run back."

Still the Swallow leaped onward until the sun lay on the horizon-rim, and still no other vessel showed upon all the empty waste of sea . . .

CHAPTER 14

CAT AND MOUSE

FOR days Dante had been conscious of the growing unrest and discontent among his men, and he knew that, if things became only a very little worse, it would be a case of thieves falling out. He was perched perilously on the very edge of the abyss of disaster, and he knew it.

At the beginning of the trip he had been assured of their utter loyalty—but only because he alone knew where the pearls lay. Now the dredging was almost finished, for it had been discovered that the pearl-bearing oysters were all confined to that southern angle of the cove in which dredging had been first started; the remainder was worthless, being given over to nothing but clams. So that now, with the booty almost gathered, Dante had no means of ensuring his crew's faithfulness to him, for he had now no knowledge denied to them which he might use as a lever . . . And so he judged that this was exactly the time at which he might look for treachery to raise its head . . .

Although he allowed no outward sign of it to show, he was both watchful and uneasy. The shifty-eyed Crum, he was certain, was treating with the men to overthrow him, but the cunning mate was much too clever to do anything openly for Dante's suspicions to grip upon.

The discovery that over one-half of the cove was inhabited only by clams had been an unpleasant one indeed, for Dante, beguiled by the tall stories he had heard of the amazing richness of Dan Steele's "Bank," had believed that his loot would be fabulous. Now, however, with the work nearly over, he estimated that the results totalled no more than twelve thousand to fifteen thousand pounds in all.

Of this, the bulk was in the form of large, good-colored and more or less perfectly-shaped jewels which he had separated and placed in a specially-prepared wallet. These, he judged, were worth nine thousand pounds themselves. Then there were the small and imperfect stones, which he had stowed in a locked chest in the cabin, which were worth some fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds. Lastly, there were the tons of discarded shells, which ought to bring in another fifteen hundred; these had been shipped aboard the schooner and emptied into the hold every morning after the skipper's nightly task of opening them.

CAREFULLY closing the cabin door, Dante went to the table and sat down. Putting his hand into his breast pocket he brought out a bulky wallet and opened it lovingly. Inside, each neatly filling its tiny compartment of chamois-leather, were the pick of the pearls. Like a miser gloating over his hoard, he took out each one separately and caressed it with his thick hairy fingers before carefully putting it back in its place again, admiring, as a lover does his mistress, the lustre and shape of the jewels for which already two men had given their lives and one his honor . . .

That plotting was afoot among his followers he knew well; but he also had a plan of action in his mind, and that plan he meant to carry out in the couple of hours still remaining of darkness. Before doing so, however, he could not restrain himself from pausing a moment and letting his thoughts run upon the booty for the possession of which the greed of every soul aboard was on fire.

Twelve thousand pounds. . . . A tidy sum—a small fortune, in fact . . . so long as it wasn't sliced up into shares. And, as for slicing it up, well that was the last thing that was going to happen, if he could help it.

The crew were getting suspicious. They sensed he was trying to bilk them of their shares. Every day he was expecting them to demand a share-out—but there was not going to be any share-out . . . Every detail of his plan was cut and dried. Nothing was wanting but the execution—and the first step in that direction he was taking to-night.

Opening a locker, he brought out a number of bulky articles, each wrapped in concealing canvas. Their weight was shown by the strain of his muscles as he lifted them. One he handled carefully, for it was a case of ammunition. Another made a lapping sound as he lifted it—a large can of petrol. A third, containing a case of liquor, with food packed between the bottles, gave out tiny, tinkling sounds. Piling them one on top of the other, he bore them in his long arms out of the cabin, where he laid them down in order to lock the cabin door. Then, taking them up again, he carried them to the ship's dinghy in which he had rowed aboard.

As he was lowering them into the boat the lookout man wandered aft to see what was about. With a curse, Dante ordered him back to his place and to mind his own business. As the man slouched off, he lowered the last package into the boat, and, quickly following himself, pushed off for the shore.

The stars had gone out, extinguished by a great field of cloud riding across the sky. His sailor's mind subconsciously noted the portents of the weather . . . Blowing up for a storm . . . The measured plash of his oars mingled with the measured drum of the surf, their rhythm like that of two percussion instruments in a symphony.

Grounding the dinghy on the beach, he fashioned a sling out of a coil of rope, and, with the petrol can and the case of food and liquor slung over his shoulders, and carrying the ammunition, he made his way up the beach. Passing the sentinel line of palms, he quickly reached the scrub, into whose depths he plunged.

Among the trees it was black as the inside of a tomb. He was prepared for that, however, and brought out the electric torch he had brought with him. He felt convinced that with the wall of the scrub guarding him from behind, no one aboard the schooner would be able to make out the white glow of the torch and thus visualise the direction in which he was going.

But, in this connection, Dante had made one trifling miscalculation. He had assumed that it was only from behind that the spotlight of his torch might be sighted. Certain that he was alone on the island, he did not allow for the fact that there might be someone in front to spot him. . . .

His goal lay well inland—close, in fact, to the extinct crater dominating the interior of the island; and he made his way thither by the meagre light he carried with the unhesitating certainty of one who was thoroughly familiar with the path he was treading.

By the time he reached his objective the promised gale had come, hurling its thousand screaming demons of wind through the trees, lashing down with its hissing whips of rain. Setting a whistling, snarling madness of sound abroad in the undergrowth to drown any furtive, pursuing feet in Dante's wake—if such there might be.

FOR nearly a fortnight Mike Flannigan's life had been one of unbroken ease and peaceful uneventfulness. On the night of the Swallow's departure he had searched the higher wooded parts of the islands to find a suitable place to pitch his simple camp. Eventually he had done so, blundering by accident into a small, deep corrie in the rock, all the sides of which were deeply hidden by a thick wall of tangled undergrowth.

Here he had rolled himself in his blanket and settled down on a soft bed of leaves and twigs which he gathered, to sleep. In the morning he had scouted cautiously in the vicinity of the beach, and noted, on the second night, how Dante stayed ashore to open the decayed oysters.

Observing these things—the proximity of his enemy, alone, and the unguarded shells of which he might filch large quantities almost with impunity—he was sorely tempted to rashness.

In the end, however, prudence prevailed—and for one reason: he knew he was not there to avenge his personal wrong, nor to enrich himself at the Vulture's expense. He was there to watch over Mary Steele's interests, and, in order to do that properly, it was essential that, at this juncture, none of the enemy should know of his existence on the island, as once they did he knew he would be hunted down and shot like a dog.

And so he bided his time, knowing that he would probably get his chance when the dredging of the cove was completed. For hours Mike would gaze at Dante's monotonously toiling figure, his body, still as

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stone, and a frozen smile on his unshaven lips, his blazing eyes the only sign of life, with their dilated pupils in which was reflected the terrible fire of hate and bloodlust flaming in his tortured heart.

As a rule, Dante's work went on unceasingly until it touched close upon the heels of the dawn. But this night Mike was puzzled to notice that he was finishing after a mere three or four hours. Disturbed in mind, he concluded immediately that something out of the ordinary was afoot to-night, and he cautiously made his way nearer to the beach in the hope of discovering what was to do. From the edge of the scrub he watched Dante reach the Vulture, and then settled himself to await developments.

Soon, plain to hear from across the water, came the creak and rattle of tackle. A little later, the plash of oars, then the grinding of a keel on the sand. . . .

He was no more than a score of yards from Dante when the sharp beam of the torch shone out. By a great stroke of luck he was not in the direct line of the beam, and he cowered close to the ground until the Vulture's skipper had passed ahead. Then, taking his time and going carefully to avoid noise, he followed the trail lit by the torch moving onwards.

Dante was striking directly uphill, breasting the long slope of the valley. In a little, Mike felt the cold fingers of a sea-breeze chilling his body. A little later the rain started, hurriedly increasing in force and volume. In no time the Irishman's body was drenched, and the storm was raging at full strength.

They had come to a place at which the ground shelved with sudden steepness in the lee of the crater's side. Skirting the slope, Dante made for a clump of bushes and forced himself between these and the face of the rock, which here rose almost vertically.

Without warning the light went out . . .

For a second Mike was struck into immobility by sheer surprise, then a possible solution to the enigma presented itself to his instinct. At the same moment he realised the immense significance of his position: now, at last, he had Dante, far from his friends, and almost within the grasp of his hands.

It was altogether too much for his caution to resist, and, casting it wildly into the storm, he went forward, red hatred flaming in his brain, and an unholy, anticipatory glee searing it.

Pushing his way past the bushes, he found that the reason that had leaped to his mind for the sudden extinguishing of the light had been correct. The bushes concealed the dark mouth of a cave, which here cut a deep and narrow gash into the face of the rock.

Within the womb of the gash, the light that had guided him there was shining. By its crude gleam, he could see Dante plainly, in the act of unslinging the heavy burdens from his shoulders.

A slow, terrible smile twisted Mike's tense face. His fingers spread out, crooking horribly, like the talons of a bird of prey. He took a step within the entrance . . .

CHAPTER 15

STRANGE HAPPENINGS

FOURTEEN days had passed, superb days of great, soaring clouds, snorting following winds and white water—perfect sailing days, with the Swallow's bows leaping to take every inch of way out of them . . . and still there was no sign of the craft for whose sails every eye aboard was strained . . .

Dick Lennon sat bareheaded on the taff-rail, with an empty pipe in his mouth. The wind that was blowing his fair hair had long ago scattered the contents of the pipe's bowl. And, as he sat there, his lips were smiling and he was humming a jig to himself.

"You're lookin' pleased with yourself, Cap'n," said a voice by his ear. Turning he found Shaw by his side.

The song he was humming ceased abruptly.

"Pleased?" he demanded. "There's not much to be pleased about."

The smile was hastily removed from his lips, as if he were ashamed of the lightness of his spirits.

"Not much, it's true," the mate replied. "A fortnight gone, and not a peep of anything but empty water. Seems to me it'll be impossible to queer Dante's pitch now. He's almost had time to strip the lagoon already and we've got a long run to get back again."

"You're right, there," Dick answered, and, quite unreasonably in the face of such an admission, a grin broke out irrepressibly on his face. "We've hardly a hope in hell now of getting hold of these pearls."

He slid off the rail, vainly trying to hide the grin, and made for the companion-way.

Shaw looked after him in puzzlement, pushing back his cap and scratching his head.

"Struth!" he muttered. "You'd think losing a fortune was a blooming joke!"

That evening, after the last meal of the day was over, Dick entered the cabin to find Mary sitting reading, her back against a bulkhead, her feet on the locker.

HIS pipe was between his teeth. Bringing out a box of matches, he began lighting up.

She began quietly:

"Things are looking pretty bad, aren't they? Fourteen days gone and nothing to show for it. . . . We ought to have been back by this time, shouldn't we?"

He nodded, between exhaling great puffs of smoke.

"Yes, I think we can just about make up our minds for it that Pete Dante's going to get away with the pearls. . . . Don't see how we can stop him now."

"Doesn't that annoy you—letting him get away with it—letting him beat us?" she asked.

"It does—like hell!" he said, and his voice had taken on a note of seriousness. "But it's no use crying over spilt milk. With you aboard, I don't feel entitled to have another smack at him, till we can do it on equal terms—which means that we'd have to be as well-armed as him. . . . And, at this rate, he'll be half-way home before we can manage that."

"You seem quite content about it," she answered. "I'm not a bit."

She paused, then added, with a kind of deliberateness: "You know, it means a lot to me. . . . My father left me very little, except that 'Bank' of his. There's the Swallow, of course—but you know that that's not exactly a paying proposition."

"More of a debt than anything else," he agreed; then, surprisingly, he grinned . . .

"I don't see anything particularly funny in it!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I've hardly a red cent left in the world!"

"Tragic, I call it," he replied, still grinning broadly. "You've no idea how sorry I am for you."

"You don't look it! You look as if you want me to be left without a penny."

"What makes you think that!" he demanded, looking surprised at the manner in which she had read his thoughts.

"That's clear enough—though I wish I knew why. You're not in Dante's pay, by any chance?"

A LOOK of surprise crossed his face quickly, as if this was a construction he had not expected her to put on his behaviour.

"Listen," he said earnestly. "If ever I meet Pete Dante, I'm going to have a good shot at breaking his jaw for him. I'm no traitor—do you believe that?"

"Well, can you deny that you're pleased about the way things are going?" she persisted.

He hesitated, then shook his head in smiling helplessness.

"No, I can't, and that's the truth!"

"Then why?"

"I've got my reasons."

"Meaning you won't tell them. . . ." She broke off, frowning as though a new thought had just occurred to her. A light came into her eyes.

"I believe you've faked the whole thing!" she said accusingly. "Running away from Dante to get a gun-runner, and everything. . . . I don't believe you have ever been trying to find a gun-runner!"

He looked taken aback.

"Here, listen to me a minute!" he said forcefully. "I've told you frankly that I'm quite happy about the way things are working out—but that doesn't mean to say I'm trying to help them along. If I did I'd be nothing but a damned cheat! You can like my language or not as you please, and you can believe me or not—but I've done what you wanted all along, and I'm still doing it. You're the boss here, and you pay my wages, so I do what you say. You need a gun-runner to get even with Dante, and I'm doing my best to raise one. What I want is nothing to do with it."

A little silence followed his outburst. There was an enigmatic look on Mary's face. Without warning, a sudden smile came to her lips. Seeing it, Dick's eyes opened in surprise.

"Here——!" he began, and got no further, for, just at that moment came a perfunctory knock at the door, which was flung open immediately after.

It was Shaw, and he was plainly in a great state of excitement.

Without pausing to take breath, he gasped out:

"Sail sighted on the sta'board quarter, Cap'n . . . !"

For an instant Dick stood stock-still; then, without a word, he sprang into activity. In a flash he was out of the cabin, with Mary and the mate after him . . .

It was well on in the evening, but it still wanted a good hour until sunset. About three miles to starboard was a brig, going under heavy sail, in the same direction as the Swallow.

For the space of several seconds Dick peered at the vessel through eyes unaided by the telescope. Then he nodded silently, as if confirming a conjecture already formed in his mind.

"You seem to know who she is?" Mary observed, watching him.

"Yes, I know her all right. She's the Honeysuckle, Barnaby Diddler's old tub."

"And who might Barnaby Diddler be?"

Dick turned his eyes from the sea and looked at her.

"He's the smartest gun-runner in all the islands . . ." he said.

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For an unaccountable time Mike stood at the cave-entrance eyeing his enemy, savoring in anticipation the wild joy of grappling with him, of seeing the terror in his eyes at the sudden, unexpected vision of himself, of digging his thumbs into the flesh of Dante's throat . . .

But, in the midst of the fiery haze that

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was blinding him, his interest was attracted, in spite of himself, to the actions of the man inside the cave.

To say the least, Dante's actions were peculiar. He had stripped the sacking from one of his packages, revealing it as a case of ammunition. At the sight of it Mike's interest grew stronger. The Vulture's skipper brought out a handful of cartridges, and, taking an old sheet of newspaper from his pocket, began removing the bullets, and tipping out the contents of the cases carefully on to the bit of newspaper, which he had spread before him on the ground.

For some reason or other, Dante wanted cordite. . . . For what! The natural conclusion that sprang to Mike's mind was that he needed a bomb for some purpose of his own, and was manufacturing one now, out of the cordite he was removing from the cartridges as he himself had done many a time to get a feed of fish for the crew.

As his curiosity grew stronger, so did Mike's prudence make itself felt. Determined to find out what Dante was about, Mike withdrew from where he stood, and moved into the darkness of the bushes concealing the entrance, so that he had a screen of leaves and branches between him and the other, through which he could see what was going on, without himself being seen.

SECURE in the knowledge that, by letting Dante go for the present, he was only postponing the pleasure of avenging himself, he decided to bide his time . . .

Dante was yawning. Presently, he glanced at his watch and rose, stretching himself. With a last look round the cave, he turned his torch towards the entrance and began walking in that direction.

Without a suspicion that anything he had done had been observed, Dante came out and pushed his way through the bush towards the beach. Like a great cat on the trail of its prey, Mike followed . . .

As Dante passed from the scrub on to the sand of the beach, Mike paused, crouching in the shadow of the undergrowth. Now all his hatred, careless of any consequences was flaming with all its old heat. Only one thing stopped him from following his enemy, and that was the knowledge, dimly acknowledged amid his passion, that Dante had a revolver on him, and that he would be shot out of hand, long before he could get to close grips, if he made a rush on to the open beach.

Cursing the qualms of conscience and the urgings of duty that had prevented him from finishing Dante off while at his mercy in the cave, he lay where he was and watched the other shove the dinghy into the surf. As Dante jumped aboard the little boat and began rowing, he rose up and leaned against a gomati palm.

To hell with the others! They hadn't a chance, anyway. . . . Besides, how could he possibly keep the Vulture here till they got back, when it was plain that she would be sailing any day, the work of lifting the shells being practically done? To-night that swine had got away—but he would come back. That was certain. He was up to some deep game, and it was clear that the cave was coming into it somewhere or other. He would come back, all right . . . And he, Mike, could afford to wait till the next time, when nothing on God's earth would make him hesitate.

The certainty that, next time, his vengeance would be slaked, twisted his mouth with a smile that was terrible in its frozen, inhuman glee of pure hate. Retreating from the palm upon which his shoulder was leaning, he lay among the shadows—waiting. . . .

CHAPTER 16

AT LAST!

IN the golden after-light of the sunset, Dick and Mary were rowed across from the Swallow to the Honeysuckle. As their boat lifted and sank in the long swell that was running, the tips of the tallest rollers were touched with fire, while the valleys of water between were darkly sunk in shadow: the hills of the ocean in the last of the daylight, the dales already in night.

As if a shutter had been dropped over the sun's face, the daylight went out abruptly. In the blue darkness, they climbed aboard the brig.

"This way," said a voice hoarsely, and they followed the receding sound of footsteps aft.

They climbed down a companion-ladder. A door opened, shedding a great burst of light into the dimness. They entered the cabin, and their guide withdrew.

Seated at a table facing them was a little, wizzened man. He was old, but he might have been almost any age between forty and eighty, it was so difficult to say whether the mass of wrinkles and lines on his brown face were due to age or exposure to the weather. His head was almost completely bald, and his eyes were very black and brilliant, like shiny buttons deep-set in the leather of his face.

At the entrance of Mary the black eyes sparkled. Getting to his feet, he directed a toothless, beaming smile of welcome at her. She was not tall, but, when he stood up, she found herself looking down into his face.

The quick eyes moved alertly to Dick. Again the smile broke out.

"Dick Lennon, eh?" he said in a high-pitched, cracked voice. "On the Swallow now, eh? Ye're in better company than the last time I saw yer." Nodding his head towards Mary he added: "An' who's the little lady ye've brought aboard?"

"This is Mary Steele, Dan's daughter."

The toothless mouth gaped in a still wider grin.

"Dan's daughter—well, now! Your father an' Barnaby Diddler is old friends, my dear—old friends. An' many's the bottle we've finished together . . ."

"You'll finish no more with Dan," Dick interrupted rather grimly. "He's gone."

The old man's jaw dropped.

"What's that yer say! Dan dead . . . Ye're jokin', young Lennon—it can't be!"

"It is," said Dick soberly; and there and then, as briefly as possible so as not to harrow Mary's feelings more than was necessary, he gave an outline of the circumstances of Dan Steele's passing.

A heavy silence followed his recital, during which old Barnaby stood mournfully shaking his head.

"Poor old Dan . . . I was lookin' forward to seein' him, when we sighted the Swallow, an' then I wondered why he didn't come aboard with yer to see me . . . Dan dead . . ." And he shook his head again.

Then, as if thrusting aside painful thoughts, he raised his head and said briskly:

"Well, now, what about a wet with me? I've got some prime rum in the locker for you an' me, young feller—straight from Kingston—an' a nice drop o' port for the lady, and that's a thing you won't find aboard many in these quarters."

Turning to her, he looked at her expectantly. Looking over the old man's shoulder, she caught Dick's eye fixed on her meaningly. Unseen by Barnaby, he nodded.

"Thank you, that would be lovely, Captain Diddler," she answered, taking her cue from Dick.

Going to a locker, Barnaby took out a key and opened it, bringing out two bottles lovingly. They obeyed his invitation to seat themselves at the table, and he poured out the drinks.

"Well," announced the old sailor, "it was nice of yer to come aboard an' give me all the news."

He looked at Dick keenly. Dick knew the old fellow fairly well, and was aware that no business could be done with him except over a drink; he also suspected that Diddler put their visit down to more than mere newsmongering. Accepting the opportunity, he answered:

"It was something different to that brought us, Barnaby. We want to do business with you."

"Oh, an' what might that be?"

"Guns!" said Dick bluntly. "We want to buy a dozen rifles, a machine-gun if we can, and ammunition for the lot."

Barnaby nodded, as if politely interested.

"Well, now, ain't that peculiar? But why come to me? Yer don't imagine I could put yer on to somebody who'd sell yer them, by any chance?"

"No," Dick answered. "We thought you'd sell us them yourself."

The old man recoiled in horror, the very picture of outraged innocence.

"What! Me sell guns! Why, I've never heard o' such a thing."

"You mean you've none aboard?"

"Guns aboard the Honeysuckle! Honest, young feller, are yer quite right in the head? I'm a peaceful trader round the Islands—that's what I am. What ye're accusing me of is being nothin' more nor a gun-runner! . . . D'yer know what I'd do if I struck one o' them? I'd sure get word to the nearest man-o'-war!"

DICK could not repress a smile at the old rogue's tone of indignation. Despite the righteous anger of his words, however, the old man's bright eyes had been fixed alertly and intently on Dick's face, all the time he had been pouring out his furious denials.

Dick realised that he had made a serious tactical error in adopting the frontal method of attack when doing business with Barnaby.

He said off-handedly, in a conversational tone:

"Queer the tales you hear, isn't it? Yarns about being able to buy anything in these islands, if you can only pay for it. I've heard of men buying rifles an' machine-guns in these waters, easy as you like, and no questions asked. Of course, they had to pay for 'em through the nose—not that they minded that—and they didn't pay with money, either."

"What did they pay with?" Barnaby asked quickly.

"Pearls," said Dick simply.

Barnaby screwed up his mouth and nodded consideringly.

"Pearls, eh? Well, I wouldn't say it was all lies yer heard about buyin' them guns . . . if they was good pearls."

"They were good enough pearls."

Barnaby nodded again.

"What was they like?"

"Like this," said Dick, and with a glance at Mary, brought out from his pocket a little bag containing the best pearls they had gleaned from the oysters they had raided from Dante's cache.

He emptied them into his hand and held them out for inspection; Barnaby took each of them, one by one, and scrutinised them admiringly, yet with the appraising eye of an expert. There was a silence, amid which Dick and Mary looked at each other.

"H'm," said the old man. "They're

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mostly small, but the shape an' color ain't bad. Taken all in all, they ain't a bad bunch; should like to know where they came from."

"You like them, do you, Captain Diddler?" asked Mary.

"I do that, my dear. Only wish they was mine."

"We'll give you them, if you'll get us the guns and ammunition we want," Dick put in, resorting to bluntness again.

A shade of irritation disturbed the wrinkles on the brown face.

"I've told yer before, young feller—I ain't no gun-runner. An' what's more, I don't like bein' called one, more or less."

Dick was silent, already regretting the impatience that had prompted his rash suggestion.

"Tell yer what I'll do, though," Barnaby went on. "I carry a lot o' stuff, tradin' round them islands, that might appeal to yer. I'd be willing to let yer both take yer pick o' what I got on board, an' take these pearls o' yours in payment—what d'yer say?"

For a moment, Dick did not reply. He was furiously weighing up whether the old man's words meant exactly what they said, or whether there was a hidden meaning behind them as his sly look seemed to suggest. At last, determining to leave luck to deal with it, he banked on the second supposition, and said with seeming candor:

"Listen, Barnaby, Miss Steele's very glad to have met an old friend of her father's like yourself, and I'm sure she'd like to give you a little present as a memento—she might, for instance, give you these pearls . . ."

Barnaby beamed from one to the other.

"Well, now, I'm sure that's very handsome of yer . . . . And it's the least I can do to do the same by you."

"You mean give Miss Steele a present?"

The old man's eyes fixed in an intent, enigmatic look on Dick's.

"Yes, that's what I do mean . . . An' old Barnaby Diddler's as good as his word. Yer can bank on it, young Lennon, that my present'll be somethin' she'll want. Get that—somethin' she'll want. Get that—somethin' she'll want . . ."

Dick nodded, smiling.

"Yes, I think I get it, all right."

"Now, I'll tell yer what I'll do with yer, missie. I'll give yer that present in three closed boxes—an', just so's ye'll have a nice surprise, what d'yer say to not opening them boxes till yer get back aboard the Swallow again?"

Catching Dick's eye, Mary replied heartily:

"I think that's a fine idea. I promise I won't open them till we get back to the schooner."

Barnaby grinned expansively, hugely pleased with himself and the quick comprehension of his guests.

"An' I keep the pearls, is that right?"

"Of course . . . And now, I don't think we should waste much longer in getting back."

"Maybe ye're right—maybe ye're right. Just one more glass each, an' then yer can go . . . An' I can promise yer, yer won't be disappointed with my present . . ."

AFTER the essential ceremony of partaking of the final drink had been gone through, Dick and Mary were escorted on deck, where, presently, Mary's "present" was brought to them. Not without some labor, for the cases comprising the gift were remarkably bulky and heavy for articles that might have appeal for a lady, the present was lowered into the waiting boat.

Once back aboard the Swallow, the cases were taken to the cabin, and no time was wasted in ripping them open.

The gun-runner had not failed them. Each in its separate package was a dozen rifles, the machine-gun and the ammunition they had gone seeking.

Dick and Mary looked at one another, then, by unspoken consent, burst out laughing.

"Lucky for us he didn't live up to his name," declared Mary. "It would have been the easiest thing in the world to diddle us."

As Dick began unpacking the arms, she watched him reflectively.

"I hope we haven't got them too late," she observed.

He glanced up.

"We almost certainly have. We can't possibly get back in much less than the time we've taken to come out here. That'll make nearly a month altogether—and I can't imagine Dante hanging on there all that time."

"Don't forget we've got Mike there. I'm sure he'll move heaven and earth to hold them there till we arrive."

"I'm sure he won't. If there's any liquor about, he's just as likely to go over to them. I don't think he could keep sober, even on a desert island—and, even if he managed that, he hasn't got the brains to do anything worth while."

"You're wrong," Mary answered slowly. "Somehow or other, I think Mike's going to pull this out of the fire for us. I believe he'd give his life to put himself right in our eyes again . . ."

"We'll see who's right, when we get to the island," said Dick. "I'll bet you anything we find the Vulture gone—and that Mike hasn't done anything."

CHAPTER 17

MUTINY

DANTE had everything in readiness. There was no blinking the fact that mutiny would raise its head sooner or later among his men—but he was ready for them. Should the treachery that he awaited manifest itself openly, he was prepared to deal with it with a sudden savagery that would cow the traitors both by its summariness and its unexpectedness. Should it continue working only in the dark, he would have a more difficult task to stamp it out, not being able to get to the root of it so easily—but, for that, too, he was prepared . . . He would desert with the most valuable pearls, comprising the bulk of the loot, and leave the rats to fight it out among themselves for the rest; but he would not let them continue to live to be a danger to his own life—and that was where the cave ashore, and its contents, came into play . . .

Pete Dante was a man who prided himself on getting everything he set out for—and, in this case, he had made up his mind that, whatever happened, he was not going to split up the small fortune within his grasp into eight or nine shares. He had determined that he must cheat his associates in order to make a respectable haul himself, and he meant to get away with it.

For three days he had not returned to the cave. There was no need, as everything was in readiness there, down to the home-made bomb, upon the manufacture of which he had already spent many hours aboard the Vulture emptying cartridges before finishing off the task in the cave. No point in going back and risking one of the crew following him.

The wallet of pearls he still carried on his body. Sitting in the cabin, he debated with himself whether it would be wiser to continue carrying it about with him, or to put it with the other stuff in the cave. The latter course seemed best, as, should he fail altogether in subduing the crew, he could use the fact that no one but himself knew where they were as a hold over them. On the other hand, should he succeed in quelling any mutiny, the pearls would be lying there for him, safely cached, and he could easily contrive to disappear from the schooner at the first port of call and return and collect them. In either eventuality, it would work out very neatly for him.

Leaving the cabin, he locked the door carefully, as a guard against prying eyes, and went up on deck.

The sun was nearly down over the horizon. He looked around him at the panorama of the lagoon. The work, both of dredging and opening the shells, was, of course, at an end. But, for all that, the bay was not empty. The thousands of decayed oysters flung into the cove had attracted other sharks than those comprising the ship's company of the Vulture. The white water of the surf was a mass of dorsal-fins, and, in the clearer water, long, sinister shapes could be seen swimming.

The crew, appreciating their idleness, after the fearful labor of dredging the cove, were lounging amidships. They were clustered in a bunch, talking. Seeing Crum among them, Dante smiled unpleasantly. Something was afoot here, without a doubt. To-night, it was certain, the trouble would come . . . for, in the morning, they were sailing.

With studied coolness, he walked amidships, and went to the davits hanging limp over the spot where the ship's dinghy rode on the water, fastened to the schooner's side by a painter. He felt the eyes of every man on deck following him closely. He was up on the bulwark, preparatory to climbing down the fall-ropes, when, glancing over his shoulder, he saw Crum approaching at the head of the crew.

He paused and waited.

"Beg pardon, Cap'n," said the mate fawningly. "The hands 'ud like to talk to yer . . ."

He jumped down on deck.

"Well . . . ?"

He waited, his thick lips curled in a smile towering over them, scorning them with his eyes. His right hand was in the pocket of his pea-jacket, and the fingers of it were about the butt of a Webley.

Ricci, the young Italian seaman, stepped forward, his chin raised insolently, his handsome eyes challenging.

"We not-a satisfied, Capitano. You take us on thees treep, an' you say we get our shares. That-a all right . . . But eet ees you, Capitano, who open da shells—and you not-a let us see and no tell us how much dt pearls are worth."

Dante replied slowly and distinctly:

"Ye'll get your shares—every one of ye, when we see port, not a minute sooner . . . Get that, yer organ-grindin' swine."

"That ees not-a good enough," said the Italian pugnaciously. "We take eet now—"

"If not, we don't sail!" screamed another voice—that of Moropoulous, one of the two Greeks.

DANTE smiled slowly and looked from one to the other of the two spokesmen. Crum, who had been standing in the forefront of the group, discreetly pushed his way to a more unobtrusive place in the rear.

"So yer don't sail till yer get your shares—eh, yer splay-footed longshoremen?" On the last words, the skipper's voice rose to a sudden, furious shout. "By the Lord Harry, then, yer don't sail at all!"

The Webley leapt out of his pocket. Three times he fired into Ricci's stomach. The Italian fell, screaming to the deck, clutching in agony at his riddled body.

For a split-second, a dead silence reigned

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Then, without haste, he looked straight into the eyes of Moropoulous, and raised his revolver again.

"This is to teach the lot of you fools not to give me orders," he gritted between his teeth. "Yer can try on yer little mutiny in hell, an' see what comes of it!"

The Greek's eyes were wide open, his body stiff with terror, unable to move. Unhurriedly, Dante took aim, and his revolver spoke once.

Without a sound, Moropoulous crashed forward on his face, a bullet-hole drilled exactly between his eyes.

Dante swung round on the rest, a terrible force of repressed fury in his eyes.

"Any of yer want to join 'em in hell . . .?"

Their eyes glared at him, in every pair the fear and hatred of him burning. There was a dead silence, a fearful silence during which Dante felt—like hot needles in his flesh—the concentrated fury of all their hate focused on him. For an instant, the other Greek, who was in some way related to the dead Moropoulous, stepped forward, his fingers arched like claws, as if he would spring at the skipper; then, sullenly, he drew back among the others. The hands—more than one—that had been on knife-hafts, dropped to their owners' sides.

"Fine," said Dante. "So none of yer feel like running' my craft for me now—eh? Fine. We'll share out when we sight port." He swept them with his eyes, contemptuously.

Moving to the davits again, he felt a light touch on his arm. It was Crum.

"Well . . .? What d'yer want now?"

Crum spoke confidentially, an oily softness in his words:

"Ye'd better promise 'em somethin' better than that, skipper. They'll never let yer board this hooker again if yer don't . . . Yer don't know how I've argued with 'em, Cap'n—but they just won't see reason . . ."

With the blood of two men still warm on his hands, Dante was in a mood to meet soft words with soft words.

"Maybe ye're right at that, Mister. Maybe I was a bit hasty . . ." Raising his voice, he shouted to the men, now engaged in carrying off their dead:

"Listen, yer yeller scum—I ain't finished with yer! I'll do yer a favor none of yer deserve—I'll have the share-out to-morrow mornin' just afore we sail—but on one condition . . . Let one of yer try an' tell me my business, an' there'll be no share-out in the mornin'!"

There was a mutter from the crew, but whether of sullen satisfaction or of plain rebelliousness it was impossible to say.

"That ought to fix 'em—the swine!" Dante whispered.

"Yes, Cap'n," the mate agreed hastily, anxious to please. "There oughtn't to be no trouble now . . ."

Throwing a sceptical smile at Crum, Dante swung out on to the fall-ropes and slid down.

ROWING ashore, his thoughts were busy. Crum had said that there would be no trouble with the hands from now on—the double-faced hound! Of course, there was going to be trouble. They were just waiting—waiting for their chance to be at him like a pack of wolves. Probably—almost certainly—they wouldn't attempt anything till after the schooner sailed, being sure then that he would have the pearls aboard. . . . They would wait until the morning, when he had promised the share-out would be, and, after that—? Well, there had been no doubt about the intentions written in that other Greek's face. . . . But he wasn't waiting till the morning. He would dump the wallet ashore in safety and collect his roughly-fashioned bomb. Then he would return to the schooner—but only for a short spell. He'd waste no time in coming ashore again—for the bomb, though a rough affair, was effective enough . . . and he meant to leave it behind, stowed in some vulnerable part of the schooner.

He had done things thoroughly enough, for the events of the last few minutes had been by no means unexpected. Now, however, he knew for certain that it was hopeless to try and bully the hands into doing his will indefinitely. . . . To-night he had managed it, but he was not such a fool as to think he could keep on doing so.

But he had made all allowances for this moment already. The only thing to be done now was to see that not a mother's son of them would survive the night, so as to be able to confront him in the morning. Already the bottoms of every other boat but the one he was in at the moment was staved in. The sharks would see to it that no swimmer would make the shore. All that was left was to take his bomb aboard, light the fuse, and then make his getaway in the only sound boat just as quickly as possible. After that, there was the petrol waiting in the cave, ready to make him a beacon bright enough to draw any passing ship to the rescue of a poor, marooned sailor.

In the rising rush of the surf he ran the dinghy aground. On the beach he paused a moment, his hand stroking the bulge on his breast made by the wallet in his pocket.

Coldly and impersonally, as he struck inland, he calculated whether he had forgotten anything. There were the second-grade pearls in the big chest in the Vulture's cabin. . . . Pity to leave them to blow up with the boat. . . . But the hands would certainly think it suspicious if they saw him carrying the chest with him when he left the schooner for the second time that night, after planting the bomb. . . . Safer to leave it . . .

Coming among the trees, he switched on his torch. About him the underbrush was all in a rustling quiet. Not a sound of any breathing thing about him. . . .

He reached the cave. Pausing at the entrance, he looked all around it. Everything was as he had left it, it seemed. Nodding in satisfaction, he passed inside.

ALTHOUGH seething with frustration and with his lust for Dante's blood doubly whetted by the non-return of the Vulture's skipper to the cave, Mike had not been wasting his time. The three days' interval he spent in exploring the interior of the cave.

Not having any such aids as a torch, he was obliged to do his investigating by daylight—a risk, but a necessary one.

Of the three packages, only that containing the cartridges had been stripped by Dante, and so Mike got busy in repairing that omission.

The first contained the can of petrol. Mike looked at it in mystification, wondering for what purpose Dante had put it there. Then he opened the second—and his eyes nearly started out of his head . . . biscuits and—a case of rum . . .! It was as if an angel had dropped it to him from heaven!

After that discovery he worked hastily, with a mere perfunctory interest in the other contents of the cave.

Hidden in a corner, where the ammunition-case concealed it, he found the bomb, with the fuse attached. It was a simple affair, being simply an old metal case stuffed tight with cordite and bound round and round with strips of canvas.

It was only in the heaven-sent case of rum that Mike took any real interest, but, hoping to cause Dante as much inconvenience as possible, he carried everything to his own camp. Here an idea occurred to him. For the cartridges he had no use whatever, having no firearms of any sort, so he emptied the cartridges over a patch of ground thickly tangled with undergrowth. The petrol can, the food, and the bomb he kept, and, as a matter of course, the rum bottles, after he had taken every one from the case. Then he took the two empty cases back to the cave and arranged them under their sacking to look as nearly as possible just as they had done when Dante had left them. With the aid of some large pieces of rock he contrived it that the sacking which had covered the petrol can looked as if the can was still inside it.

At the end of his labors he surveyed his handiwork and convinced himself that it had been performed artistically enough to give the effect that nothing had been touched. That done, he succumbed to the dry pricklings in his throat set up by the thought of the liquor waiting for him, and went back to his own camp.

STRETCHING himself among the concealing undergrowth, he cast his eyes upon the two dozen bottles of rum scattered about him. His thirst was like a raging fire. He stretched out his hand to take up the nearest bottle, and, in the very act of doing so, checked himself . . .

His face was that of a man in the throes of sheer torture. Like a blinding light it came to him that here and now he was undergoing the acid test of his manhood. His inclinations tried to tell him that a bottle or two could do no harm to anybody; but his inmost mind told him with greater clearness that, should he once start drinking, it would mean the ruin of everything. One mouthful, and he would go on drinking. Dante would escape his vengeance, and he would never be able to redeem himself again, as now—with the way things were going—he might. . . .

For several minutes the struggle went on. Sweat stood out on his brow, and his hands were twitching. Then, with a sudden movement, he gathered up all the bottles and began thrusting them among the undergrowth where, out of sight, their allure would not torture him so much.

That done, he sat down again, all his limbs limp as wet paper.

"Och, to hell!" he said aloud. "'Tis a foine celebration I'll be havin' on the whole two dozen, once I've settled wid Dante . . . Faith, an' he might come to-night—an' that's not too long to wait for a drink!"

But it was not until the third evening that something occurred to relieve the lunatic monotony of waiting. . . . And, by that time, the state of Mike's mind was almost frenzied.

It was a sound that stirred him to something like sanity—the sound of four revolver-shots drifting up the valley from down where the Vulture lay—three in quick succession, the fourth after a slight interval.

An alertness enlivened his haggard face, bristling with a fortnight's growth of beard and ghastly from the ordeal he had been undergoing. . . . At last, things were beginning to move. . . . It was close on the hour of sunset. Without wasting time, he made for the beach and waited. . . . Instinctively he knew that what he had been longing for would happen to-night. . . .

He had not long to wait before the promptings of his instinct were justified. Just as dark fell he saw Dante's dinghy rowing shorewards.

A fearful, gloating smile twisted his mouth, and fixed there as he watched the boat being beached and its occupant making up the valley. With that same fixed smile on his face he followed in Dante's tracks through the dark jungle and saw him enter the cave.

At that instant the madness that had been threatening and gibbering at him for the past three days seized him in its grip. Raising his arms to the night, he sent a howl of shrilling, maniacal laughter quavering to the skies.

"Come out an' meet me, Pete Dante!" he screamed. "Come out an' meet me . . .! 'Tis Mike Flannigan that's waitin' for ye!"

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CHAPTER 18

THE DEAD RETURN

THAT evening the wind had dropped and now the night had come on a new moon was cut, riding the sky in brilliance undimmed by any cloud, with all the stars sparkling about its glittering crescent. With her sails slack, the Swallow lay sluggishly in the windless night, rolling slowly to the long swell that was running.

Down the rigging young Johnny came swarming like a monkey, sprang off the bulwarks, and landed with a thump on the deck. At the same instant a hand grasped his shoulder and held him, and a voice said:

"Well, and what do you think you're doing, young fellow—showing off. And, if you think you can get away with that swell-headed stuff aboard this hooker, you've got another thing coming. . . . You just cut along now, or I'll be shoving you back on the Vulture next time we cross her hawse!"

Johnny smiled, recognising the bantering tone in Dick's voice.

"Ay, ay, Cap'n, I'll cut along right away—but there's somethin' I wanted to speak to yer about—straight, there is."

"Well, what was it?" Dick asked amusedly.

Johnny paused, then came out at a rush:

"It's about Miss Mary——"

"Well, spit it out!" Dick demanded, an unwonted sharpness in his voice. "What is it you've got to say about her?"

"I'll tell yer a secret, Cap'n," Johnny whispered confidentially. "She's struck on yer! Honest, she's got it real bad——"

Dick darted forward with a sudden movement and gripped the boy's arm.

"What the devil do you think you're talking about!" he demanded, his voice suddenly stern.

Johnny's tones were half-fearful, half-defiant, as he answered:

"I don't mean to be cheeky, Cap'n—truly, I don't! I was just telling yer, 'cos she was lookin' so down in the mouth. . . . Reely, Cap'n, she was lookin' so sorry for herself I just had to ask her, off-hand like, if Cap'n Lennon had a girl or not—just to see if what I thought was right. . . . An' it was; 'cos she says, with a sort of a sigh, 'No, I don't think Cap'n Lennon has; he ain't the sort of man that takes any interest in 'em. He don't care for nothin' but the sea.' An' then, o' course, I was sure it was 'cos she was struck on you that she was lookin' so down in the mouth—but I didn't say nothin' to her. I waited to tell you about it."

"Do you know what I think of you?" Dick demanded.

Johnny shook his head.

"I think you've less sense and more darned cheek than any kid I've ever struck!"

He released the boy's arm. "Hop it now, before I start knocking some of the craziness out of you with a rope's end . . ."

Needing no second bidding, Johnny hastened off, his face expressing all contrition. At a safe distance from Dick's observation, however, the look of startled innocence disappeared with remarkable quickness, to be replaced by a broad grin. Dick's back being turned to him, he winked at it gleefully before disappearing down the companion leading to the cabin.

Frowning, Dick leaned his elbows on the bulwark and stared out across the smooth, silky swell of the rollers to starboard. Out there, too far to be made out clearly, was a dark shape rising above the faintly luminous surface of the sea. On the chart that indistinct dark hump of thicker blackness was named Palua.

But now, although his eyes were fixed on Palua's vague hump of shadow, his thoughts were not with the little island. With knit brows he was thinking of what Johnny had said to him. He tried hard to foster annoyance at the boy's forwardness, but he could not suppress the queer tingling excitement that was rising inside him at the knowledge that he had the power to affect Mary's state of mind so strongly.

She was unhappy, then—because of his apparent indifference. . . . At the thought he again experienced that strange tingling sensation and, with it, a queer wave of tenderness. . . .

A light footstep sounded on the deck . . . His hands gripped the rail convulsively, for instinct had spoken to him with a breathless clarity.

He started round, and saw that his instinct had not lied. It was she. . . .

A curious lethargy seemed to possess his body, despite the excitement that was stirring his mind. He could not move, but only look at her.

The moon seemed to diffuse a bluish tint through its misty light. She was wearing a dress of some thin white stuff that seemed a focus for the radiance of the moon and all the stars. A soft glow hung upon the softness of her hair. For a moment she stood there, quite still, as if hesitating to come to his side; then, with a kind of impulsiveness, she came forward.

"Dick . . ." she said, looking into his face; her eyes were dark and troubled. Then she looked away, leaning her body against the bulwark.

When she spoke again there was a kind of forced lightness in her voice.

"Funny, isn't it . . .? I knew it was you standing there. I just saw something dark among the shadows, but I knew it was you."

He said quietly:

"Yes, it was queer. . . . And queerer still, maybe, that I knew who it was moving behind me, before I turned round . . ."

SHE lifted her head so that he could see the white curve of her throat and the warm roundness of her parted lips. He felt himself trembling. She was looking out towards where Palua lay. Now they were so close to the island that a gentle shore-breeze brought to them, across the salty space of sea between, the sweet, heavy scents of flowers. The broken water about the shore was more brightly luminous, and the measured beat of it on the unseen beach was plain on the ear.

Her nostrils were dilated. She said softly:

"That smell of flowers. It seems to catch you by the throat, doesn't it? I feel as if I want to faint with the sweetness of it . . ."

He could not take his eyes from her half-turned-away face. All his senses felt as if strung taut at the nearness of her. Abruptly she turned to him, and looked at him. Her face seemed to glow with an incandescent beauty in the moonlight. Her mouth was a dark allure that sent his blood racing. All the shadows of the night were caught in the wells of her eyes and the softness of her hair.

"Dick, I had to come and speak to you to-night—I had to. . . . It's—it's so difficult to tell, but I——"

The deep tones of his voice cut across her hesitation.

"Perhaps there is no need to say anything. Perhaps I know already . . ."

Then he took her in his arms. It was as if something inevitable, something foreordained, was taking place. Unhesitatingly, as though nothing else were possible, her arms stole round his neck.

He could feel the beating of her heart against his body. The heavy sweetness perfuming the night made his mind swim. He bent his head and kissed her mouth. . . . Her arms tightened . . .

"My dear," he said hoarsely, "I love you so much that there's nothing else in my mind all the time but you. You're the most beautiful thing in all the world," he whispered into the mistiness of her hair. "You're the most wonderful thing I've ever seen or met—I think I'm never going to breathe again till I've kissed you . . ."

With an unconcealed, innocent simplicity she lifted her face to him. In his rushing thoughts it seemed to symbolise all the calm strength and honest lack of any kind of sham that formed the core of her. She smiled into his eyes.

"It's dangerous to hold your breath too long," she said.

He kissed her again, with impetuous ardor. The light airs from Palua came laden with their exotic perfumes that swirled about the fair head and the dark, making both swim. The long roll of the swell beat against the side, lifting the schooner in a rhythm ten times as slow as that of a pounding lover's heart. The murmur of their voices had ceased, for words that express less than enough are best left unsaid; and now there was no need of words at all.

TO say that a man who is brave cannot be wholly vile is a story fit only for children or witless people. And Pete Dante, who had about as much nobility as a poisonous viper, did not lack courage. He was a leader of men—and of as treacherous and wild a crowd of men as one might wish to avoid—and it was his courage not less than the sudden blind ferocity of his brutality that had given him authority over them.

But Dante, brave as he was, was not proof against the terror inspired by the unknown, coming altogether without warning, he heard the voice of one, whose dead body he believed lay beneath the water many thousand miles away, calling him by name—calling on him to face this ghost out of the past.

At Mike's first shrill shout, his body stiffened and his flesh tingled as if a million icy hairs had suddenly started moving over it. He was only just within the entrance of the cave, and there he stood, stricken into stone.

Horror drenched him in a shower. There was not a living soul on all the island. Apart from the dinghy he himself had used, every one of the Vulture's boats had been stove in, so that none but he could have the means of coming ashore. . . . And yet that voice rising shrilly from among the empty trees. . . .

And Mike's voice—! But that wasn't true—it couldn't be! Mike was dead, his body deep in Thames slime or floating black and bloated, in the bleak grey waters of the North Sea. . . . His ears must have tricked him. . . . Breathing hard, he stood listening till the strain of it was almost physical pain.

Then the sweat started out all over his body, for the cave was echoing to the peals of lunatic laughter, rising higher and higher in steadily swelling cadences—laughter so unmistakable that his soul was shaken with increased fear—the laughter of utter madness. Then the cracked voice howled again:

"D'ye not hear me, Pete Dante . . .? Mike Flannigan it is. Why don't you come out an' meet me? Ha! ye can't be afraid, eh? Not iv poor Mike Flannigan, him ye called a yellah dog, and flogged loike one. . . . Come on, Dante—I've been waitin' for this for many a day—come on an' meet me man to man!"

Dante felt his limbs trembling violently; try as he would he could not control them. The muscles about his lips were twitching. Fear, such as he had never known—never even imagined—had him in its grip. For a second the awful thought was in his mind

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that this was not Mike in mortal guise calling on him, but that it was Mike's spectre that was hounding him down to wreak vengeance for the wrong he had done.

Feverishly he took a grip on himself, brushing aside these morbid thoughts. He could not doubt that it was Mike's voice that had called on him—it was the voice of a mortal man; his reason told him that for certain. . . . But, although he convinced himself of this, the superstitious horror of his first fleeting belief remained, and, with it, the uneasy terror of the unknown. First of all, it had been mere shock more than anything else that had struck cold fear to his savage heart; now the first shock was over, but the fear remained—now it was not of any bogy, nor due to the sudden voice out of the empty dark of a tropical island, but of Mike Flannigan, the man, of whom he was afraid. . . . And it was the first time Pete Dante had ever felt an instant's fear of any human being.

HIS eyes glittered with the inspired cunning of a cornered rat. Drawing his revolver and holding it ready, he advanced to the cave mouth, and, for all his bulk, he moved soundlessly.

For an instant he waited there, then, without warning, switched on the torch he still carried in his left hand, and swept the bushes about him with its beam. Then Mike spoke again. Dante's muscles tightened alertly.

"Come to look for me, have you, Dante—come afther an unarmed man wid a gun 'n yer hand?" the voice gibed.

Dante's eyes narrowed. It was news indeed that the man waiting for him out there, hid somewhere among the bushes, carried no gun.

"Lay it down, Dante!" the voice went on mockingly. "Throw it away, an' come an' meet me wid bare hands, loike a man! Maybe ye'd loike me to come at ye now, an' you wid yer gun ready, eh? But ye don't catch Mike Flannigan aisy as that, Pete, me boy—no, not as aisy as all that!" And the words ended in the same demoniacal cackle that had jangled in his ears before.

Standing where he was, it was impossible to place the spot where the speaker was concealed.

Dante's nerves were jumping wildly. He seemed to detect a dark face among the swaying shadows of the undergrowth . . . In something like panic, he let fly with his gun at the spot. And, at that, the laughter broke out again. . . . Mouthing an oath, he sent two more bullets flittering through the leaves in the direction from which he thought the voice came this time. Again the laughter, wilder than before—from over to the left, it seemed. . . . Swinging his torch to the left, he blazed away blindly. . . . And still the jeering, lunatic laughter echoed all around him. . . .

His body went taut, trembling uncontrollably. There was something frightening, infectious in that mad laughter: he could feel the hysteria of it mounting within his own throat. His face was twitching, covered with sweat. Without knowing what he was doing, he shouted meaningless words and impotent curses to the night.

It was when he realised what he was doing that his shredded nerves snapped. Gasping in utter panic, he turned and bolted into the shelter of the cave, cowering with glaring eyes in the farthest corner, like an animal at bay . . . Outside he could hear the mounting laughter still gibbering at him . . .

With fingers that fumbled clumsily in their fear-stricken haste, he reloaded the emptied chambers of his revolver. Then he switched off the torch. Holding the weapon clutched in his hand, he crouched there, staring at the round patch of dark blue sky that was the cave entrance.

There was only one thing to be done: make a rush for it and shoot his way down to the beach. It was so clearly the only way out that it was vain considering any other. . . . But, although he admitted this, he found, with the ultimate wave of starkest horror gripping him, that he could no longer force himself to make the attempt. He had so lost control of himself that, even armed as he was, the rush into the open where the hidden madman waited was beyond his powers.

And not for long did even the comfort of darkness remain to him. For some time, the duration of which his jumping brain could not guess at, furtive movements that had more of fearful significance in them than the rustling of leaves in the wind, had been sounding outside—sly, shifting sounds that plucked agonisingly at his frayed nerves.

He could not think, try as he would, what the hushed noises might mean. Out there in the open, among the wind-brushed trees, Mike was up to something. Then, without warning, Mike's voice screamed out:

"Come out, Dante, ye yellah dog . . .! That's what ye called me once, isn't ut . . . Come out iv yer hold then, ye black coward—an' begorra, I'll pay ye for that torn back and the black shame ye gave me!"

There was a pause, a long quietness taut with stark suspense, and then the voice spoke again, more quietly this time, and yet with a more fearful menace:

"So ye won't come out, will ye not, ye creepin' swine. . . . Then 'tis meself must make ye!"

There followed another pause, but briefer this time and filled with other furtive sounds. . . . And then the darkness was split with great gashes of flame, and the air of the cave was shaken by a flaring crackling . . .

The narrow space was filled with the reek of petrol . . . The flames were flying over the ground towards the crouching occupant of the cave, his glaring eyes and cowering body picked out with sudden brilliance in the red light of the creeping fire. It seemed as if the ground itself was on fire.

Dante crouched lower, too terrified to move, and then he saw what Mike meant when he had spoken of forcing him to go out into the open. . . . Close by him stood a box wrapped in sacking. The box was in the very track of the oncoming flames, and he knew that the moment the flames touched that box it would be the end of him.

For that box contained the ammunition he had brought from the schooner and, hidden behind it, so he thought, was the bomb he had made . . .

It was the balance of one fear against another that made him move; and the fear of the terrible explosion that would go up in that cramped space was greater even than his fear of the madman outside, whose laughter he could hear now above the crackle of the flaring petrol.

Having made his decision, something of his old savage spirit returned. In a flash the recollection came that, after all, Mike was unarmed. . . . Baring his teeth and clutching his gun grimly, he went leaping through the curtain of fire obscuring the cave-mouth, and plunged out of his choking shelter into the windy night. . . .

CHAPTER 10
DEATH GRIPS

THE madness that revenge had lighted in Mike had given him a strange, sly cunning that was totally unlike the reckless, happy-go-lucky nature of the normal Mike, and it was this new cunning which, even in the ferocious flood-tide of his hate, had kept him in hiding during the time Dante had stood at the entrance to the cave with gun in hand.

He knew that he would not have long to wait now for the appearance of his enemy, and his assurance was quickly justified. As a trapped beast runs wildly into the open, so Dante came out, stirred by the very extreme of fear into desperation.

The tiny ledge above the cave-mouth on which Mike crouched was fifteen to twenty feet above the ground. As Dante appeared he paused for an instant, looking round, gun in hand, for the Irishman. With the force of a steel spring, Mike flung himself into mid-air.

His hurtling body struck Dante plumb on back and shoulders. Coming from that height, the shock of the impact was terrific. Both men thudded to the ground in a heap, Dante undermost.

The advantage of surprise was on Mike's side. Before the other—knocked almost breathless as he was—could recover, he had torn the revolver from Dante's hand.

At that moment it would have been the easiest thing in the world to have emptied the gun into Dante's body but, somehow or other, that did not even enter Mike's head. He meant to have the utmost black joy out of his vengeance, and for that he needed only his powerful hands. For a second they looked into one another's eyes, there by the glaring light of the blazing petrol, then Mike raised his arm and sent the revolver spinning high over the trees.

DANTE lay sprawled on the ground, his body frozen by terror, staring at Mike; and, indeed, as the Irishman stood there in the flaring light, unkempt and bearded, his teeth showing like a dog's, and the glare of madness in his eyes, he was a figure to inspire terror in the bravest.

Slowly, like a figure of doom, he advanced, his fingers spread like talons ready to tear and rend. His set grin was like that of a skull. Now was his moment; he seemed to see his cowering enemy through the red mist of the blood-lust that was flaming in his brain. . . .

Dante half-rose, edging away in wild haste from this figure of horror but, before he could scramble to his feet, Mike was on him, and Mike's hands were at his throat. For Dante the spell of fear was broken; desperately he fought back, and the two rolled over and over on the margin of the burning ground, scrabbling like wild beasts at each other's throats, growling out bestial grunts and snarls.

Choking and coughing among the reeking fumes they fought blindly. Already their boot-soles were beginning to scorch. Madly Dante squirmed sideways and sprang out of the area of flame, Mike after him like a flash.

Again they closed. Dante was using his fists, but Mike's hands were open and clawing. Only one coherent thought was in his mind—to get a grip on Dante's throat. Once he could do that, all would be over, for he was determined that nothing would make him let go.

Dante was raining blows on his unguarded face, now terribly bruised and bleeding, hardly recognisable as human. He paid no more heed to the blows than he would have to being struck by a feather, although Dante was hitting with terrific power.

For several minutes they fought thus, Dante striking as he liked, Mike struggling to get the grip he was after . . . And then he found it . . His hands fastened on the other's thick neck—fastened and held . . .

Dante's huge fists lashed his face unmercifully. With his mouth grinning horribly, Mike hung on, digging his thumbs like gouges into the flesh of Dante's throat . . .

For an instant their eyes met; and a terror swept over the Vulture's skipper beside which the terrors he had felt before

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were as nothing. Looking into Mike's eyes, alight with a terrible black joy, he knew that his doom was sealed . . .

Wildly he struggled to tear the torturing hands away. His lungs were bursting. Wrenching madly with his body, he swung Mike about like a sack of chaff; but he could not break the Irishman's hold.

Mike was laughing aloud now, for, like Dante, he knew that the end was in sight. The other's struggles were growing more and more frenzied. He hung on with the fearful concentration of a leech. Dante's face, no more than a foot from his own, was blackening; the veins were swelled to near bursting point, and the evil black eyes were popping horribly.

His struggles were growing fainter; and, feeling it, a bitter wave of fierce triumph swept over Mike. Now, instead of Dante swinging Mike's body about, the positions were reversed. As a terrier shakes a rat, Mike shook the great bulk of his choking enemy.

Quite suddenly, the huge body went limp and the hands dropped. Still Mike went on shaking it, his grip on the throat tight as ever—and then it came to him that it was all over. It was a dead body whose throat he was clutching . . .

He did not let the carcase drop, although his grip slackened a trifle . . . The madness was still on him, and he could not realise yet that Dante was safe now from his vengeance.

The blazing petrol, still burning strongly as ever, attracted his attention irresistibly—and a notion came to his half-crazed mind that made him fling back his head and send a shout of idiot laughter ringing above the crackle of the flames . . . Still with his hands fastened round the dead throat, he dragged the carcase towards the blaze! then . . . then, with one great heave of his arms, he flung it into the raging furnace inside.

Half-stifled, with his flesh scorched and the ends of his clothing smouldering, he fought his way to clear air again; and there he turned and stood.

His face was a thing of horror, blackened by smoke and blotched with blood. He stood there quite still, his broken teeth showing in a staring grin of frozen triumph, his glaring eyes fixed unwinkingly on the funeral-pyre of Pete Dante . . .

MARY sat on a step of the companion-way leading to the poop. A step lower down, Dick reclined, his head against her breast. From there no one could be seen, and no one could see them. Before them was the length of the vessel, rolling slackly in the swell, so that the moonlit stretch of sea on either quarter seemed to be swinging on the axis of the schooner's keel, now to one side, now to the other. The dreaming moment chained them to silence, and their heads were among the wheeling stars.

Mary's voice did not disturb the rhythmic quiet. Its low tones lay on it gently, making a part of it.

"And now will you tell me," she asked curiously, "why you were so pleased that I wasn't going to get these pearls?"

"I thought maybe you'd guess why," Dick answered, smiling up into the face bending over him. "There couldn't have been anything like this"—seeming to indicate themselves and all the splendor of the night—"if you'd been worth some thousands of pounds. You'd still have been the boss, and me the underdog. When you're not worth a red cent, you can't go asking well-off young women to marry you."

Mary smiled.

"And what now? Neither of us are worth a red cent,—and you know the Swallow isn't worth much more as a money-maker."

"Don't worry," said Dick joyously. "We'll start level. We'll jog along, and live in cheap digs, and go without things. We'll have a whale of a time . . . And then I'll make my pile, and buy a little house for you and everything you've gone without."

"It'll be lovely . . ." Then a frown crossed her face. "But what about the Swallow?" she asked soberly. "We couldn't afford to keep it, could we?"

"Don't see how we could," he said slowly. "I think we'd have to sell her."

For a second there was silence.

"I'll hate parting with her," she said. "Funny, isn't it, how fond you can get of a ship . . . and I know Dad wanted me to keep her sailing—but I think he'd have understood that I can't." Looking down at him, she smiled wistfully. "I think it would break my heart to let her go—if I wasn't getting you in exchange . . ."

For that there was only one answer. Drawing down her head, he kissed her.

They whispered together—the endearments of lovers that sound so sweet when passionately spoken, and look so foolish in cold print.

" . . . a ship's a queer thing," Dick murmured, after a pause. "It gets round your heart—like a woman—and nothing you can do can stop it. I'd do anything in the world to keep this old tub for you.

"We may keep it yet. We haven't lost the pearls yet."

He grinned at her tessingly.

"I only hope we do. If we got them in the end, it would turn me from your lover into a kind of fortune-hunter . . . But we needn't worry. We're days too late already. I bet Dante's under way for home by now."

She said with a sudden seriousness that drove away the banter of his voice:

"Would it really make any difference? If we did find the pearls when we got back to the island, wouldn't you be the same to me as you are now?"

He looked uncomfortable.

"It's hard to say. I'm a queer sort of devil . . . I'd feel I could never be on equal terms with you somehow. I want to give to the woman I love—not take from her. You'd want it like that, too, wouldn't you? It's right, that way."

"I don't know," she answered slowly. "Perhaps I'm so dazed with love just now that I feel it doesn't matter whatever way it happens . . . Maybe, just for your sake, I'd like things to work out the way you want."

"I'm right," he said with quiet conviction. "I know I am."

In spite of herself, she felt a cold sense of foreboding—of fear that the happiness she held now in her two hands would escape her in the end. Fiercely she hung on to it, gathering to herself all the sweetness of the moment, in terror that it should be but fleeting sweetness of a moment, that fate would yet succeed in snatching her love from her.

She said with forced lightness:

"Let's talk about something else. Let's talk of ourselves as we are now—"

"I'll start," he said ardently. "I love you so much, I can hardly stand it."

"If you do, you were very slow in telling me anything about it!"

"You know why . . ."

"Oh, that . . .!" she said impatiently. "Why can't you forget for just a moment about these pearls . . . If it wasn't for Mike being there, I don't believe I'd ever go back to that island." She broke off, thrusting all memory of the pearls away from her. Smiling, she demanded: "If it's on your mind so much, it's a wonder you ever told me at all that you loved me."

"I didn't mean to—not till we'd made the island again, and made sure Dante had got away with the lot . . ."

"Then why did you?" she persisted.

He paused, then said slowly:

"I couldn't help myself. It was one of those things you can't fight against . . ."

He did not say anything of what the boy, Johnny, had told him that night of her love for him, fearing to hurt her pride. Although he did not say it, it was that information, more than anything else, that had driven him to take her in his arms.

She answered quietly:

"That's not true. Do you know what really made you tell me—? It was me!"

He laughed.

"It was," she said seriously. "I came on deck, and I came up to you and looked at you. You couldn't help yourself, right enough—but it was because I made you speak. Women know these things . . ."

HE sat upright, putting his arms about her. Gently she pushed him back, so that she could look into his eyes.

"I practically told a man I loved him—before he said anything himself . . . Oh, yes, I did! But, if you think I'm ashamed of it, you're wrong. I'm proud of it. It was my love that made me—"

A sudden suspicion came to his mind.

"Only your love?" he inquired cryptically.

She looked at him quickly.

"Yes—what else?"

"Nothing—only I thought perhaps there might have been something at just that time—something that had stirred you up . . ."

She stared in wonder.

"That's queer! There was something—"

"What was it?"

She hesitated, then said at a rush:

"It was finding out about the trouble you were in. When I heard about it, I felt I wanted so much to comfort you—to have the right to comfort you—that I couldn't stop myself from coming to you . . ."

"Darling!" he said, and kissed her again.

"Then, after a moment, he asked curiously:

"Did you know what the trouble was?"

She shook her head.

"No, only that it was terribly bad . . . So bad that you were being nearly driven mad by it—so that you couldn't ask any girl to marry you, no matter how much you loved her . . . I knew how unhappy you were over it, and so I didn't mean to ask you what it was—not till later . . ."

He nodded in understanding.

"It was somebody told you about it then?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "But you mustn't be annoyed with him for it—I promised you wouldn't be."

"All right. Who was it?"

"It was Johnny—just before I came to you here to-night . . ."

She broke off, exclaiming in alarm:

"What's wrong?"

His body was shaking violently. In amazement, she saw that he was bursting with suppressed laughter. She stared in dumbfounded silence; presently he got some control over his voice.

"Johnny, was it! The young devil . . . I'll murder him!"

"I don't understand . . ."

"I've just understood this minute. That young rip arranged the whole thing!"

"You mean—there really isn't any bad trouble?"

"Not a bit of it."

She smiled into his laughing eyes.

"I'm so glad . . ." she said.

The smile faded from his face.

"My dear . . ." he said in sober tenderness, "you're too lovely to be true."

His arms tightened about her. There was a brief silence, brimming with a sweetness too subtle to be caught in mere words. She said absently:

"You'll promise me, though—you won't be annoyed with Johnny . . .?"

"Annoyed with him . . .! I tell you what I'm going to do, the first decent whack of money I ever get—I'm going to get him apprenticed to one of the big shipping lines. That young devil'll never be happy away from the sea, and I owe him more than

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that—the pup! At least I'll see to it that he's settled for life."

"But I still don't quite understand what happened. What did he do?"

"I'll tell you later. We've better things to do just at present . . ." And, as a sample of such things, kissed her again and again.

"You're in a great hurry, aren't you?" she asked breathlessly.

"Of course. We've little enough time."

Days and days before we reach the island," she murmured dreamily.

"That island . . ." he said. "I think I'd be completely happy if we never reached it . . ."

CHAPTER 20

A PEARL BEYOND PRICE

THE fire was burning low now, and the sacrifice of Pete Dante's body in its flames to the gods of vengeance was consummated.

A strange flatness had come over Mike, now that his fury was slaked and Death had ended it all; and, along with this bleak aftermath of spirit came a dull sort of sanity to his whirling brain.

He looked about him, as if seeing his surroundings for the first time. The blaze was a red amoulder now, and a great patch of ground was scorched and blackened. Apart from that, there was nothing about to tell of the terrible fight that place had witnessed. Dante was dead, his body charred by the sacrificial fire; and suddenly it struck Mike with a peculiar significance that now he was alone indeed, with nothing more in life to do. . . . Idly he looked around and his eyes lighted on another reminder of the events of that night. His eyes caught sight of it lying on the edge of the fire-blackened area, the live part of which was so feeble now that it barely gave enough dull red light to make the object visible.

Stooping, Mike picked the thing off the ground. It was a piece of thick blue serge, about two square feet in area. Holding it in his hand, a dim recollection came to him of a moment in the fight when his right hand, clawing for Dante's throat, had clutched and held the left lapel of the other's pea-jacket. The cloth was strong stuff, but so fierce had been his wrench that the whole left side of the jacket had been ripped off, coming away in his hand as if made of paper instead of stout frieze.

For a moment or two he stared at it through dull eyes, then, turning away, he went off slowly through the blackness of the trees towards his camp, the dark fragment of heavy serge hanging carelessly from one hand.

It was dark as a tomb about his lair. Now the time had come that he had long promised himself, when he would drink the rum to celebrate the end of his arch-enemy. But, strangely enough, the prospect did not lure him. At that moment of blank anti-climax he seemed to have no appetite for liquor.

Listlessly he filled his pipe and put it in his mouth. He struck a match and its tiny light was exaggerated to brilliance after the deep gloom. In the yellow radiance something glittered on the ground. He postponed lighting his pipe to look at it.

. . . It was the metal that formed the case of the bomb Dante had fashioned. For a moment Mike gazed at it without any coherent thought in his mind; and then beside the bomb he saw something else gleaming. In dull curiosity he picked this up, too. Before the match's last flicker had expired, he had time to make the object out. . . . It was a key. . . . Next moment he was in utter blackness again. . . .

His mind moved idly in abstract channels. He found himself wondering why the immediate prospect of as much liquor as he could swallow held so little savor for him. He had done what he had longed for so fiercely for so many nights, hadn't he? Pete Dante had died at his hands, knowing his slayer, had he not . . .? And then, in a flash, came the reason for his queer torpor. . . . He had fulfilled his own desires—but he had entirely neglected the interests of his friends who had left him on the island for that purpose.

The more his brain revolved about it, the more certain he became—how could he celebrate properly when his work was not yet finished?

From that conclusion it was but a step to considering the means of fulfilling his duty. The bomb immediately suggested itself. . . . Even as Dante had himself planned, he would see to it that the Vulture and all her wild crew should trouble no one any more. That is where the bomb came in—but how to effect it? He must have an opportunity of planting it aboard, and in such a place that the fuse could burn unobserved. . . .

And then, in a light that was blinding, he saw how it could be done. . . . The key he had found—it must have dropped from the pocket in the bit of Dante's coat that he had brought from the scene of the fight; and what could it possibly be but the key of the Vulture's cabin! Somehow or other he must get aboard the schooner. That done, the rest would be easy.

Placing the key carefully in one pocket, he rose in abrupt decision and, taking the home-made bomb, blundered downhill through the undergrowth towards the beach. . . .

It was as if everything had been left in readiness for him. There lay the dinghy in which Dante had landed. Even the oars were ready muffled against the skipper's return. . . . Without pausing, Mike ran the little boat into the surf and pulled out past the breakers.

The darkness of the night favored him. Handling the oars skilfully, he went soundlessly, approaching the schooner with breathless caution.

No hail came, however, to announce that he had been spotted from the deck as eventually he drew under the black loom of the Vulture's hull. The prow bumped against something—an anchor-chain half-seen in the darkness. Carefully he tied the boat to the chain, then waited for a second or two, listening intently.

Not a sound. . . . Disposing the bomb carefully in the breast of his shirt, he took hold of the chain and hauled himself up it.

Slowly he raised his head over the side and scanned the decks. Amidships he seemed to discern crouching figures, and low voices coming from that direction. Like an eel he slid aboard, dropping flat in the scuppers, where he lay for almost a minute, unmoving.

NOW came the greatest risk. . . . With his heart pounding he crawled like a ghost in the shadow of the bulwark, making aft.

Reaching the well he lay dead-still for a moment before attempting the rest of his breathless journey to the cabin. The voices of the huddling forms were clearer now; here and there he could make out a disconnected snatch of words—

". . . A knife in da back—dat's the way. Wheesh! like dat. You watch me do it."—"A lot o' good that would . . . Him dead, an' no pearls . . ."—". . . Want him alive. Must for . . . Yes, Jean-Jacques is the man."—". . . Soon make him talk—the swine! Ay, it's a handy little whip o' yours, Jean-Jacques . . ."—"Soon's he comes aboard again—that's the time."—". . . All of us on to him—before he's a chance to start shootin' . . ."—"Dat swine—I keel him yet for what he do to Moropoulous. You see—between his shoulders wit' dees knife . . ."—"Ay, yer can do that all right—but not till we got them pearls . . ."

Mike did not wait to hear more. Inch by inch he crawled aft, holding his breath.

Chance had aided him that night. The hands, taking advantage of Dante's absence not to post any watch, were employing themselves in other—more treacherous—fashion, and so Mike had been able not only to row out to the schooner unchallenged and to slip aboard, but also to make his way almost the whole length of the Vulture towards the cabin.

. . . Once past the muttering group he could afford to take more chances. Hastily he crept the remaining distance to the companion-way, and down it to the door of the cabin. His fingers shook clumsily as they fumbled for the key. . . . Would his surmise be correct? Suppose the key did not belong to the cabin-door at all?

Fearfully he inserted it in the lock. For one dreadful second he thought it was not going to fit. . . . And then, creaking enough to chill the heart, it turned. . . . He entered the dark cabin. . . .

Only one thing he wanted there, and that he set about without wasting any time. Bringing out the bomb, he laid it in a corner, fetched the mattress from Dante's bunk, and stuffed it tightly round it, then struck a match and lit the fuse, the end of which he had left exposed. The sudden illumination dazzled him. He waited for the merest instant to assure himself that the fuse was burning satisfactorily; then, galvanised into violent activity, he made for the door.

Outside, on an inspired afterthought, he paused a moment and relocked the door, putting the key back in his pocket.

He sprang up the companion-way and, reaching the top, he pulled up short, his heart stopping as if at the sudden touch of a cold hand. . . .

NO more than a couple of yards away a man stood facing him . . .

It was Crum. . . . Evidently he had been walking in the direction of the cabin when the abrupt appearance of Mike had pulled him up short. But if Mike was stricken motionless by surprise, that of the Vulture's mate was thrice as stunning.

Mike recovered first. Crum's mouth was just opening for a shout when he leaped. . . . His hands—those terrible talons that had squeezed the life out of the schooner's master that night—closed round the throat of the mate, crushing the scream on his tongue.

A stifled grunt was the only sound Crum made before both men crashed to the deck.

The sound of their fall was like thunder in Mike's ears. It seemed as if the other members of the crew must have heard it. . . . There was violent need for haste. Before the others appeared he must put the mate out of action . . . and he must do it before the little flame crept along the fuse to the cordite in the cabin. . . .

With the terrible ferocity of haste he dug his fingers into Crum's thick gullet and banged his head again and again with brutal violence on the planks of the deck. Crum was gurgling horribly, half-strangled and half-stunned. Mike went on crashing his head against the deck with still wilder force.

Behind him, from amidships, he thought he could hear startled voices—approaching feet. . . . Now Crum's eyes were closed, and his body limp. Bashing the head on the deck with one last, furious thud, Mike sprang away, making for the side.

In its shadow he halted, throwing himself flat on his face. His fears had been correct—talking in questioning voices the men were coming aft. . . .

The bomb would go off at any moment

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now—but he must wait till the men had passed the spot where he lay, before making for the anchor-chain. . . .

And then he heard a voice—Crum's voice, weak but clear. The mate's head had been tougher than he had thought. . . .

"Stop him, boys! There he is—under the bulwark there!"

The mate had dragged his body to a half-sitting position. His arm was raised, pointing—straight to the place where Mike lay.

What followed was a matter of split seconds. A revolver cracked like a whip, and a bullet whistled past Mike's ear. . . . Now he was on his feet, making for'ard. . . . But they were on him like a flash.

. . . A hand clutched at him. He stumbled, then recovered himself. One of them, quicker than the rest, had him by the left arm. With the speed of a cobra striking Mike's body jerked round; his right slashed out like a hammer, smashing on the gristle of a man's nose. . . . Down he went like a pole-axed ox.

WITH a bound Mike sprang on to the bulwark. . . . A pair of arms were grabbing at his legs. One foot lashed backwards, the heel biting into something soft. . . . There was a gasping groan; then his legs were free. . . . With a great spring he hurled his body out over the black water.

As he splashed the surface his pursuers came up short against the side, staring over after him. Again a gun snapped viciously. . . . Keeping close under the side, he struck out wildly. . . . Shot after shot rang out, sending up little phosphorescent fountains of water around him. His haste was frantic, expecting, as he did, to hear the deeper thunder of the explosion drown the crackle of the firing at any moment. . . .

Now he was nearing the boat—less than ten yards. . . . And then he saw something that sent him splashing more furiously than ever. . . . Close beside him the water was being disturbed by some smooth progress. Dimly he made out something triangular cutting the black surface of the water—he recognised it instantly . . . the dreaded dorsal-fin that means a shark.

His hands grasped the anchor-chain. . . . Frenzedly he hauled himself into the dinghy, dragging fiercely at the chain to help him.

He was not an instant too soon. Just as he jerked his feet over the side he heard the vicious snap of the brute's great jaws, missing him by the merest inch or two.

He was in a cold sweat—but there was no time for resting. Madly he snapped the rope by which he had tied up the boat, and, digging the oars into the water, began pulling for the beach. . . . As he went, shots from the schooner followed him, but now he was veiled in darkness and they did not come anywhere near to him.

Some half-way to the shore it happened . . . There was a deep boom, rising to a high, rending crash . . . His head jerked round, to see a great red flash starring the darkness surrounding the afterpart of the schooner.

When Mike was once more able to give all his attention to the Vulture, he saw a dull glow shining out; even as he watched it flared brighter and brighter, and finally turned flaming yellow. The mizzen showed splintered in ruin, its broken end sticking up grotesquely against the blackness behind.

The crackle of the flames now came loud on the ear. The blazing vessel lit up the whole lagoon. Clearly the eye could see the fire creeping forward along the length from its place of origin below the poop. . . . Something else, too, the flames revealed: between Mike and the schooner the water was cut every few yards by gliding triangular objects . . . The whole lagoon was seething with sharks, and their long, grey, repulsive shapes were converging on the conflagration, sensing better meat than the foul oysters that had attracted them into these waters. . . .

The Vulture was blazing furiously now. In the glare, Mike could make out clearly figures running to and fro on the deck. . . . They were launching one of the boats. In their haste to lower it, it was descending at a crazy angle from the davits. . . . As it touched the water, three or four tiny forms scrambled down into it. They pushed off, but only for a yard or two. In puzzlement, Mike saw them pulling furiously back to the blazing schooner again; and then he saw the reason. . . . Without warning, the boat simply disappeared, dropping out of sight below the water and leaving four heads bobbing on the surface. He could see the splashes they made as the men struck out for the side.

But not for long. With horrible suddenness, one head vanished below the water—then another. . . . Then a terrible scream rang out—a scream of utter terror and hopelessness that struck thinly from across the lagoon upon Mike's ear. . . . Within the space of a second or two there was not a single head showing above the surface.

The fire was spreading aboard the stricken vessel with amazing speed. Caught in its grip, the mainmast went over, crashing plump on the deck amid a great cascade of sparks. The Vulture gave a sudden shiver, as if in preparation, then, with a jerk, its stern sank several feet in the water. Like a worm inside a dying body, the fire had eaten its way through the inner structure of the vessel, and the seams of the hull were splitting, burst by the ferocious heat.

Another jerk; and then a great cloud of steam rose hissing from the after part of the main deck. . . . Two jerks in quick succession, of lesser violence now, for the schooner was beginning to settle in the water. In the bows a tiny human figure still hopped grotesquely.

The engulfing water swept up the wildly shelving decks to amidships, extinguishing the fire with a hiss like the blowing of a hundred steam whistles. The blazing mast and spars stood up, the only flare of light in the settling darkness, like a fiery cross rising miraculously out of the sea. Then the cross shot downwards with startling abruptness. The little human figure was plunged out of sight, and, with a last sibilant hiss, the Vulture went down to her last berth. Where all that blaze of terrific heat and splendid flame had been, was nothing. Darkness shut over the lagoon, to wipe out every recollection of the horror that had been on its bosom.

UP on the rocky incline leading from the inlet from which the Swallow had sailed, to the head of the valley sweeping down to the lagoon, climbed a little column of human figures. It was the hour after high noon, and the sun was scorching down on their heads.

All were armed with rifles, and two in the rear carried a new and glittering machine-gun. In the front went Dick and Mary. He had tried to prevent her accompanying them on this expedition, as there was still a chance of meeting with Dante or some of his men; but she had insisted on coming, and he had agreed, being almost certain that they would find no sign of their enemies.

For all that, they went cautiously; and it was this same caution that had influenced Dick in berthing the Swallow in the inlet on the south coast rather than making straight for the cove.

Making the summit of the ridge, they plunged down into the greenness of the valley, welcomely cool in comparison with the burning rocks they had left.

Mary walked in silence, her eyes on the ground. Since setting foot on the island once more, a fearful disquietude had taken hold of her. She told herself that her fear was unreasonable; but she could not shake herself free of it. . . . In a very little while now they would know for certain whether she was the possessor of a little fortune or whether she was virtually penniless. Then would be the crisis. In the second event, she knew how Dick would react; in the first she could not tell, only hope—and fear. . . .

Dick took her arm. She started, as if fearing that he was divining her thoughts.

"You look pretty gloomy about something," he said. "What's worrying you?"

She looked at him quickly, considering whether to tell him or to keep silence.

"Nothing's worrying me," she answered, in seeming indifference. "I was just wondering what we're going to find down there—that's all. . . ."

"Not much doubt about that," he said confidently, with a light-heartedness that deepened her brooding uneasiness. "You'll find the Vulture gone—pearls and all. . . . And, after we've made sure of that, we go back to the Swallow and sail away to the first parson who'll marry us."

"What about Mike?"

"He'll be there all right—blind drunk, too, if he's had the least ghost of a chance."

"But what if he's managed something?" she persisted.

He shrugged.

"He won't have managed anything . . ."

"You don't seem to think much of Mike."

"No, I don't. He may be an attractive old rascal—but he's a rascal for all that—and you couldn't rely on him for anything. . . . Besides that, it doesn't matter who we might have left ashore here. Nobody could have done anything worth while. The job was impossible for anyone, let alone Mike."

FOR a time they walked in silence. Mary, in her disquiet, was trembling on the verge of a decision . . . When she did make up her mind, it was at one quick rush. Glancing over her shoulder to make sure that the men immediately behind could not hear her, she said quietly.

"What if Mike has done something? What if we find the pearls there waiting for us?"

"That doesn't come into it at all," he answered lightly. "For it's a dead cert that nothing of the sort can happen."

"But if it did happen—if we found I was worth some thousands of pounds after all?" With a rush of desperation she hurried on: "Oh, Dick, don't you see what a lot we could do with that money? We could apprentice Johnny right away—and we could keep the Swallow sailing. . . . If not, it would mean turning off all the hands—and they've been with my father for so long."

He patted her arm.

"Don't worry about it, girlie. It can't happen, so there's no use worrying. It would need a miracle—and they don't come into it nowadays. . . . You make up your mind to start off with me, with nothing but our hands and our brains. I want nothing more."

She did not answer, disappointed in the unaffected serenity of him. He did not understand the foreboding that was weighing her spirit, and was only trying to comfort her.

Just ahead of them the bush thinned at a spot where a hump of rising ground gave a view downwards over the cove. Eagerly the column made for the hillock and, climbing its slight eminence, gazed out over the lagoon.

Below them stretched the white sand, the

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creaming lines of breakers, the deep blue of the sea, scored with the foaming arc of the reef—and, over all the cove and the lagoon and the open water beyond was no living thing, save the moaning gulls wheeling over the twin headlands guarding the cove.

"It's what I said," said Dick quietly, no triumph in his voice, but with his eyes shining. "The Vulture's gone, and Mike's failed us again. . . . Come on, we'd better get down to the beach and try to find the old booze-tank . . ."

Silently they made their way down the valley. The men walked listlessly, for the losing of the pearls meant that each of them had lost a generous share of the spoil. Presently they came near the edge of the bush, where narrow avenues between the trees gave them glimpses of the white beach and blue sea beyond, blinding in the sun.

"Stop . . .!" Dick rapped out suddenly. They came to a halt with a jerk, and stood listening.

"Don't you hear it?" he demanded. "It's someone . . . singing . . ."

They listened again, then a seaman exclaimed:

"Yes, singing it is—comin' from straight ahead, there."

They moved on in the direction of the beach whence the strange sounds had come, and, reaching the margin of the scrub pulled up short again, for here the voice could be heard clearly—a hoarse and sadly unmelodious voice—and the words of the song rang sharp-cut on the hot air:

" . . . Wid me ould Paisley shawl, and me bonnet so tall,
Sure I'd dazzle the soight iv yer oiye.
Ye may thravel from Clare to the County Kildare,
From—"

"Mike!" cried Dick. "And, God knows how he's managed it, but, by glory, he's drunk as a king!"

WITH one accord they went running across the hot sand of the beach towards the line of palms, from out of whose shadow arose the song.

It was a strange sight that met their eyes. Stretched luxuriously in the shade of a tall palm tree, his back resting against its trunk, was Mike. A cold pipe was held in one hand, and scattered about him was an amazing collection of rum bottles. Fixed firmly between his outstretched legs was one half-full, and a mere glance at him was enough to prove the accuracy of Dick's surmise about his condition.

Twisting round his head and breaking off his song at the sound of their approach, his face broadened in a huge grin.

"Well, Glory be to God!" he exclaimed. "'Tis come back ye are, thin—and, faith, about toime, too, says I!"

They stopped before him, staring at him speechlessly. With a meaning motion, Dick looked round at the array of empty bottles.

"I see you've been doing your best here for us, Mike . . ."

With some labor, the Irishman got to his feet. For a little he stood, swaying unsteadily, then wisely he leaned his back against the palm.

"Sure, an' I have that same, sor," he muttered cheerfully.

Dick's eyes moved towards the empty lagoon.

"I see the Vulture's gone."

"It has, sor—and long ago at that." Mike winked knowingly. "Sure, wasn't ut mesilf an' no one else sent the whole lot to the bottom iv the lagoon!"

Dick's eyes opened wide. Around him the faces of the crew were dropping in amazement.

"What . . .!"

Mike nodded vigorously.

"Straight down they wint, Cap'n. 'Twas mesilf watch thim go—keel, masts, crew an' all . . ."

A great gasp hit the air, as every man in unison let his breath go out in a long sigh.

"Blimey!" said a voice.

By now Dick had recovered somewhat from his astonishment. He said sharply:

"So they're at the bottom of the lagoon, are they—and the pearls are they with them, eh?"

Seven pairs of eyes searched Mike's face in painful anxiety. Mike was conscious of the stir he was causing, and, with tipsy portentiousness, prolonged the climax of his tale.

"Now that was the queer thing, if ye loike," he said slowly. "Pete Dante didn't go down wid the rest, d'ye see? Him an' me, we had the divil's own scrimmage up at the head iv the valley there—and, by the Grace iv God, I made him pay for what he did to me once aboard that hell-ship iv his . . . Well, after the foight, I was standin' about, wonderin' how I could be smokin' a pipe, an' me wid no teeth to hold it an' me mouth full iv blood, d'ye see . . .? Whin I looks on the ground, an' I sees a piece iv Dante's coat I'd torn off durin' the scrap. Thinkin' nothin' of it, I takes it away wid me, and, would ye believe it now, 'twas not till three days afther that I looks in the pocket there was in the bit iv cloth, an' I foinds it!"

"Yer finds what!" demanded one of the crew, unable to bear the suspense longer.

"This . . ." Mike answered tersely, and, diving with his hand in the bosom of his soiled and tattered shirt, brought out a bulky leather wallet.

Silently Mary put out a hand and took the wallet from him. A glance inside was enough to discover the contents. She held the wallet up open for everyone to see.

"It's the pearls," she said simply.

Her face gave no sign of emotion, but all within her was a tumult. This was the thing she had feared. The fateful happening had come to pass . . And now, what of Dick . . .? She was afraid to look into his eyes, for what she might see there. .

A low murmur arose from the crew. Their eyes were turned in silent astonishment on Mike, who had now adopted an attitude of careless indifference, as if his exploit was nothing extraordinary for him.

Forcing herself to do so, Mary turned her eyes to Dick's face. He was looking at her steadily, expressionlessly. Whether her own eyes held an appeal he could not gainsay, she did not know, but suddenly he smiled, and the meaning she read in that smile seemed to warm her like sudden sunshine.

She felt herself exultant and the flood of a great resolve swept over her.

Clearly, so that everyone might hear, she said to him.

"You'd better take them, Dick. They're yours as much as mine now."

HE took the pearls from her, looking not at them, but straight into her eyes. Slowly he turned, facing the hands, each of whom was gaping unrestrainedly at what she had said.

"Men" he said. "I've something to tell you. Miss Mary and I are going to be married, just as quick as we can raise a sky pilot. We're going to keep the Swallow in commission and we hope you'll all sign on . . . And, damn your eyes, you mouldy landlubbers, you can all burst your sides at what I'm going to do!"

And with that he grabbed Mary round the waist and kissed her well and truly before them all.

Mike's voice broke the dumb-struck silence.

"Sure, what is ut ye're glowerin' there for, anyway! Can ye not be raising a cheer for thim . . .! Be God, I think it's drunk ye all are, entoirely!"

The spell was broken. With weather-beaten faces grinning hugely, they cheered till all the gulls on the nearby rocks rose in the air and returned the uproar with their own wild shrilling. Mary was blushing furiously. With a lurch, Mike disengaged himself from the support of the palm-trunk and went to her side.

"Be the sufferin' Saint Christopher!" he declared. "It does me heart good to see ye, Miss. An' I tell ye what I'll be doing—I'll be giving ye the best wedding present I can give."

"And what's that?"

"'Tis me solemn word an' oath that I'll niver touch another drop iv liquor as long as I live!"

At this announcement, delivered with all tipsy gravity, a great howl of laughter arose from the hands. Mike swung round, scowling. Quickly, Mary put a hand on his arm.

"Don't worry, Mike. I believe you."

He looked somewhat mollified, though still resentful of the derision of his shipmates.

"This rum I've just been dhrinkin'—'twis the last burst, an' that's no lie, Miss Mary, . . . An', be God, I think I earned it!"

"I understand that, Mike. I know it . . . And I know you'll keep your promise."

"I know that, too." It was Dick who had spoken. Without saying more he held out his hand to Mike. They shook hands. Then he turned to the men.

"Come on, boys. Nothing left to do here. Let's get back to the Swallow. We'll catch the next tide at eight bells . . .

Grinning, they set off on the return journey. Mike lagged a little, and was the last to leave the beach. Some yards behind the rest he looked back towards the bottles scattered under the palm tree, and at the half-full one out of which he had just been drinking, now lying discarded in the sand. In the act of taking a step back, he pulled himself up, shaking his head sorrowfully. Then, with one last, regretful look behind swung round and lurched after the others . .

IT was a fine gusty night of high-running water and great soaring clouds. The Swallow heeled wildly to the wind as she met it coming out from the lee of the shore, and bucketed bravely against its hammer blows as she beat out to the deep ocean.

They stood together by the taffrail. He had to hold her tight against his body, for the little schooner was rolling and kicking like a live thing.

A great bank of cloud, riding high, swept across the sky, and, as it passed a burst of stars shone out in its track. In all the wild sky, no other stars were showing.

"Look!" cried Mary, pointing aloft. "The Southern Cross . . . You'd think it had come out just for us to look at . . ."

"Maybe it has," said Dick. "Maybe it knows we're saying good-bye to it . . ."

The vessel gave a lurch of greater violence than it had before—a gargantuan lurch that flung them closer together. Laughing, Mary looked up at the stars again. In a second they would be gone, for another black cloud was rolling toward the shining cluster.

"Do you know what they're like?" said Mary dreamily. "They're like pearls—magic pearls, that give out a light of their own . . . Pearls beyond price—what's that saying again?"

The cloud bank was travelling furiously like a pack of vast black wolves. Mary's face was still raised to them when the stars were wiped out by sheer blackness.

In the sudden dark Dick caught her to him and kissed her lips, tangy with the salt spray that dropped thinly over them both.

"There's all kinds of pearls," he said, "but I've got the best kind. That's the sort of pearl that's beyond price . . ."

(THE END.)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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